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MEMOIRS

OF

THE COURT OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE,

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BY MADAME CAMPAN,

FIRST LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO THE QUEEN.

FROM THE THIRD LONDON EDITION; WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION FROM "THE HEROIC WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,"

BY M. DE LAMARTINE,

MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

NEW EDITION, WITH THREE ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE,

BY

M. DE LAMARTINE.

THE first of the characters of the Heroic Women of the French Revolution, is Marie Antoinette, entitled to this pre-eminence, whether in reference to the elevation of her rank, the great influence she had on the Revolution, or the immensity of her misfortunes. The daughter of kings, the wife and mother of kings, the cynosure of all eyes in the most elegant and polished capital of the world; profuse amid profusion, the envied and admired of all beholders, for station, personal charms, and all the accessories which power, a throne, and youth, can bring to happiness; she saw that power annihilated, her throne overturned, her husband murdered, her friends and adherents massacred and exiled, her son handed over to a profligate and debased ruffian (worse than death), her sister and daughter in prison, herself in a dungeon and in rags, deprived of the common necessaries, and debarred of all the sympathies that make life

dear even in the hovel; the scoff of the indigent and outcast wretches, whose existence is a disgrace to civilization. Who can measure such a depth of woe? What pen can do justice to such a fall? Her first-born and her lord, her sorrows for her fallen state and dignity, herself the sport of circumstance and football of fortune: or else appalling them by their chorus, revealing the tremendous fulfilments of Providence's retributive decrees on the iniquities of a race, in the crash of empire, and the downfall of a line of despots, consummated in the least offending and most harmless of all.

Marie Antoinette seemed to have been created by Nature to contrast with the King, and to entail the eternal interest and pity of posterity on one of those State dramas, which are imperfect unless the misfortunes of a woman complete them. Daughter of Maria Theresa, she had begun life in the storms of the Austrian monarchy, being one of the children the Empress held by the hand, when she presented herself as a suppliant before the faithful Hungarians, and those troops shouted, "Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa." Her daughter, too, had the heart of a king. On her arrival in France, her beauty had dazzled the kingdom: that beauty was now in its full splendour.* She was of a tall and flexible figure: a true daughter of the Tyrol. The two children she had given the throne, far from injuring, added to the impression of her person that character of maternal majesty which sits well on the mother of a nation. The presentiment of her misfortunes, the remembrance of the tragic scenes of Versailles, the inquietudes of each day, had rather paled her early bloom, at the time we are describing her. The natural majesty of her person took nothing from the grace

* After the return of the King from Versailles to Paris.

of her movements: her neck, well detached from her shoulders, had those magnificent inflexions which give so much expression to the attitudes. The woman was perceptible beneath the queen, the tenderness of her heart under the majesty of her condition. Her auburn hair was long and silky; her lofty and rather projecting forehead joined the temples, in those fine curves which impart so much delicacy and sensibility to that seat of thought or soul in woman; her eyes of that clear blue, which recalls the sky of the North, or the waters of the Danube; the aquiline nose—a sign of courage; a large mouth, brilliant teeth, and Austrian, that is, pouting lips; the contour of her face was oval, the physiognomy versatile in expression, and impassioned; in the whole of her features that splendour which cannot be described, which darts from the look, the shadow, the reflections of the countenance, enveloping the whole in a halo, resembling the warm and coloured vapour in which objects touched by the sun float;—last expression of beauty which invests it with the ideal, renders it charming and changes its attractions. With all these charms, a soul thirsting for attachment, a heart easily moved, but asking only to be fixed; a smile pensive and intelligent, which had nothing vulgar in intimacies and preferences, because she felt herself worthy of friendship.—This was Marie Antoinette, as a woman.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

MADAME CAMPAN.

The private history of royal personages is a subject of general interest. Their public actions are too much disguised by formality, and restricted by ceremony, to afford any insight into their inclinations or personal character. In order to reach these elevated mortals, we must strip them of the lustre which dazzles us, and of the pomp in which they are enveloped. To such an eminence does fortune raise them, that, but for the indiscretions of those who surround them, they would almost be regarded as beings of a superior race. Our curiosity is also frequently stimulated by a jealous feeling. The envy excited by the greatness of princes, is allayed by the contemplation of the appetites, passions, and caprices in which they resemble the rest of mankind; the self-love which their glory offends, is appeased by their weaknesses.

The memoirs of Marie Antoinette will excite neither malignity nor envy. Can there yet exist a feeling adverse to her, which the recollection of her misfortunes does not convert into pity? Scarcely has her brilliant appearance fixed our admiration, when her woes claim our compassion. Whilst the heart is still yielding to the fascination of her charms, it is wrung by her sorrows: her happy hours are fled, before we have time to sympathize in her short-lived felicity. Amidst the rejoicings with which France hails her appearance, the courtly throngs who pay

homage to her, the gardens in which her simple taste delights, our imagination is impressed with the fate that awaits her. From the saloons of Versailles, or the groves of Trianon, we seem to descry the towers of the Temple. Were it possible for the most rigid severity to conceive the slightest reproach against her, it would die on the lips, amidst the sighs of regret, and the accents of grief.

Madame Campan's work will leave similar impressions. She had numerous enemies. At court, where favour is closely followed by envy, her success created jealousies; she was punished, at the time of the Revolution, for the kindness with which she had been honoured by the Queen. Those who never felt, as she did, the point of the sword on their bosoms, on the memorable 10th of August, reproached her with timidity: those who never threw themselves, like her, at the feet of Petion, entreating permission to share the dangerous captivity of Marie Antoinette, have called her fidelity in question. After having calumniated her conduct, they endeavoured to raise a prejudice against the spirit in which her Memoirs are written, even before their appearance. These Memoirs are now published, and I have the gratification of witnessing the confusion of disappointed malevolence. Madame Campan has taken care not to furnish a triumph to her enemies. A fragment of her manuscripts contains the following passage:—

"I shall relate what I have seen. I shall make known the character of Marie Antoinette, her domestic habits, the way in which she spent her time, her maternal affection, her constancy in friendship, her dignity in misfortune. I shall, in some degree, throw open her private apartments, where I have passed so many hours with her, both in the happiest and the most sorrowful years of her life."

She afterwards adds, in another inedited passage:—

"I have lived long; fortune has afforded me opportunities of seeing and forming an opinion of the celebrated women of several periods. I have been intimate with young persons, whose elegance and amiable disposition will be remembered long after

they have ceased to exist; but never have I found, in any class or age, a woman of so fascinating a character as Marie Antoinette; one who, notwithstanding the dazzling splendour of royalty, retained such tenderness of heart; who, under the pressure of her own misfortunes, showed more sensibility to the woes of others. I never saw one so heroic in danger, so eloquent when occasion required, so unreservedly gay in prosperity."

These words are sufficient to make known the character of the work, the lively interest which animates it, and the sentiments in which it originated. They almost induce me to pity the enemies of Madame Campan, whose hatred and hopes will be equally disappointed by these Memoirs, which are piquant without the aid of scandal, and in which the simple truth excites our deepest sympathy.*

Let us now take a brief survey of her family, and her early years.

Jeanne Louise Henriette Genet was born at Paris, on the 6th of October, 1752. M. Genet, her father, had obtained, through his own merit and the protection of the Duke de Choiseul, the place of the first clerk in the office of the minister for foreign affairs. Literature, which he had cultivated in his youth, was now the solace of his leisure hours.

Surrounded by a numerous family, he made the instruction of his children his chief recreation; and omitted nothing which was necessary to render them highly accomplished. The progress of the youthful Henriette, in the study of music and of

* A brief explanation, relative to the ensuing Notice, appears necessary. None of the passages or anecdotes which it contains, will be found in the Memoirs. For the anecdotes, I am indebted to the recollection of the relations, friends, and pupils of Madame Campan. In the perusal of her manuscripts, correspondence, and other papers, I have collected interesting fragments, of which I have not hesitated to make use. They give a tone of truth, both to the minutest particulars and most important facts, which cannot fail to be attractive and gratifying. These fragments are the more valuable from their being entirely in Madame Campan's handwriting; they will be distinguished accordingly, whenever quoted in the following pages.

foreign languages, was such as to surprise the first masters; the celebrated Albanèze instructed her in singing, and Goldoni taught her the Italian language. Tasso, Milton, Dante, and even Shakspeare, soon became familiar to her. But her exercises were particularly directed to the acquisition of a fine style of reading. From prose to verse, from an ode to an epistle, a comedy, or a sermon, she was instructed to pass, with the requisite variations of modulation and delivery. Rochon de Chabannes, Duclos, Barthe, Marmontel, and Thomas, took pleasure in hearing her recite the finest scenes of Racine. Her memory and genius, at the age of fourteen, charmed them; they talked of her talents in society; and, perhaps, applauded them too highly. A young female is always sure to pay dearly for the celebrity she acquires: if she is beautiful, all the women become her rivals; if she has talents, there are many of the other sex weak enough to be jealous of them.

Mademoiselle Genet was spoken of at court. Some ladies of high rank, who took an interest in the welfare of her family, obtained for her the place of reader to the princesses; and a week afterwards she left her father's house. To be at court, to wear a long train, a hoop, and perhaps even rouge—here was a change! here was joy! Her presentation, and the circumstances which preceded it, left a strong impression on her mind. "I was then fifteen," she says, in a memorandum which she did not intend for the press; "my father felt some regret at yielding me up, at so early an age, to the malignity of courtiers. When I put on my court dress, for the first time, and went to embrace him in his study, tears filled his eyes, and mingled with the expression of his pleasure. I possessed some agreeable talents, in addition to the instruction which it had been his delight to bestow on me. He enumerated all my little accomplishments, to convince me of the vexations they would not fail to draw upon me. "The princesses," said he, "will take pleasure in exercising your talents; the great have the art of applauding gracefully, and always to excess. Be not too much elated with these compliments, rather let them put you on your guard. Every time you receive

such flattering marks of approbation, the number of your enemies will increase. I am warning you, my love, of the inevitable troubles attached to the course of life on which you are entering; and I protest to you, even now, whilst you are thus transported with your good fortune, that could I have provided for you otherwise, I would never have abandoned my dear girl to the anxieties and dangers of a court."

"This language," adds Madame Campan, who wrote these lines at St. Germain, in 1796, under the government of the Directory, "might lead one to imagine that my father had a principle of republicanism in his heart; but this would be an error. He was a royalist in his political opinions, but he knew and dreaded the abode of royalty. One may be a royalist and yet a philosopher; just as a republican may sometimes be an intriguing, ambitious character."

Mademoiselle Genet, at fifteen, was somewhat less of a philosopher than her father was at forty. Her eyes were dazzled by the splendour which glittered at Versailles. "The Queen, Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XV. died," she says, "just before I was presented at court. The grand apartments hung with black, the great chairs of state raised on several steps, and surmounted by a canopy adorned with plumes; the caparisoned horses, the immense retinue in court mourning, the enormous shoulder-knots, embroidered with gold and silver spangles, which decorated the coats of the pages and footmen—all this magnificence had such an effect on my senses, that I could scarcely support myself when introduced to the princesses. On the first day of my reading in the inner apartment of the princess Victoire, I found it impossible to pronounce more than two sentences; my heart palpitated, my voice faltered, and my sight failed. How well was the potent magic of the grandeur and dignity which ought to surround sovereigns understood at Versailles! Marie Antoinette, dressed in white, with a plain straw hat and a little switch in her hand, walking on foot, followed by a single servant, through the walks leading to the Petit Trianon, would never have thus disconcerted me; and I believe this extreme sim-

plicity was the first and only real fault of all those with which she is reproached."

When once her awe and confusion had subsided, Mademoiselle Genet was enabled to form a more accurate judgment of her situation; it was by no means attractive; the court of the princesses, far removed from the revels and licentious pleasures to which Louis XV. was addicted, was grave, methodical, and dull. Madame Adelaide, the eldest of the princesses, lived secluded in the interior of her apartments; Madame Sophie was haughty; Madame Louise, a devotee. The gloomy pleasures of pride, and the exercises of scrupulous devotion, have few charms for youth. Mademoiselle Genet, however, never quitted the princesses' apartments, but she attached herself most particularly to Madame Victoire. This princess had possessed beauty; her countenance bore an expression of benevolence, and her conversation was kind, free, and unaffected. Mademoiselle Genet excited in her that feeling which a woman in years, of an affectionate disposition, readily extends to young people who are growing up in her sight, and who already possess some useful talents. Whole days were passed in reading to the princess, as she sat at work in her apartment. Mademoiselle Genet often saw Louis XV. there. In the circle of her intimate friends she would sometimes relate the following anecdote :—

"One day, at the castle of Compiegne, the King came in whilst I was reading to Madame. I rose and went into another room. Alone, in an apartment to which there was no outlet—with no book but a Massillon, which I had been reading to the princess—happy in all the lightness and gayety of fifteen, I amused myself with turning swiftly round, with my court hoop, and suddenly kneeling down to see my rose-coloured silk petticoat swelled around me by the wind. In the midst of this grave employment enters his majesty, followed by the princess. I attempt to rise; my feet stumble, and down I fall in the midst of my robes, puffed out by the wind. "*Daughter,*" said Louis XV. laughing heartily, "*I advise you to send a reader that makes cheeses back to school.*"

There was nothing very severe in this lesson. But the railleries of Louis XV. were often much more poignant, as Mademoiselle Genet had already experienced on another occasion, which, thirty years afterwards, she could not relate without an emotion of surprise and fear, which it seemed as if she had never overcome. "Louis XV.," she said, "had the most imposing presence. His eyes remained fixed upon you all the time he was speaking; and notwithstanding the beauty of his features, he inspired a sort of fear. I was very young, it is true, when he first spoke to me; you shall judge whether it was in a very gracious manner. I was fifteen. The King was going out to hunt; a numerous retinue followed him; he stopped opposite me. 'Mademoiselle Genet,' said he, 'I am assured you are very learned, and understand four or five foreign languages.' 'I know only two, sire,' I answered, trembling. 'Which are they?' 'English and Italian.' 'Do you speak them fluently?' 'Yes, sire, very fluently.' 'That is quite enough to drive a husband mad.' After this pretty compliment the King went on; the retinue saluted me, laughing; and for my part, I remained motionless with surprise and confusion for some moments on the spot."

It would, however, have been well if Louis XV. had never indulged in more cutting repartees. Kings have no right to be scoffers: raillery is a warfare that requires equal arms; and one can never banter to advantage with a wit who commands twenty millions of men. Justice however demands the acknowledgment, that although this monarch was often the aggressor, he endured the smartest retorts without losing his temper. Even the unexpected familiarity of attacks of this kind might be a pungent novelty to a King, so long wearied by the burthen of greatness. With an easy temper, a melancholy turn, a satirical genius, this prince, majestic in his court, irresolute in council, agreeable (it is said) at an evening party, could not escape from ennui without the aid of intemperance or debauchery. A woman, whose youth and beauty were sullied by prostitution, astonished Versailles at this time by the disgraceful influence she had acquired. Ma-

dame du Barry was effecting the dismissal of the minister, who had just negotiated the marriage of the dauphin with the archduchess Marie Antoinette of Austria. The intrigues of the favourite, the rivalship between the Dukes de Choiseul and d'Aiguillon, the disgrace of the one, and the shameful elevation of the other, occupied the last moments of the reign of Louis XV.

The Duke de Choiseul, fickle, haughty, and violent, but agreeable, brilliant, and generous, had an active mind, great talents, and vast ideas. By means of alterations which had become necessary in the army, new establishments in the navy, new institutions and alliances, he wished to raise France from the abasement into which she had sunk through a long series of reverses. He sought the support of public opinion; was a friend to parliaments, an enemy to the Jesuits, and wielded power with a light and easy hand. Resistance, provided it was open and honourable, did not exasperate him; he had faith in the docility of a nation, whose government wished to render it happy at home, powerful and respectable abroad. His pride, a natural failing, became a virtue, when it taught him never to stoop to flatter shameful caprices. He was beloved whilst in power; sought, I had almost said flattered, when in exile; and he even inspired courtiers with courage to remain faithful to the unfortunate; a virtue they had never known before.

D'Aiguillon, with much address, boldness, and perseverance, was obdurate, despotic, and tyrannical; in his command, as well as in the ministry, his authority was only evinced by his severities. He gained credit for talents, because he possessed the spirit of intrigue, and much ambition; but the division of Poland, effected, as it were, in his sight, has for ever blasted his reputation as a politician and a man. As a subtle courtier, a bad man, and an unskilful minister, he became obnoxious to public hatred, which, though he defied it, overwhelmed him at last.

The Duke d'Aiguillon did not understand, that force is but one of the least springs of power, when power is not supported

by the confidence created by extensive information, great services performed, and, above all, by striking successes. He was deceived by the example of his grandfather. Richelieu, while he oppressed the great, rendered essential services to France; his genius induced the nation to overlook his despotism. The abasement of Austria; the humiliation of Spain; the violent restoration of order in the state; the honours of literature; the encouragement of commerce, redeemed, in a great degree, the tyrannical acts of which he is justly accused. He imparted to the measures of government something of the loftiness of his own character. Undoubtedly he was feared, but he commanded admiration; and nothing induces people to forgive attacks made upon their rights, except the glory which dazzles them, or the happiness they enjoy.

The Duke de Choiseul has been reproached with having abandoned the system of foreign policy conceived by Cardinal Richelieu; it seems to me, that it would be more just to accuse the Duke d'Aiguillon of having endeavoured, at a later period, to follow that system, without understanding it. Since the time of Louis XIII., France and Austria had changed places; the one still rising, the other sinking. Under Louis XV. the house of Bourbon reigned at Naples and Madrid, as well as at Versailles. The triumphs of the arms of France, or the wisdom of her treaties, had successively acquired Alsace, Franche-Comté, Flanders, and Lorraine. The magnanimous Maria Theresa had just replaced a mutilated crown on her head; the pride of the heiress of Rodolph of Hapsburgh had stooped so low as to flatter the vanity of Jeanne Poisson, Marchioness of Pompadour, by calling her her friend. A warlike power suddenly arising close to Austria, excited her jealousy, and occupied her attention and her forces. The Duke de Choiseul, being minister, was at liberty to direct his attention to a greater distance.

After the battle of Pultowa, Russia, long confined to the frozen regions of the north, began to be reckoned as one of the European powers. Four women, successively placed on the

throne of the Czars, had completed the work of a great man. A persevering system of aggrandizement, and, what is more extraordinary, a system openly declared, was rapidly carrying into effect. Now that Russia has adopted only so much of the arts and civilization of Europe as may increase her military power, without enervating her soldiers; now that these people, born on a barren soil, in a severe climate, have breathed the sweet, pure air of our countries, if that powerful colossus, which already presses the centre of Europe, should, with its extended arms, succeed in reaching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, what refuge, what rampart, would remain for the independence of the threatened nations? They could find no security but in the coalition of the southern states; which is precisely the object of the family compact, prudently conceived, and effected with address by the Duke de Choiseul, which strengthened the alliance with Austria. Instead, therefore, of accusing the shallowness of the minister, it appears to me, that it would now be more just to do honour to his foresight. Nevertheless, the alliance with Austria was then the customary pretext for the attacks directed against him.

I would willingly have avoided these details, had not the rivalship of the two ministers been intimately connected with the history of the times respecting which Madame Campan is about to speak. The Duke de Choiseul had the parliaments, the philosophers, and public opinion, on his side. On that of the Duke d'Aiguillon were the devotees and Madame du Barry; the two factions disputed the last wishes of the dying Louis XV.; they disturbed the first years of Louis XVI.; and the fatal influence which the Anti-Austrian party exercised over the fate of the youthful Marie Antoinette, will presently appear.

The idea of uniting the daughter of Maria Theresa with the grandson of Louis XV. had been conceived by the Duke de Choiseul before his disgrace. By this marriage he cemented the alliance of the two states, and thought he was securing for himself the favour of a new reign. Thus was explained the sense

of that distich, according to which Austria was to expect more from marriage, than from war or treaties.*

The youth, beauty, and disposition of the princess, were everywhere the subjects of conversation. Who, that had seen her quit her family, to take a place on the first steps of the most splendid throne in Europe, would have ventured to form the slightest doubt of her future happiness? Maria Theresa, happy, though afflicted, had no other uneasiness, on her dear daughter's account, than that which arose from their separation; and yet prophetic voices seemed already to threaten the future evils which awaited her.

Madame Campan often related an anecdote which she had heard from the governor of the children of Prince Kaunitz. There was at that time at Vienna, a doctor named Gassner, who had fled thither to seek an asylum against the persecutions of his sovereign, one of the ecclesiastical electors. Gassner, gifted with an extraordinary warmth of imagination, imagined that he received inspirations. The Empress protected him; saw him occasionally; rallied him on his visions, and, nevertheless, listened to them with a degree of interest. "Tell me," said she to him, one day, "whether my Antoinette will be happy." Gassner turned pale, and remained silent. Being still pressed by the Empress, and wishing to give a general kind of expression to the idea with which he seemed deeply occupied; "*Madame,*" he replied, "*there are crosses for all shoulders.*"†

* I do not believe that the Turks are remarkable for saying good things; but they are, perhaps, better informed than is generally imagined, as to the interests of the Christian powers, and the views, means, and resources of their cabinets. It is said that the Grand Signor, on receiving the decree of the Convention, which ordained the abolition of royalty in France, could not help saying, "At least the Republic will not marry an archduchess." This saying is rather too French to be Turkish; but it is smart, which is quite enough to make people quote it.

† Jean Joseph Gassner, born at Bratz, on the frontiers of the Tyrol, was a celebrated pretender to miraculous powers, and actually believed

These words were sufficient to make an impression on the imagination of the Germans. Traditions preserved in their country, and repeated to them in infancy; a mind directed towards research, and to a belief in all that is vague and mysterious; a natural inclination to melancholy, seemed to prepare them for receiving more vividly these awful impressions and secret warnings. Marie Antoinette, as will be seen in these Memoirs, was far from being able to repel and overcome the emotions of involuntary terror. Goethe, her countryman, the celebrated author of Werter, abandoned himself, more than any one, to the influence of these presentiments, which it is often difficult for reason to triumph over. An unfavourable omen had occurred to him on the young princess's arrival in France.

Goethe, who was then young, was completing his studies at Strasburg. In an isle in the middle of the Rhine, a pavilion had been erected, intended to receive Marie Antoinette and her suite. "I was admitted into it," says Goethe, in his Memoirs. "On my entrance, I was struck with the subject depicted in the tapestry with which the principal pavilion was hung, in which were seen Jason, Creusa, and Medea, that is to say, a representation of the most fatal union commemorated in history. On the left of the throne, the bride, surrounded by friends and distracted attendants, was struggling with a dreadful death. Jason, on the other side, was starting back, struck with horror at the sight of his murdered children; and the Fury was soaring into the air, in her chariot drawn by dragons." Superstition apart, this strange coincidence was really striking. The husband, the bride, and the children, were victims in both cases; the fatal omen seemed accomplished in every point. Maria Theresa might have repeated the fine verses which the father of Creusa addresses to his expiring daughter, in the Medea of Corneille:—

> This, then, my child, the hymeneal day,
> The royal union anxiously expected!
> Stern fate extinguishes the bridal torch,
> And for thy marriage-bed, the tomb awaits thee.

himself endowed with the faculty of curing a multitude of disorders, by the mere imposition of his hands.

But if we seek fatal omens, those which attended the marriage festivities at Paris, may well suffice. The occurrences at the *Place Louis XV.* are generally known, and it is unnecessary to state how the conflagration of the scaffolds intended for the fire-works, the magistrates' want of foresight, the avidity of robbers, the murderous career of the coaches, brought on and aggravated the disasters of the day; or how the young dauphiness, coming from Versailles, by the *Cours la Reine,* elated with joy, brilliantly decorated, and eager to witness the rejoicings of the whole people, fled, struck with consternation, and drowned in tears, whilst the dreadful scene, and the cries of the dying, pursued her distracted imagination.

Having been led to notice this calamitous event, I will briefly notice one of the scenes it presented. Amidst this distracted multitude, pressed on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the *Rue Royale* and the Square, was a young man with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his mistress, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror, and peril, every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said; "my strength fails—I can go no farther." "There is yet a way," cried the lover, in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves, redoubles his ardour and strength. He resists the most violent concussions: with his arms firmly extended before his breast, he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burthen, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round; it was a different person. Another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation; his beloved was no more!

The sensibility and benevolence of Marie Antoinette miti-

gated calamities which she had not power to remedy. Madame Campan, from that time, was placed sufficiently near her, to estimate all the emotions of her generous heart. The marriage of the dauphin had been celebrated in the month of May, 1770. None of the princes, his brothers, were yet married; the dauphiness had, at first, no intimate society but that of the princesses. Of these the most affable was Madame Victoire; and it was to her that Marie Antoinette paid her most constant visits. There she almost always met Mademoiselle Genet, whose talents and similar age to her own, attracted her notice. Mademoiselle Genet often accompanied her on the harp or piano, when she amused herself with singing the airs of Gretry. The dauphiness was also frequently present at the readings which took place at the princess's; she already appreciated the unction of the petit-carême, and the brilliant imagination of a poet, who afterwards mourned her misfortunes in affecting verses.

At court, where favour leads to fortune, the regard with which the princesses and the dauphiness honoured Mademoiselle Genet, was soon observed. Her establishment was talked of, and she soon afterwards married M. Campan, whose father was secretary of the Queen's closet.* Louis XV. bestowed on her a pension

* The family of Campan, originally from the valley of Campan, in Berne, had adopted the name of that place, as their own surname. Their true name was Berthollet. The celebrated chemist, whom the sciences have lately lost (in 1822), was related to this family. I find in the manuscripts before me, a trait highly honourable to his character.

"On the side of the Berthollets," said Madame Campan to her son, in a paper intended for his information, "one of the most distinguished members of the institute must be of the same family; but from a sense of dignity, and a repugnance for those who frequented the court, and were in favour, he said to several persons at Paris, in 1788, that he was related to a Berthollet Campan, who had a place about the Queen, at Versailles, but that he felt no inclination to go and explain his relationship to that gentleman, feeling apprehensive of passing for a worshipper of influence and fortune. My advice," adds Madame Campan, "would have been, to seek a man who evinced a character so different from that which is usually met with in persons in the situation to which fate had destined us."

of 5000 livres, and the dauphiness secured her a place as femme de chambre, allowing her, at the same time, to continue her duties as reader to the princesses.

It is here that the Memoirs of Madame Campan may truly be said to begin; the first chapter, descriptive of the court of Louis XV. being only a lively introduction. During a period of twenty years, from the marriage festivities to the attack of the 10th of August, Madame Campan never quitted Marie Antoinette. On the Queen's side all was goodness and unreserved confidence; it will be seen whether Madame Campan did not return the favour of her patroness by gratitude, faith, and devotedness, proof against all calamity, and superior to all danger. In speaking of Marie Antoinette, she has depicted the hatred of her enemies, the avidity of her flatterers, and the disinterestedness of the real friends whom she possessed, although seated on the throne. But, as she generally confines herself to the domestic circle in which Marie Antoinette delighted, it is indispensably necessary to take a survey of the spirit of that period, and particularly the manners of society.

I shall not recall the scandalous years of the regency, a period when the court, escaping from the constraint of a long course of hypocrisy, combined the excesses of debauchery with sarcasms of the most audacious impiety. But it is necessary to notice particularly the reign of Louis XV.; because, during that reign, corruption presented two distinct periods. Of the first of these, Richelieu was the model and the hero. To love without pleasure; to yield without resistance; to part without regret; to call duty a weakness, honour a prejudice; delicacy affectation —such were the manners of the times; seduction had its code, and immorality was reduced to principles. Even these rapid successes soon tired those who obtained them; perhaps, because the facility with which triumphs were gained, diminished their value. Courtiers and rich financiers maintained, at enormous expense, beauties with whom they were not expected even to be acquainted; vice became a mere luxury of vanity; and the con-

dition of a courtesan led rapidly to fortune, I had almost said to honour.

In the years preceding the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, and those immediately following, society presented a new spectacle. Manners were not improved, but altered. By a strange abuse, apologies were found for depravity, in the philosophical ideas which daily grew more fashionable. The new partisans of these principles promulgated such noble maxims, thought and discoursed so well, that they were not obliged to act with propriety. Men might be inconstant husbands, and women faithless wives, so that they spoke with respect, with enthusiasm, of the sacred duties of marriage. The love of virtue and of mankind was sufficient, without practical morality. Women, surrounded by their lovers, discussed the means of regenerating social order. There was not a philosopher admitted into one of the fashionable circles, who did not modestly compare himself to Socrates with Aspasia; and Diderot, the daring author of Philosophical Thoughts,* the licentious writer of the *Bijoux Indiscrets*, though he aspired to the glory of Plato, did not blush to imitate Petronius.

Let it not, however, be supposed, that it is my intention to censure the philosophers; if their conduct was irregular, most of their doctrines were pure, and have passed from their writings into our morals. If the ties of kindred have been drawn closer; if we are better husbands, fathers, and citizens; if vice is despised; if young people, intent on serious studies, reject disdainfully the licentious works which the libertinism of their fathers encouraged, we owe these advantages to a new order of things. In morality, as well as in politics, legislation, and finances, the philosophers have led the way to useful reforms. Their writings, ill understood at that period, but read with avidity, gave them a great influence over public opinion. The court, long accustomed to the influence which wit, polished manners, and the habit of filling great offices, secured to it, was astonished to see this new power springing up by its side. Instead of opposing, it

* *Pensées Philosophiques.*

flattered this competitor. Enthusiasm gained on every mind; it was at the tables and in the drawing-rooms of the first nobles, that the distinctions of rank were boldly treated as prejudices. These principles of equality often found partisans amongst the nobility, who were the more zealous in defending them, because this conduct appeared a proof of their generosity. It became almost an acknowledged truth, that merit was superior to birth; and it is fair to add, that there was amongst the nobility at that time, as there is now, a great number of men who were uninterested in protesting against this new doctrine.

Thus, whilst the middling classes were rising, proud of their knowledge, their talents, their attainments, the higher ranks seemed to meet them half-way, through sentiments of curiosity and benevolence: the court was still a slave to the laws of etiquette, whilst the distinctions of rank were banished from social life. Hence, in my opinion, an accusation which inconsiderate vanity has often repeated against Marie Antoinette, falls to the ground of itself. When she appeared at Versailles, she found every one inclined to a change which the state of manners rendered inevitable; and her beauty, wit, grace, and majestic carriage, gave her so many real advantages, as entitled her to despise the childish importance of etiquette.

After all, what is etiquette? Nothing but a symbol of the involuntary respect which mankind pay to courage, genius, glory, and virtue. True politeness disdains ceremony; and true greatness may dispense with it. The noble familiarity of Henry IV. was applauded; he had, however, performed great actions enough, to allow of affability and plainness in his manners. The memory of his achievements dignified him still more than his rank; in seeing the King, men recollected the knight; by his side still hung the sword he had worn at Courtras; and the French unanimously acknowledged the generous hand that had fed Paris during its rebellion. The illusions of etiquette were necessary to Louis XV.; Louis XIV. might have dispensed with them; his throne, resplendent with the triumph of arms, literature, and the fine arts, was glorious enough without them. But

he was ambitious to be more than a great King : and this demi-god, reduced by misfortunes and infirmities, to his original place in the first ranks of human life, endeavoured to conceal the ravages of disease, calamity, and age, under the vain pomp of ceremony. Princes may be excused for being the regulators of etiquette, since they are its principal slaves.

From the cradle to the tomb, in sickness and in health, at table, at council, in the chase, in the army, in the midst of their court, in their private apartments, princes, in France, were governed by ceremonial rules. The injudicious laws of etiquette pursued them, even to the mysteries of the nuptial bed. Judge how impatiently a young princess, lively, affectionate, and free, bred in the simplicity of the German courts, must have endured the tyrannical customs which never suffered her for a single instant, to be a wife, mother, or friend, but reduced her to the dignified *ennui* of being always a Queen. The respectable lady, who was placed near her as a vigilant minister of the laws of etiquette, instead of alleviating their weight, rendered their yoke intolerable to her. The evil was not, however, so serious, when it only affected the attendants; because in these cases, the Queen used merely to laugh at it. Let Madame Campan herself relate an anecdote on this subject, in which she was concerned.

"Madame de Noailles," she says in a manuscript fragment, "abounded in virtues; I cannot pretend to deny it. Her piety, charity, and irreproachable morals, rendered her worthy of praise; but etiquette was to her a sort of atmosphere, at the slightest derangement of the consecrated order, one would have thought she would have been stifled, and that life would forsake her frame.

"One day, I unintentionally threw this poor lady into a terrible agony; the Queen was receiving, I know not whom—some persons just presented, I believe; the lady of honour, the Queen's tire-woman, and the ladies of the bed-chamber, were behind the Queen. I was near the throne, with the two women on duty. All was right; at least I thought so. Suddenly, I

perceived the eyes of Madame de Noailles fixed on mine. She made a sign with her head, and then raised her eyebrows to the top of her forehead, lowered them, raised them again; then began to make little signs with her hand. From all this pantomime, I could easily perceive that something was not as it should be; and as I looked about on all sides to find out what it was, the agitation of the countess kept increasing. The Queen, who perceived all this, looked at me with a smile; I found means to approach her majesty, who said to me in a whisper, *Let down your lappets, or the countess will expire.* All this bustle arose from two unlucky pins, which fastened up my lappets, whilst the etiquette of costume said, '*Lappets hanging down.*'"

Nevertheless, this contempt of the solemn vanities of etiquette, became the pretext for the first reproaches levelled at the Queen. In fact, what misconduct might not be dreaded from a princess who could absolutely go out without a hoop! and who, in the saloons of Trianon, instead of discussing the important rights to chairs and stools, good-naturedly invited everybody to be seated.* The Anti-Austrian party, ever discontented and vin-

* Even for the suppression of the most ridiculous customs, the Queen was never forgiven. The respectable dowagers, who had passed their innocent youth in the court of Louis XV., and even under the regency, considered the abolition of the hoop as a violation of morals. Madame Campan herself, says, in some part of her Memoirs, almost with regret, that the great ruffs and fardingales worn in the court of the last of the Valois, were not adopted without a motive: that those appendages, indifferent in appearance, actually had the effect of banishing every idea of gallantry.

Although such a precaution may appear, at least, a little singular, in the dissolute court of Henry III., I shall not pretend to deny the efficacy of the fardingale! I will only add a little anecdote quoted by Laplace.

"M. de Fresne Forget, being one day in company with Queen Marguerite, told her he was astonished how men and women with such great ruffs, could eat soup without spoiling them; and still more, how the ladies could be gallant, with their great fardingales. The Queen made no answer at that time, but, a few days after, having a very large ruff on, and some *bouilli* to eat, she ordered a very long spoon to be

dictive, became spies upon her conduct, exaggerated her slightest errors, and calumniated her most innocent proceedings. "What seems unaccountable at the first glance," says Montjoie, whose opinions must certainly be considered genuine; "and what overwhelms me with grief, is, that the first attacks on the reputation of the Queen, proceeded from the bosom of the court. What interest could the courtiers have in seeking her destruction, which involved that of the King? Was it not drying up the source of all the advantages they enjoyed, or could hope for?"

But these advantages and favours were no longer the exclusive inheritance of a few powerful families. In distributing benefits, the Queen sometimes thought proper to consult her affections, and other rights besides those of an ancient origin. "Judge," says Montjoie, "of the spite and fury of the great of that class, when they saw the Queen dispense to others those favours which they wished to be considered as due to them alone; it will then be easy to understand how she came to have implacable enemies amongst those who were nearest her person." It was not long before hatred and calumny found another pretext.

That obscure and scandalous plot, which was to compromise the most august name, and to dishonour that of a cardinal, was already in preparation. It was conceived by an intriguing female; its principal agent was a forger of writings; it was seconded by a courtesan, unravelled by a minim, and related by a Jesuit. As if the most singular coincidences were to appear in this famous suit, together with the most odious contrasts, the name of Valois, which had so long ago relapsed into oblivion, now figured along with those of Rohan, Austria, and Bourbon; and, when everything conspired to accuse a libertine and credu-

brought, and ate her *bouilli* with it, without soiling her ruff. Upon which, addressing herself to M. de Fresne, she said, laughing, 'There now, you see, with a little ingenuity, one may manage anything.' 'Yes, faith, Madame,' said he, with simplicity, 'as far as regards the soup, I am satisfied.'" (*Vol. II., page* 350, *of Laplace's Collection.*)

lous priest, a great lord, who with 800,000 livres per annum, was nevertheless ruined, an ecclesiastical prince, at once the dupe of a swindler, a woman of intrigue, and a quack; yet it was the Queen whom his credulity, as well, perhaps, as his guilty hopes, injured; it was Marie Antoinette to whom suspicion was daringly attached. The court, the clergy, and the parliaments leagued together to humble the throne, and the princess who sat on it. Instead of pitying, they blamed her: they did not even pardon her indulgence of the grief and indignation of an injured woman, wife, and Queen.

The issue of this famous suit is known. The cardinal was acquitted. Madame de Lamotte being condemned and exposed, fled, and hastened to publish a pamphlet of the most odious description against the Queen. From that moment, fatal for Marie Antoinette, until her death, attacks of this species were incessantly renewed against her. The spirit of party quickly undertook the direction of them: the press and the graver became equally subservient to the fury of her enemies. Obscene prints, licentious verses, infamous libels, atrocious accusations—*I have seen all, I have read all,* and I wish I could add (like that unfortunate princess, on one of the most honourable occasions of her life), *I have forgotten all.* The perusal and view of these monuments of implacable hatred, leave an impression of sadness and disgust difficult to overcome, and increased by the idea of the woes accumulated by calumny on the head of the hapless Marie Antoinette.

Let us not anticipate events: It is not here that the picture of the Queen's last misfortunes is to be found. Her imprisonment, her chains, her destitute condition, the outrages which overwhelmed, the strength of mind which supported her, the maternal affection which still attached her to life, the religious sentiments from which she derived consolation; all these affecting and sublime particulars of a scene, concluded by so tragical a catastrophe, belong to other memoirs; but there is one reflection which that fatal catastrophe irresistibly excites.

When the terrible Danton exclaimed, "*The kings of Europe*

menace us; it behaves us to defy them; let us throw down to them, as our gage, the head of a King!" These detestable words, followed by so cruel, so lamentable an effect, belonged, however, to a formidable piece of policy. But the Queen! What horrible reasons of state, could Danton, Collot d'Herbois, and Robespierre allege against her? Where did they find that those Greeks and Romans, whose military virtues our soldiers recalled, used to murder weak and defenceless beings? What savage greatness did they discover, in stirring up a whole nation to avenge their quarrel on a woman? What remained of her former power? Had not the 10th of August torn the diadem from her brow? She was a captive, a widow, trembling for her children! In those judges, who at once outraged modesty and nature; in that people, whose vilest scoffs pursued her to the scaffold, who could have recognised the affable, affectionate, sensitive, generous people of France? No, of all the crimes which so shockingly disgraced the revolution, none is more calculated to show to what a pitch the spirit of party, when it has fermented in the most corrupt hearts, can deprave the character of a nation.

The news of this dreadful event reached Madame Campan, who was weeping over the misfortunes of her benefactress, in her obscure retreat. She had not succeeded in her endeavours to share the Queen's captivity; and she expected, every moment, a similar fate. After escaping, almost miraculously, from the murdering fury of the Marseillois; after being repulsed by Petion, when she implored the favour of being confined in the Temple, denounced and pursued by Robespierre, and intrusted, through the entire confidence of the King and Queen, with papers of the utmost importance, Madame Campan went to conceal her charge and indulge her grief at Coubertin in the valley of Chevreuse. Madame Auguié, her sister, had just committed suicide, at the very moment of her arrest.* The scaffold awaited

* Maternal affection prevailed over her religious sentiments; she wished to preserve the wreck of her fortune for her children. Had she deferred this fatal act for one day, she would have been saved; the

Madame Campan, when the 9th of Thermidor restored her to life; but did not restore to her the most constant object of her thoughts, her zeal and her devotion.

A new career now opened to Madame Campan. The information and talents she possessed, were about to become useful to her. At Coubertin, surrounded by her nieces, she was fond of directing their studies, as much to divert her mind for a time from her troubles, as to form their disposition and judgment. This maternal occupation had caused her ideas to revert to the subject of education, and awakened once more the earliest inclinations of her youth.

Our taste and character develope themselves early in childhood. I remember, that in writing an account of the life of Madame Roland, it appeared to me a most interesting spectacle, to contemplate the first emotions of her intrepid soul, warmed, even at the most tender age, with enthusiasm for the virtues of antiquity. It was not without surprise that I considered a young girl, at a period of life when pleasure and dress are usually the chief occupations of her sex, fancying herself in solitude, Clelia stemming the waves of Tiber; or Cornelia exhibiting her Gracchi, as her ornaments, to the Roman ladies.

Rising inclinations are suddenly developed and revealed by circumstances. Many a general owes his epaulettes to the sight of a review: and, in our times, the ceremony and pomp of processions will, no doubt, make many a bishop. At the age of twelve years, Mademoiselle Genet could never meet a school of young ladies, walking out for an airing, or passing through the streets, without feeling ambitious of the situation, title, and authority of their mistress. Her abode at court had diverted, but not altered, her ideas and inclinations. At a more advanced age, when able to enlarge the circle of her schemes, she envied Madame de Maintenon, in the height of absolute power, not the success of her ambitious hypocrisy, not the mysterious honour

cart which conveyed Robespierre to execution, stopped her funeral procession!

of a royal and clandestine union, but the glory of having founded St. Cyr.

It will presently be seen, that Madame Campan had neither the treasures nor the authority of Louis XIV. at her disposal, for the realization of her plans. "A month after the fall of Robespierre," she says, in a most interesting document, "I considered of the means of providing for myself, for a mother seventy years of age, my sick husband, my child nine years old, and part of my ruined family. I now possessed nothing in the world but an assignat of five hundred francs. I had become responsible for my husband's debts, to the amount of thirty thousand francs. I chose St. Germain to set up a boarding-school; that town did not remind me, as Versailles did, both of the happy times, and the first misfortunes of France, while it was at some distance from Paris, where our dreadful disasters had occurred, and where people resided, with whom I did not wish to be acquainted. I took with me a nun of *l'Enfant-Jesus*, to give an unquestionable pledge of my religious principles.* I had not the means of printing my prospectus. I wrote a hundred copies of it, and sent them to those persons of my acquaintance who had survived our dreadful commotions.

"At the year's end I had sixty pupils; soon afterwards a hundred. I bought furniture, and paid my debts. I rejoiced in having met with this resource so remote from all intrigue."

The brilliant and rapid success of the establishment at St. Germain, was undoubtedly owing to the talents, experience, and excellent principles of Madame Campan. Nevertheless, it must be allowed, that she was wonderfully seconded by public opinion. To court, cherish, and show attention to any person who had been at court, was to defy and humble the reigning power; and every one knows that people never denied themselves that pleasure in France. I was then very young, but I did not fail to observe that disposition in those about me. All property

* The school of St. Germain was the first in which the opening of an oratory was ventured on. The Directory was displeased at it, and ordered it to be immediately shut up.

had changed hands; all ranks found themselves confusedly jumbled by the shocks of the revolution: society resembled a library, in which the books have been replaced at random, after tearing off the titles. The great lord dined at the table of the opulent contractor; and the marchioness, all brilliancy, wit, and elegance, sat at the ball by the side of the clumsy peasant grown rich. In the absence of the ancient distinctions and denominations, which had been described by the Directory, elegant manners and polished language now formed an extraordinary kind of aristocracy. The house of St. Germain, conducted by a lady, who possessed the style, deportment, habits, and conversation of the best society, was not only a school of knowledge, but a school of the world.

"A literary man, a friend of Madame de Beauharnais," continued Madame Campan, in the manuscript now before me, "mentioned my establishment to her. She brought me her daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais, and her niece Emilie de Beauharnais. Six months afterwards she came to inform me of her marriage with a Corsican gentleman, who had been brought up in the military school, and was then a general. I was requested to communicate this intelligence to her daughter, who long lamented her mother's change of name.

"I was also desired to watch over the education of little Eugene de Beauharnais, who was placed at St. Germain, in the same school with my son.

"My nieces, Mesdemoiselles Auguié, were with me, and slept in the same room as the Mesdemoiselles Beauharnais. A great intimacy took place between these young people. Madame de Beauharnais set out for Italy, and left her children with me. On her return, after the conquests of Bonaparte, that general was much pleased with the improvement of his step-daughter; he invited me to dine at Malmaison, and attended two representations of Esther, at my school."

One of these representations is connected with an anecdote, which is almost historical. The Duchess of St. Leu played Esther, the part of Elise was supported by the interesting and

unfortunate Madame de Broc. They were united by the same uniformity of age and inclinations, the same mutual friendship, as are attributed to the characters in Racine's drama. Napoleon, who was then consul, his generals, ministers, and other principal persons in the state, attended the representation. The Prince of Orange was also observed there, whom the hope of seeing Holland once more, and of re-establishing the rights of his house, had at this period brought to France. The tragedy of Esther was performed by the pupils, with the chorusses in music. Every one knows, that in the chorus at the end of the third act, the young Israelites rejoice in the hope of one day returning to their native land:

A young female says:—

"I shall see once more those dear fields."*

Another adds:—

"I shall weep over the sepulchre of my forefathers."†

At these words, loud sobs were heard; every eye was turned towards a particular part of the room; the representation was interrupted for a moment. Napoleon, who sat in the first row, leaned towards Madame Campan, who was behind him, and asked her the cause of this agitation. "The Prince of Orange is here," said she: "he perceived something in the verses which have just been sung, applicable to his wishes and situation, and could not restrain his tears." The consul had already different views: "What is said about returning home, does not apply to him, however;" said he.

Previously to commencing this notice on the life of Madame Campan, I went over that house at St. Germain which once attracted such a splendid concourse.

I saw that garden, those long covered walks, which served for promenades; those rooms in which Plantade gave instructions in singing, and where Mademoiselle Godefroy, the best pupil of

* Je reverrai ces campagnes si chères.

† J'irai pleurer au tombeau de mes pères.

a great master, taught painting. I saw that little closet which many a giddy girl has entered in apprehension of a severe reprimand, and from which she was sure to come out impressed and affected by good and kind admonitions. The appearance of those places is still the same, but how different is their present use! To that lyceum which letters, science, and accomplishments formerly embellished, the rigours and austerity of a cloister have succeeded. Those scenes, in which the sounds of innocent mirth, or the lessons of pleasing arts were alternately heard, are become the asylum of fasting, prayer, and silence. The hall of exercises, which served for a theatre, has been converted into a chapel; the catechism is taught under the roof which echoed the harmonious verses of Racine; and a few verses of the Psalms, or passages from the Fathers, will soon be substituted for that inscription, which is still half legible on the whitened walls: "*Talents are the ornament of the rich, and the wealth of the poor.*"

In 1802 and 1803, the period destined to produce this change was still far distant. Never had the establishment at St. Germain been in a more flourishing condition. What more could Madame Campan wish for? her fortune was very respectable: her occupation and duties were agreeable to her taste. She saw around her nothing but attachment and gratitude; abroad she met with nothing but esteem, kindness, and respect. Absolute in her own house, she seemed equally safe from the favours and caprices of power. But the man who then disposed of the fate of France at his pleasure, and regulated that of Europe with the sword, was soon to determine otherwise.

By a decree, dated, as it were, from the field of battle, new rewards and encouragements were secured and proposed to the brave victors of Austerlitz. The state undertook to bring up, at the public expense, the sisters, daughters, or nieces of those who were decorated with the cross of honour. The children of the warriors killed or wounded in glorious battle, were to find paternal care in the ancient abodes of the Montmorencys and the Condés; nor could those heroes themselves have devoted them

to a nobler purpose. Accustomed to concentrate around him all superior talents, fearless himself of superiority, Napoleon sought for a person qualified by experience, name, and abilities, to conduct the institution of Ecouen; he selected Madame Campan.

She was now to reap the fruits of ten years' experience at St. Germain. The establishment of Ecouen was wholly to create; Madame Campan, therefore, commenced this great undertaking. Count Lacepède, the pupil, friend, and rival of Buffon, the grand chancellor of the legion of honour, assisted her with his enlightened advice. The watchful attention which the health, instruction, and even the recreations of three hundred young persons required; the religious duties which formed the basis of their education; the distribution of their time; the methodical and graduated exercise of the powers of their understanding; the harmony of their principles and attainments with their fortune, and the rank in society they were destined to occupy; the difficult art of seizing the principal features of a character, discriminating good from bad qualities, destroying the germ of the one, and encouraging the others; and of maintaining order and promoting emulation amongst so many pupils of different ages, inclinations, and tempers, without exciting pride: all these cares of a complicated administration, all these details of so delicate an employment, appeared simple, easy, and natural when Madame Campan was seen to fulfil them. This praise even her enemies could not deny her. At all hours she was accessible to every one; hearing all questions submitted to her with the greatest equality of temper, and deciding them with extraordinary presence of mind, never addressing admonition, reproach, or encouragement, but opportunely. Napoleon, who could descend with ease from the highest political subjects to the examination of the most minute details; who was at much at home in inspecting a boarding-school for young ladies, as in reviewing the grenadiers of his guard; to whom every species of knowledge, every occupation, seemed familiar; whom it was impossible to deceive, and who was not unwilling to find fault,—

Napoleon, when he visited the establishment at Ecouen, was forced to say, "*It is all right.*"*

A second house was formed at St. Denis, on the model of that of Ecouen. Perhaps Madame Campan might have hoped for a title, to which her long labours gave her a right; perhaps the superintendence of the two houses would have been but the fair recompense of her services; but her fortunate years had elapsed: her fate was now to depend on the most important events. Napoleon had accumulated such a mass of power, as no one but himself in Europe could overturn. The conqueror seemed to take inward pleasure in destroying the work of the statesman. France, content with thirty years of victories, in vain asked for peace and repose. The army which had triumphed in the sands of Egypt, on the summits of the Alps, and in the marshes of Holland, was to perish although victorious, amidst the snows of Russia. Kings and nations combined against a single man. The territory of France was invaded. The orphans of Ecouen, from the windows of the mansion which served as their asylum, saw, in the distant plain, the fires of the Russian bivouacs, and once more wept the deaths of their fathers. Paris capitulated. France hailed the return of the descendants of Henry IV.: they re-ascended the throne so long filled by their ancestors, which the wisdom of an enlightened prince established on the empire of the laws.

This moment, which diffused joy amongst the faithful servants of the royal family, and brought them the rewards of their devotion, proved to Madame Campan a period of bitter vexation. The hatred of her enemies had revived. The suppression of the house of Ecouen had deprived her of her place; the most absurd calumnies followed her into her retreat: her

* Napoleon had wished to be informed of every particular of the furniture, government, and order of the house, the instruction and education of the pupils. The internal regulations were submitted to him. One of the intended rules, drawn up by Madame Campan, proposed that the children should hear mass on Sundays and Thursdays. Napoleon himself wrote in the margin, *every day*.

attachment to the Queen was suspected; she was accused, not only of ingratitude, but of perfidy: "And the object of these slanders," said a noble writer, who seemed to transfer into the sentiments of friendship, the warmth which animated his filial piety—"the object of these calumnies, is that most faithful subject, who, during twenty-four years, never ceased to be attached to the royal family of France: the reader and first attendant of the unfortunate Queen; the no less intimate confidante of the hapless King, who, during their protracted martyrdom, risked more than her life for her august lord and lady; who never said or did anything but their orders, but said and did all that she was enjoined, however dangerous the task. The object of these calumnies is Madame Campan, in whose favour Marie Antoinette wrote, in 1792, a testamentary disposition, extremely honourable to the devotion of the subject, and to the goodness of the sovereign. It is Madame Campan, to whom Louis XVI. in 1792, confided the most secret and dangerous papers; for whom Louis XVI. in the cell of the Feuillans, on the 10th of August, 1792, cut off two locks of his hair, giving her one for herself, another for her sister, whilst the Queen, throwing her arms about their necks by turns, said to them: "Unhappy women, you are unfortunate only on my account: I am still more wretched than you."* Slander has little effect on youth; the long futurity to which the young look forward, makes them hope to triumph over it: but, in the decline of life, its darts are envenomed with a mortal poison: the griefs which then oppress the heart tear open all its old wounds. Those which Madame

* Extract of a manuscript Memoir, relating to Madame Campan.

Were it necessary to adduce another most respectable testimonial, we might rely on the following letter, written to Madame Campan, on the 27th of April, 1816, by the Duchess de Tourzel.

"I am perfectly sensible, madame, of the pain you must suffer from everything which can possibly tend to throw any doubt on your attachment and fidelity to the august princess, whom you had the honour to serve, in the duties you performed about her person.

I have great pleasure, madame, in doing you the justice of declaring that, during the three years in which my place afforded me fre-

Campan had received were deep. Her sister, Madame Auguié, had destroyed herself; M. Rousseau, her brother-in-law, had perished a victim in the reign of terror. In 1813, a dreadful accident had deprived her of her niece, Madame de Broe, one of the most amiable and interesting beings that ever adorned the earth. Madame Campan seemed destined to behold those whom she loved go down to the grave before her. In the cemetery of Père la Chaise, amongst those ostentatious mausoleums, generally loaded with lying epitaphs; by the side of those monuments, most of which seem raised to flatter the pride of the living rather than out of respect for the ashes of those who sleep beneath them; there is a modest grave, on which she has often been seen to weep. No marble decorates it; no inscription is read upon it; it is remarkable chiefly for its simplicity; the unostentatious turf, betraying a grief which shrinks from observation, is the only clue to the secret of the tomb.

After so many troubles, Madame Campan sought a peaceful retreat. Paris, the abode of apathy and ambition, of the wicked who promulgate slanders, and the fools who believe them; Paris, inhabited by crowds of men, always equally ready to flatter the powerful of the day, and to revile him whom they flattered the day before; Paris, its frivolity, its noisy pleasures, its egotism, had for some years been insupportable to her. One of her most beloved pupils, Mademoiselle Crouzet, had married

quent access to our great and too hapless Queen, I always observed your readiness to show your respect and attachment. I have been witness to her giving you proofs of a peculiar confidence, and to your discretion and fidelity in various circumstances; which qualities you particularly evinced on occasion of that unfortunate journey to Varennes; the reports raised on this subject against you, were the most unjust possible. I saw you at the Feuillans, on the night of the 10th of August, offering the Queen the homage of your grief, although it was not at that time your month of duty. This is a testimony which I pay to truth, and I should think myself happy, if my letter could afford any consolation to the anguish with which your heart is oppressed.

I am, madame, &c.

Croy d'Havre, Duchesse de Tourzel."

a physician at Mantes, a man of talent, distinguished for information, frankness, and cordiality.* Madame Campan paid her pupil a visit. Mantes is a pretty little town. The woods of Rosny, which surround it; the Seine, which laves it with its waters; isles planted with lofty poplars, and shady walks, which promise an agreeable solitude, render Mantes a pleasant, cheerful residence. This abode pleased her. She soon fixed her habitation there. A few intimate friends formed a pleasant society, in which she took pleasure. She enjoyed, with surprise, a little tranquillity, after so many disturbances. The revisal of her Memoirs, the arrangement of the interesting anecdotes of which her Recollections were to consist, were the only affairs which ever diverted her mind from the one powerful sentiment which attached her to life.

She lived only for her son; for him alone she would have wished for favour or riches: he was her consolation, her wealth, her hope; in him she had concentrated all the inclinations of a heart often deceived in its affections. M. Campan deserved the tenderness of his mother. No sacrifice had been spared for his education. He was accomplished, had much taste, and made agreeable verses. After having pursued that course of study, which, under the imperial government, produced men of distinguished merit, he was waiting till time and circumstances should afford him an opportunity of devoting his services to his country. Although the state of his health was far from good, it did not threaten any rapid or premature decay: he was, however, after a few days' illness, suddenly taken from his family. How was the mother to be informed of this loss? Who could bear

* M. Maignes, physician to the infirmaries at Mantes. Madame Campan found in him, both in her mental and bodily affliction, a friend and comforter, of whose merit and affection she knew the value. The attentions which he constantly paid her in the course of her illness, induced him to write an account of it, which evinces his great knowledge of physiology, and in which he has faithfully preserved the last conversation of Madame Campan. In communicating this manuscript to me, he favoured me with many interesting particulars, for which I have now the pleasure of thanking him.

to inflict this mortal blow? M. Maignes, in an account with which he was pleased to intrust us, describes this sad moment with mournful accuracy. "I never witnessed so heart-rending a scene," he says, "as that which took place when Marshal Ney's lady, her niece, and Madame Pannelier, her sister, came to acquaint her with this misfortune. When they entered her apartment, she was in bed. All three at once uttered a piercing cry. The two ladies threw themselves on their knees, and kissed her hands, which they bedewed with tears. Before they could speak to her, she read in their faces, that she no longer possessed a son. At that instant her large eyes, opening widely, seemed to wander. Her face grew pale, her features changed, her lips lost their colour, she struggled to speak, but uttered only inarticulate sounds, accompanied by piercing cries. Her gestures were wild—her reason was suspended. Every part of her being was in agony. Her respiration scarcely sufficed for the efforts which this unhappy mother made to express her grief, and give vent to her sufferings. To this state of anguish and despair no calm succeeded, until her tears began to flow. Never in my life did I see anything so sad and so awful: never will the impression I received be effaced from my memory. Friendship, and the tenderest cares, succeeded for a moment in calming her grief, but not in diminishing its power. This violent crisis had disturbed her whole organization. A cruel disorder, which requires a still more cruel operation, soon manifested itself. The presence of her family, a tour which she made in Switzerland, a residence at the waters of Baden, and, above all, the sight, the tender and charming conversation of a person by whom she was affectionately beloved, occasionally diverted her mind, but relieved her sufferings only in a very slight degree. She returned to Mantes, resolved to undergo the operation; and, from that moment, far from betraying a moment's weakness or hesitation, she herself hastened the moment, which, as she said, was to restore her to hope and health. With the strength of mind which defies pain, she combined the energy of will which masters it. Not a cry, not a gesture

escaped her. So much courage astonished old warriors accustomed to the sight of fields of battle, and surprised the professional men themselves.* Up to the moment of commencing the operation, she discoursed freely and calmly with them. The pain which followed the operation, did not seem to have altered her serenity. "*Gentlemen,*" said she, cheerfully, to her physicians, "*I had much rather hear you talk, than see you act.*"

The operation was performed with extraordinary promptitude, and the most complete success, by M. Voisin, a most skilful surgeon of Versailles. No unfavourable symptoms appeared; the wound cicatrized; Madame Campan was thought to be restored to her friends; but the disorder was in the blood; it took another course; the chest became affected. "From that moment," says M. Maignes, who watched her malady with all the solicitude of friendship, "I could never look on Madame Campan as living; she herself felt that she belonged no more to this world."

When she thought of her family, of her friends at Mantes, and of all those who loved her with the most lively affection, her heart failed, and in those moments of affecting weakness, she would say, "I shall not die, doctor, shall I?" But soon resuming her courage, she imparted to others a hope which she no longer cherished herself. She constantly saw near her a woman who had never quitted her for forty years; who had shared in her troubles as well as in her hours of prosperity; who guessed her thoughts, watched her slightest wishes, and repaid her unbounded confidence, by the attentions of the tenderest attachment: here all who knew Madame Campan will name Madame Voisin. "Courage," said she, "death will not separate two friends like us."†

* Colonel Hemè, one of the best officers of the old army, assisted the surgeons during the operation.

† Death, in fact, will not separate them. The family of Madame Campan has erected a tomb to her in the cemetery of Mantes. It bears a simple epitaph on a column of white marble, surmounted by

She herself set the example of the strength of mind with which she wished to inspire others. Sometimes looking back to the days of her youth, she saw, in imagination, the young girl so lively and gay, surprised by Louis XV. in the midst of her play. Sometimes she thought, with emotion on the kindness with which Marie Antoinette repaid her attachment. "The bull's-eye at Versailles," said she, "will never forgive me, for having obtained the confidence of the King and Queen. The demands of a swarm of flatterers were frequently unjust, and when the Queen condescended to consult me, I spoke with sincerity."*

Sometimes the fate of France occupied her thoughts. The light, which the throne itself diffuses, was, in her opinion, the only security against the extravagant claims of some individuals. "Power," said she, "now resides in the laws. In any other situation it would be misplaced. But this truth escapes them. The dust of old parchments blinds them."†

The day before her death, "My friend," she said, to her physician, "I throw myself into the arms of Providence; that is the only invisible support that can sustain us. The idea is consoling; I am much attached to the simplicity of my religion: I revere it; I hate all that savours of fanaticism."‡ When her codicil was presented for her signature, her hand trembled; "It would be a pity," she said, "to stop, when so fairly on the road."

The day she died her window was opened. The sky was clear, the air pure and fresh. "This resembles the air and climate of Switzerland," said she; "I passed there two months

an urn. Tufts of dahlia adorn the four corners of the monument: beneath is the vault which contains her ashes. The friend she has left will repose near her.

* M. Maigne's account.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. Before she submitted to an operation which is almost always fatal, Madame Campan had scrupulously fulfilled her religious duties.

of unmixed happiness.——Her soul is so noble, and our hearts understand each other so well!"

Her dissolution rapidly approached. Her mind had lost nothing of its strength. "Notwithstanding my condition," said she, "I am desirous of expressing my thoughts."—"I was a little way from her bed," adds her physician, whose words we have quoted. "She called me in rather a higher tone than usual: I ran to her. Then, reproaching herself for this little hastiness, 'How imperious one is,' she said, 'when one has no time for politeness.'—A moment after, she was no more."

Her friends witnessed her decease on the 16th of March, 1822. The cheerfulness she displayed throughout her malady, had nothing forced or affected in it. Her character was naturally powerful and elevated. At the approach of death, she evinced the soul of a sage, without abandoning for an instant her feminine character; without renouncing the hopes and consolations of a Christian. Her religion inclined to indulgence and mildness, which is constantly the case with those whose piety is more a matter of faith and sentiment than of formal observance. Though she had long lived in the higher circles, she did not despise the human race. The envious had never been able to excite a feeling of hatred in her mind; the ungrateful had not wearied her benevolence. Her credit, her time, her plans belonged to her friends; her purse was always open to the unfortunate.

One profound sentiment, her attachment to the Queen—one constant study, the education of youth, occupied her whole life. Napoleon once said to her, "the old systems of education were good for nothing—what do young women stand in need of, to be well brought up in France?"—"Of *mothers!*" answered Madame Campan. "It is well said," replied Napoleon. "Well, Madame, let the French be indebted to you for bringing up mothers for their children." Madame Campan's answer contains the leading idea of her system of education. All the cares of this excellent preceptress tended to enable her pupils to be one day the teachers of their own daughters. The instructions which she read on Sundays to the young ladies at St. Germain; the little

anecdotes which she composed, as much for their instruction as for her own amusement; the work which she was finishing at the moment of her death, and which contains the fruits of twenty years' experience, are all directed to the same object.* "Women," said she to her friends, "have lost the empire which chivalric gallantry formerly gave them. They would now disdain that which they obtained, at a later period, in the boudoir, or on the brilliant stage of the court. Their new dominion ought to be founded upon good morals, and not in opposition to them. Their success, although perhaps less striking, will be more satis-

* Madame Campan has left several manuscript tales and plays, of which we shall only quote the titles: "The Old Woman of the Cabin; Arabella, or the English Boarding-School; the two Educations; The Little Strolling Players; The Amateur Concerts, &c." The object of all these is the instruction of youth. In her last moments she was completing a work of a more elevated class, *On the Education of Women.* No one could do more ample justice to this interesting title, than herself. I will quote the first words of this Treatise:—

"My work will be destitute," she said, "of the attraction of those fictions almost always connected with plans of education; and the quantity of details which I must lay before my readers, gives me some uneasiness. I am also fearful of being led away by my partiality for those innocent and lovely creatures, of whom an amiable crowd surrounded me for so many years, and to whom I have been indebted for such delightful hours; sometimes I am doubtful, whether a sort of slowness, the first sad infirmity of age, does not prolong my discourses in spite of me; then I recollect, that I am dedicating my work to my former pupils, who are now mothers of families: I consider that in devoting to them the fruit of long experience, I am speaking to them of their dearest affections: and then I feel encouraged."

This work will probably appear, as soon as the different pieces which Madame Campan had finished, can be arranged. Her plays will be added.

It is generally known, that Madame Campan has published the Conversations of a Mother with her Daughters. These dialogues have been translated into Italian and English. Madame Campan understood the latter language extremely well. She had given lessons in English to the Queen, and preserved exercises written in that language by Marie Antoinette, until her house was burnt, on the 10th of August.

factory and durable. Every day adds to their information, without detracting from the lighter graces, the modest virtues of their sex. But it is not sufficient for their beauty to please, for their wit to charm; they must command esteem by their qualities; their talents must be destined to form the delight of their family, and the circle of their duties must become that of their pleasures likewise."

Surrounded by pupils to whom her conversation was a reward, whether she talked to them of the duties of their sex, or of the most interesting facts in history, the inquisitive, attentive crowd pressed around her, eager to catch every word. Sometimes her judicious and keen understanding would draw a salutary lesson from a little amusing story. In past events, she often sought traits calculated to enlighten their minds and elevate their sentiments. I call on all the pupils of Ecouen to bear witness, how often she spoke to them of Louis IV., of Charles V., of Louis XII., of Henry IV., in particular, and of the virtues with which they and their successors had adorned the throne. When she came to the stormy period of the revolution, she would explain to them the outrages committed against royal majesty, tell them of the descendants of kings living in a foreign land, of Louis XVI. and his misfortunes, of the Queen and the afflictions she had been made to endure. These recitals affected their young hearts. When they heard her talk of the royal family of France, the daughters of Napoleon's warriors learned the respect that should be paid to calamity, and the gratitude due for benefits received.

Beyond the walls of the mansion of Ecouen, in the village which surrounds it, Madame Campan had taken a small house where she loved to pass a few hours in solitary retirement. There, at liberty to abandon herself to the memory of the past, the superintendent of the imperial establishment became, once more, for the moment the first femme de chambre to Marie Antoinette. To the few friends whom she admitted into this retreat, she would show, with emotion, a plain muslin gown which the Queen had worn, and which was made from a part

of Tippoo Saib's present. A cup, out of which Marie Antoinette had drunk, a writing stand, which she had long used, were, in her eyes, of inestimable value; and she has often been discovered sitting, in tears, before the picture which represented her royal mistress.

"Pardon me, august shade! unhappy Queen, pardon me," she says, in a fragment I have preserved in her handwriting; "thy portrait is near me whilst I am writing these words. My imagination, impressed with the remembrance of thy sorrows, every instant directs my eyes to those features which I wish to animate, and to read in them whether I am doing service to thy memory in writing this work. When I look at that noble head, which fell by the fury of barbarians, tears fill my eyes, and suspend my narration. Yes, I will speak the truth, by which thy shade can never be injured; truth must prove favourable to her whom falsehood so cruelly wronged."

What should I add to these eloquent words? Madame Campan is no more; let those who slandered her life now insult her memory; her writings will defend her better than I can.

F. Barriere.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The shelves of our libraries bend under the weight of printed works relating to the last years of the eighteenth century. The grand moral and political causes of our revolutions have already been ably traced by superior intellects. But posterity will look also for the secret springs by which these events were brought about. Nothing but memoirs, penned by ministers and favourites, will alone satisfy the inquisitiveness of our descendants, and even these, only to a certain extent; for kings very seldom yield unbounded confidence. The sovereign intrusts to one of those who surround him, a secret mission, no way militating against his own known sentiments; and developes to him all the details of some affair of high interest. The courtier proceeds under a persuasion of the importance of his mission; but while his pride is flattering itself, while he reposes on a certainty that the royal heart has been opened before him, he little suspects, in the blindness of his vanity, the thousand folds, always to be concealed from him, which that heart contains. He is but the dupe and tool of him whose confidant he fancies himself. Some other person has, perhaps, at the very same moment, received an opposite commission, which, probably, no more tallies with the real designs of the prince than the former. Each singly thinks himself the sole depositary of his sovereign's thoughts; and upon this hollow basis each erects his shadowy edifice of a credit which he does not possess.

This court-game is especially in vogue when the superior power

is under the necessity of satisfying, or of conciliating, opposite opinions, without really adopting either. But the practice of thus scattering marks of an illusory confidence has this result, that when the time of commotion and faction arrives, the sovereign finds himself without any solid support, or disinterested attachment.

Louis XVI. possessed an immense crowd of confidants, advisers, and guides: he selected them even from among the factions which attacked him. Never, perhaps, did he make a full disclosure to any one of them, and certainly he spoke with sincerity to but very few. He invariably kept the reins of all secret intrigues, in his own hand; and thence, doubtless, arose the want of co-operation and the weakness which were so conspicuous in his measures. From these causes considerable chasms will be found in the detailed history of the revolution.

In order to become thoroughly acquainted with the latter years of the reign of Louis XV., memoirs written by the Duke de Choiseul, the Duke d'Aiguillon, the Marshal de Richelieu,* and the Duke de la Vauguyon, should be before us. To give us a faithful portrait of the unfortunate reign of Louis XVI., the Marshal du Muy, M. de Maurepas, M. de Vergennes, M. de Malesherbes, the Duke d'Orleans, M. de la Fayette, the Abbé de Vermond, the Abbé Montesquiou, Mirabeau, the Duchess de Polignac, and the Duchess de Luynes, should have noted faithfully in writing all the transactions in which they took decided parts.† As to the secret history of affairs of a later period, it has been disseminated

* I heard the Marshal de Richelieu desire M. Campan, who was librarian to the Queen, not to buy the Memoirs, which would certainly be attributed to him after his death, declaring them false by anticipation: and adding, that he was ignorant of orthography, and had never amused himself with writing. Shortly after the death of the marshal, one Soulavie put forth Memoirs of the Marshal de Richelieu.

Note by Madame Campan.

† Nothing hinders the partial realization of this supposition. Among the personages here enumerated by Madame Campan, we know some, whose names may very shortly appear to Memoirs of great interest.

Note by the Editor.

among a much greater number of persons; there are ministers who have published memoirs, but solely when they had their own measures to justify, and then they confined themselves to the vindication of their own characters, without which powerful motive they probably would have written nothing. In general, those nearest to the sovereign, either by birth or by office, have left no memoirs; and in absolute monarchies the main springs of great events will be found in particulars which the most exalted persons alone could know. Those who have had but little under their charge, find in that little no subject for a book; and those who have long borne the burthen of public business, conceive themselves to be forbidden by duty, or by respect for authority, to disclose all they know. Others again preserve notes, with the intention of reducing them to order, when they shall have reached the period of a happy leisure; vain illusion of the ambitious, which they cherish, for the most part, but as a veil to conceal from their sight the terrifying image of their inevitable downfall! and when that event, at length, takes place, despair deprives them of fortitude to dwell upon the dazzling period which they never cease to regret.

And yet the historian, who is sometimes perplexed at having to choose among the differing versions presented to him by contemporaries, is much more so if writings are wanting to him. He then has recourse to tradition, and trusts to popular talk; he draws portraits from the political caricatures sketched by hatred, or by flattery; calumny is perpetuated, and some noble characters remain blackened for ever. An ill conducted enterprise is called criminal; and a successful villain becomes a hero. History, thus written, furnishes no lesson; it is either a romance, or a polluted and unconnected collection of libels, which perhaps brought the smile of contempt even into the face of him who wrote them.

Louis XVI. meant to write his own memoirs: the manner in which his private papers were arranged, pointed out this design. The Queen, also, had the same intention; she long preserved a large correspondence, and a great number of minute reports,

made in the spirit and upon the event of the moment. But after the 20th of June, 1792, she was obliged to burn the larger portion of what she had so collected. Some parts of the correspondence preserved by the Queen, were conveyed out of France.

Considering the rank and situations of the persons I have named, as capable of elucidating, by their writings, the history of our political storms, it will not be imagined that I aim at placing myself on a level with the daughters of Louis XV., or with Marie Antoinette. I knew the characters of those princesses; I became privy to some extraordinary facts, the publication of which may be interesting, and the truth of the details will form the merit of my work.

I was very young when I was placed about the princesses, the daughters of Louis XV., in the capacity of reader. I was acquainted with the court of Versailles, before the time of the marriage of Louis XVI. with the archduchess Marie Antoinette.

My father, who was employed in the department of Foreign Affairs, enjoyed the reputation due to his talents, and to his useful labours. He had travelled much. Frenchmen, on their return home from foreign countries, bring with them a love for their own, increased in warmth; and no man was more penetrated with this feeling, which ought to be the first virtue of every placeman, than my father. Men of the first celebrity, academicians, and learned individuals, both natives and foreigners, sought my father's acquaintance; and were gratified by being admitted into his house.

Twenty years before the Revolution, I often heard it remarked that the imposing character of the power of Louis XIV. was no longer to be found in the palace of Versailles; that the institutions of the ancient monarchy were rapidly sinking; and that the people, crushed beneath the weight of taxes, were miserable though silent; but that they began to give ear to the bold speeches of the philosophers, who loudly proclaimed their sufferings, and their rights; and in short, that the age would not

pass away without the occurrence of some grand shock, which would unsettle France, and change the course of its progress.

Those who thus spoke, were almost all partisans of M. Turgot's system of administration: they were Mirabeau the father, Doctor Quesnay, Abbé Baudeau, and Abbé Nicoli, chargé d'affaires to Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and as enthusiastic an admirer of the maxims of the innovators as his sovereign.

My father sincerely respected the purity of intention of these politicians. With them he acknowledged many abuses in the government; but he did not give these political sectarians credit for the talent necessary for conducting a judicious reform. He told them frankly, that in the art of moving the great machine of government, the wisest of them was inferior to a good police magistrate; and that, if ever the helm of affairs should be put into their hands, they would be speedily checked in the execution of their schemes, by the immeasurable difference existing between the most brilliant theories and the simplest practice of administration.

In one of these conversations, which, young as I was, engaged my attention, I heard my father compare the monarchy of France to a beautiful and antique statue: he agreed, that the pedestal which supported it was mouldering away; and that the contours of the statue were disappearing under the parasitical plants which were gradually covering it. "But," he inquired, with a feeling of painful apprehension, "where is the artist skilful enough to repair the base, without shaking the statue?" Such adepts were not to be found; and the attempts at restoration only precipitated ruin. The storm of passion burst, the whole monument gave way, and its fall jarred all Europe!

MEMOIRS

OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

CHAPTER I.

Court of Louis XV.—His Character—The King's *Debotter*—Characters of the Princesses—Retirement of Madame Louise to the Carmelites of Saint Denis—Madame du Barry—The Court divided between the Party of the Duke de Choiseul and that of the Duke d'Aiguillon.

I WAS fifteen years of age when I was appointed reader to the princesses. I will begin by describing the court at that period.

Maria Leckzinska was just dead; the death of the dauphin had preceded hers by three years; the Jesuits were suppressed, and piety was to be found at court only in the apartments of the princesses. The Duke de Choiseul was in power.

The King thought of nothing but the pleasures of the chase; it might have been imagined that the courtiers indulged themselves in epigrammatizing, by hearing them say seriously on those days when the King did not hunt, *the King does nothing to-day.*

Little journeys were also affairs of great importance with the King. On the first day of the year, he noted down in his almanac the days of departure for Compiègne, for Fontaine-

bleau, Choisy, &c. The weightiest matters, the most serious events, never deranged this distribution of his time.

Etiquette still existed at court with all the strictness it had acquired under Louis XIV.; dignity alone was wanting. As to gayety, it was out of the question: Versailles no longer presented an assemblage graced by French wit and elegance. The focus of wit and information was Paris.

Since the death of the Marchioness de Pompadour, the King had no avowed mistress; he contented himself with the pleasures he derived from his little seraglio of the Parc-au-Cerfs. It is well known that the monarch found the separation of Louis de Bourbon from the King of France, the most pleasing feature of his royal existence. *They would have it so; they thought it for the best;* was his way of expressing himself when the measures of his ministers were unsuccessful. The King delighted to manage the most disgraceful particulars of his private expenses himself; he one day sold to a head clerk in the war department, a house, in which one of his mistresses had lodged; the contract ran in the name of Louis de Bourbon; and the purchaser himself took in a bag the price of the house in gold to the King in his private closet.

Louis XV. saw very little of his family; he came every morning, by a private staircase, into the apartment of Madame Adelaide. He often brought and drank there, coffee that he had made himself. Madame Adelaide pulled a bell, which apprised Madame Victoire of the King's visit; Madame Victoire, on rising to go to her sister's apartment, rang for Madame Sophie, who in her turn rang for Madame Louise. The apartments of the princesses were of very large dimensions. Madame Louise occupied the farthest room. The latter poor princess was deformed and very short: she used to run with all her might to join the daily meeting; but in spite of her haste, having a number of rooms to cross, she frequently had only just time to embrace her father before he set out for the chase.

Every evening at six, the ladies interrupted my reading to them, to accompany the princes to Louis XV.; this visit was

called the King's *debotter*,* and was marked by a kind of etiquette. The princesses put on an enormous hoop, which set out a petticoat ornamented with gold or embroidery; they fastened a long train round their waists, and concealed the *undress* of the rest of their clothing by a long cloak of black taffety which enveloped them up to the chin. The gentlemen ushers, the ladies in waiting, the pages, the esquires, and the ushers bearing large flambeaux, accompanied them to the King. In a moment the whole palace, generally so still, was in motion; the King kissed each princess on the forehead, and the visit was so short, that the reading which it interrupted was frequently resumed at the end of a quarter of an hour: the princesses returned to their apartments, untied the strings of their petticoats and trains, resumed their tapestry, and I returned to my book.

During the summer season, the King sometimes came to the residence of the princesses before the hour of his *debotter*. One day he found me alone in Madame Victoire's closet, and asked me where *Coche*† was: I stared, and he repeated his question, but without being at all the more understood. When the King was gone, I asked madame of whom he spoke. She told me that it was herself, and very coolly explained to me, that being the fattest of his daughters, the King had given her the familiar name of *Coche;* and that he called Madame Adelaide, *Loque;*‡ Madame Sophie, *Graille;*§ and Madame Louise, *Chiffe*.‖ Nothing but the zest of these contrasts could afford the King any amusement in the use of such words. The people of his household observed that he knew a great number of them, and it was supposed that he had learned them from his mistresses; possibly, too, he had amused himself with picking them out from dictionaries. If this style of speaking betrayed the habits and tastes of the King, his manner, however, savoured nothing of such vulgarity; his walk was easy and noble; he had a

* *Debotter* meaning the time of unbooting.—*Tr.*

† The fat pig. ‡ Rag.

§ Scrap. ‖ Bad silk, or stuff.

dignified carriage of the head; and his aspect, without being severe, was imposing: he combined great politeness with a truly regal demeanour, and gracefully saluted the humblest female whom curiosity led into his path.

He was very expert in a number of little trifling matters, which never occupy attention but for want of something better to employ it; for instance, he would knock off the top of an egg-shell, very cleverly, at a single stroke of his fork; he therefore always ate eggs when he dined in public, and the Parisian cockneys, who came on Sundays to see the King dine, returned home less struck with his fine figure than with the dexterity with which he broke his eggs.

Repartees of Louis XV. which marked the keenness of his wit and the elevation of his sentiments, were quoted with pleasure in the assemblies of Versailles. They have been recorded in collections of anecdotes, and are generally known.

This prince was still beloved; it was wished that a style of life, suitable to his age and dignity, should at length cast a veil over the follies of the past, and justify the love cherished by the French for his youth. It gave them pain to judge him harshly. The princesses were blamed for not seeking to prevent the danger of the King's forming an intimacy with some new favourite. Madame Henriette, twin sister of the Duchess of Parma, was much regretted; for she had considerable influence over the King's mind, and it was remarked, that if she had lived, she would have been assiduous in finding him amusements in the bosom of his family; that she would have followed him in his short excursions, and would have done the honours of the *petits soupers* which he was so fond of giving in his private apartments.

The princesses had too much neglected the means of pleasing the King; but this obviously arose from the little attention he had paid them in their youth.

In order to console the people under their sufferings, and to shut their eyes to the real depredations of the treasury, the ministers occasionally pressed the most extravagant measures

of reform, in the King's household, and even on his personal expenses.

Cardinal Fleury, who in truth had the merit of re-establishing the finances, carried this system of economy so far, as to obtain from the King the suppression of the household and education of the four younger princesses. They were brought up as mere boarders, in a convent, eight leagues distant from the coast. Saint-Cyr would have been more suitable for the reception of the King's daughters; probably the cardinal was infected with some of those prejudices which will always attach to even the most useful institutions; and which, since the death of Louis XIV., had been raised against the noble establishment of Madame de Maintenon. He preferred intrusting the education of the princesses to a provincial sisterhood. Madame Louise often assured me, that at twelve years of age she was not mistress of the whole alphabet, and never learned to read fluently until after her return to Versailles.

Madame Victoire attributed certain paroxysms of panic terror, which she was never able to conquer, to the violent alarms she experienced at the Abbey of Fontevrault, when she was sent, by way of penance, to pray alone, in the vault where the sisters were interred. No salutary foresight had been exerted to preserve these princesses from those dismal impressions, against which the most unenlightened mother knows how to guard her children.

A gardener belonging to the abbey died raving mad: his habitation, without the walls, was in the neighbourhood of a chapel of the abbey, where the princesses were taken to repeat the prayers for those in the agonies of death. Their prayers were more than once interrupted by the shrieks of the dying man.

The most absurd indulgences were mixed with these cruel practices. Madame Adelaide, the eldest of the princesses, was haughty and passionate: the good sisters never failed to give way to her ridiculous fancies. The dancing-master, the only professor of graceful accomplishments who had followed the

ladies to Fontevrault, was teaching them a dance then much in fashion, which was called the *rose-coloured minuet.* Madame Adelaide insisted that it should be named *the blue minuet.* The teacher resisted her whim, and urged that he should be laughed at, at court, if the princess should talk of a *blue minuet.* The princess refused to take her lesson, stamped, and repeated *blue, blue. Rose, rose,* said the master. The sisterhood assembled to decide the important case; the nuns cried *blue* with the princess; the minuet was re-christened, and she danced. Among women so little worthy of the office of an instructress, there was, however, *one* sister, who, by her judicious tenderness, and by the useful proofs which she gave of it to the princesses, entitled herself to their attachment, and obtained their gratitude: this was Madame de Soulanges, whom they afterwards caused to be appointed abbess of Royal-Lieu.* They also took upon themselves the promotion of this lady's nephews;—those of Madame Mac-Carthy, who had weakly indulged her charge, carried for a long time the musket of the King's guard at the door of the princesses, without the latter thinking of advancing their fortune.

When the princesses, still very young, returned to court, they enjoyed the friendship of the dauphin, and profited by his advice. They devoted themselves ardently to study, and gave up almost the whole of their time to it; they enabled themselves to write French correctly, and acquired a good knowledge of history. Madame Adelaide, in particular, had a most insatiable desire to learn; she was taught to play upon all instruments from the horn (will it be believed!) to the Jew's harp. Italian, English,

* This excellent woman fell a victim to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisters were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chanted the *Veni Creator,* upon the fatal car. When arrived at the place of execution they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to join its voice with the celestial chorus—but the strain continued. The abbess suffered last, and her single voice, with increased tone, still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once—it was the silence of death!

Note by Madame Campan.

the higher branches of the mathematics, turning and dialling, successively filled up the leisure moments of the princesses. Madame Adelaide was graced for a short time with a charming figure: but never did beauty vanish so quickly. Madame Victoire was handsome, and very graceful; her address, mien, and smile, were in perfect accordance with the goodness of her heart. Madame Sophie was remarkably ugly; never did I behold a person of so revolting an appearance: she walked with the greatest rapidity; and, in order to recognise people without looking at them, she had acquired the habit of leering on one side, like a hare. This princess was so exceedingly diffident, that a person might be with her daily, for years together, without hearing her utter a single word. It was asserted, however, that she displayed talent, and even attractiveness, in the society of some favourite ladies. She taught herself a great deal, but she studied alone; the presence of a reader would have disconcerted her very much. There were, however, occasions on which this princess, generally so untractable, became all at once affable and condescending, and manifested the most communicative good nature; this would happen during a storm; she was afraid of it, and so great was her alarm on such an occasion, that she then approached the most humble, and would ask them a thousand obliging questions; a flash of lightning made her squeeze their hands; a peal of thunder would drive her to embrace them; but with the return of the calm, the princess resumed her stiffness, her reserve, and her repulsive air, and passed every one without taking the slightest notice, until a fresh storm restored to her, at once, her terror and her affability.

These ladies found, in a beloved brother, whose excellent qualities are known to all Frenchmen, a guide in everything wanting to their education, so much neglected in infancy. In their august mother, Maria Leckzinska, they possessed the noblest model of every pious and social virtue: that princess, by her eminent qualifications and her modest dignity, veiled the failings with which, most unhappily, the King was justly reproachable; and while she lived, she preserved in the court of Louis XV.

that suitable and imposing tone which alone supports the respect due to power. The princesses, her daughters, were worthy of her; and, if a few degraded beings did aim the shafts of calumny at them, these shafts dropped harmless, warded off by the high idea entertained of the elevation of their sentiments, and the purity of their conduct.

If the ladies had not tasked themselves with numerous occupations, they would have been much to be pitied. They loved walking, but could enjoy nothing beyond the public gardens of Versailles: they would gladly have cultivated flowers, but could have no others than those in their windows.

The Marchioness de Durfort, since Duchess de Civrac,* afforded Madame Victoire the sweets of an amiable society. The princess spent almost all her evenings with that lady; and at length fancied herself one of her family.

Madame de Narbonne had, in a similar way, taken pains to make her intimate acquaintance agreeable to Madame Adelaide.

Madame Louise had for many years lived in great seclusion: I read to her five hours a day; my voice frequently betrayed the exhaustion of my lungs; the princess would then prepare sugared water for me, place it by me, and apologize for making me read so long, on the score of having prescribed a course of reading for herself.

One evening, while I was reading, she was informed that M. Bertin, minister of the escheats, desired to speak with her: she went out abruptly, returned, resumed her silks and embroidery, and made me resume my book; when I retired, she commanded me to be in her closet the next morning at eleven o'clock. When I got there, the princess was gone out; I learned that she had gone at seven in the morning to the convent of the Carmelites of Saint Denis, where she was desirous of taking the

* The Duchess de Civrac, grandmother of two heroes of La Vendée, Lescure and La Roche-Jaquelin, by the marriage of her eldest daughter with M. d'Onissau; and of the unfortunate Labedoyere, by the marriage of her second daughter with M. de Chastellux.

Note by Madame Campan.

veil. I went to Madame Victoire. There I heard that the King alone had been acquainted with Madame Louise's project; that he had kept it faithfully secret, and that, having long previously opposed her wish, he had only on the preceding evening sent her his consent; that she had gone alone into the convent, where she was expected; and that, a few minutes afterwards, she had made her appearance at the grate, to show the Princess de Guistel, who had accompanied her to the convent-gate, and to her attendant, the King's order to leave her in the monastery.

Upon receiving the intelligence of her sister's departure, Madame Adelaide gave way to violent paroxysms of rage; and reproached the King bitterly for the secrecy which he had thought it his duty to preserve. Madame Victoire missed the society of her favourite sister, but she only shed tears in silence on her abandonment of them. The first time I saw this excellent princess after that event, I threw myself at her feet, kissed her hand, and asked her, with all the confidence of youth, whether she would quit us as Madame Louise had done? She raised me, embraced me, and said, pointing to the sofa upon which she was extended, "Make yourself easy, my dear; I shall never have Louise's courage. I love the conveniences of life too well; *this couch is my destruction.*" As soon as I obtained permission to do so, I went to Saint Denis to see my august and holy mistress; she deigned to receive me with her face uncovered, in her private parlour; she told me she had just left the wash-house, and that it was her turn that day to attend to the linen. "I greatly misused your youthful lungs, for two years, before the execution of my project," added she: "I knew that here I could read none but books tending to our salvation, and I wished to review all the historians that had interested me."

She informed me, that the King's consent for her to go to Saint Denis, had been brought to her while I was reading; she prided herself, and with reason, upon having returned to her closet without the slightest mark of agitation, though she said she felt so keenly, that she could scarcely regain her chair.

She added, that moralists were right, when they said that happiness does not dwell in palaces; that she had proved it; and that, if I desired to be happy, she advised me to come and enjoy a retreat in which the liveliest imagination might find full exercise in the contemplation of a better world. I had no palace, no earthly grandeur to sacrifice to God; nothing but the society of an affectionate family; but it is precisely there, that the moralists whom she cited have placed true happiness. I replied, that in private life, the absence of a beloved and cherished daughter would be too cruelly felt by her family. The princess said no more on the subject.

The seclusion of Madame Louise was attributed to various motives: some were unkind enough to suppose it to have been occasioned by her mortification at being, in point of rank, the last of the princesses. I think I penetrated the true cause.

Her soul was lofty; she loved everything sublime; often, while I was reading, she would interrupt me to exclaim, "That is beautiful! that is noble!" There was but one brilliant action that she could perform—to quit a palace for a cell, and rich garments for a frieze gown. She achieved it.

I saw Madame Louise two or three times more at the grate. I was informed of her death by Louis XVI. "My aunt Louise," said he to me, "your old mistress, is just dead at Saint Denis. I have this moment received intelligence of it. Her piety and resignation were admirable, and yet the delirium of my good aunt recalled to her recollection that she was a princess, for her last words were: *To paradise, quick, quick, full speed.* No doubt she thought she was again giving orders to her groom."*

Madame Victoire, good, sweet-tempered, and affable, lived with the most amiable simplicity in a society wherein she was much caressed: she was adored by her household. Without quitting Versailles, without sacrificing her indolent sofa, she fulfilled the duties of religion with punctuality, gave to the poor

* Since Madame Campan relates this anecdote, we will not dispute its authenticity; but it seems to agree but little with the pious sentiments and reserved manners of Louis XVI.—*Note by the Editor.*

all that she possessed, and strictly observed lent and the fasts. It is true that the table of the princesses had acquired a reputation for dishes of abstinence, which the assiduous parasites at that of their maitre d'hotel spread abroad. Madame Victoire was not indifferent to good living, but she had the most religious scruples respecting dishes which it was allowable for her to eat of at penitential times. I saw her one day exceedingly tormented by her doubts about a water fowl, which was often served up to her during lent. The question to be irrevocably determined, was, whether it was fish or flesh. She consulted a bishop, who happened to be of the party: the prelate immediately assumed a decided tone of voice, and the grave attitude of a judge in the highest court of appeal. He answered the princess that it had been resolved, that in a similar case of doubt, after dressing the bird, it should be pricked over a very cold silver dish; that if the gravy of the animal congealed within a quarter of an hour, the creature was to be accounted flesh; but if the gravy remained in an oily state, it might be eaten at all times without scruple. Madame Victoire immediately made the experiment: the gravy did not congeal; and this was a source of great joy to the princess, who was very partial to that sort of game. The abstinence which so much occupied the attention of Madame Victoire, was so disagreeable to her, that she listened with impatience for the striking of the midnight hour of holy Saturday; and then she was immediately supplied with a good dish of fowl and rice, and sundry other succulent viands. She confessed, with such amiable candour, her taste for good cheer and the comforts of life, that one must have been as severe in principle as insensible to the excellent qualities of the princess, to blame her for it.

Madame Adelaide had more talents than Madame Victoire; but she was altogether deficient in that kindness which alone creates affection for the great: abrupt manners, a harsh voice, and a short way of speaking rendered her more than imposing. She carried the idea of the prerogative of rank to a high pitch.

One of her chaplains was unlucky enough to say *Dominus vobiscum*, with rather too easy an air: the princess rated him soundly for it after mass, and told him to remember that he was not a bishop, and not to think again of officiating in the style of a prelate.

The ladies lived quite separate from the King. Since the death of Madame de Pompadour he had lived alone. The enemies of the Duke de Choiseul did not know in what society, nor through what channel they could prepare and bring about the downfall of the man who stood in their way. The King was connected only with women of so low a class, that they could not be made use of for any regular intrigue; moreover the parc-aux-cerfs was a seraglio the beauties of which were often changed;* it was desirable to give the King a mistress who might form a circle round her, and in whose drawing-room, through the power of daily insinuations, the long standing attachment of the King for the Duke de Choiseul might be overcome. It is true that Madame du Barry was selected from a class sufficiently low. Her origin, her education, her habits, and everything about her, bore a vulgar and shameful character; but by marrying her to a man who dated his nobility from 1400, it was thought scandal would be avoided. The conqueror of Mahon conducted this vile intrigue.† Such a mistress was judiciously

* Details respecting the parc-aux-cerfs will be found amongst the *Anecdotes and Recollections.—Note by the Editor.*

† It appeared at this period as if every feeling of dignity was lost. "Few noblemen of the French court," says a writer of the time, "preserved themselves from the general corruption. The Marshal de Brissac was one of the latter. He was bantered on the strictness of his principles of honour and honesty; it was thought strange that he should be offended at being thought, like so many others, exposed to hymeneal disgrace. Louis XV., who was present, and laughed at his angry fit, said to him: 'Come, M. de Brissac, don't be angry; 'tis but a trifling evil; take courage.' 'Sire,' replied M. de Brissac, 'I possess all kinds of courage, except that which can brave shame.'"

Note by the Editor.

selected for the diversion of the latter years of a man weary of grandeur, fatigued with pleasure, and cloyed with voluptuousness.—Neither the wit, the talents, the graces of the Marchioness de Pompadour, her regular beauty, nor even her love for the King, would have had any further influence over that worn-out being.

He wanted a Roxalana of familiar gayety, without any respect for the dignity of the sovereign. Madame du Barry one day so far forgot propriety, as to desire to be present at a council of state: the King was weak enough to consent to it: there she remained ridiculously perched up, on the arm of his chair, playing off all sorts of childish monkey tricks, calculated to please an old sultan.

Another time she snatched a packet of sealed letters from the King's hand; among them she had observed one from Count de Broglie; she told the King that she knew that vile Broglie spoke ill of her to him, and that for that once, at least, she would make sure he should read nothing respecting her. The King wanted to get the packet again; she resisted, and made him run two or three times round the table, which was in the middle of the council-chamber, and at length passing the fire-place, she threw the letters into the grate, where they were consumed. The King became furious; he seized his audacious mistress by the arm, and put her out of the door without speaking to her. —Madame du Barry thought herself utterly disgraced; she returned home, and remained two hours, alone, abandoned to the utmost distress. The King went to her: the countess, in tears, threw herself at his feet, and he pardoned her.

Madame la Marechale de Beauvau, the Duchess de Choiseul, and the Duchess de Grammont, had renounced the honour of the King's intimate acquaintance, rather than share it with Madame du Barry. But a few years after the death of Louis XV., Madame la Marechale, being alone at the Val, a house belonging to M. de Beauvau, Mademoiselle de Dillon saw the countess's calash take shelter in the forest of Saint-Germain during a vio-

lent storm. She invited her in, and the countess herself related these particulars, which I had from Madame de Beauvau.*

The Count du Barry, surnamed *le roué* (the profligate) and Mademoiselle du Barry advised, or rather prompted Madame du Barry in furtherance of the plans of the party of the Marshal de Richelieu, and the Duke d'Aiguillon. Sometimes they set her to act even in such a way, as to have an useful influence upon great political measures. Under pretence that the page who accompanied Charles the First in his flight, was a *du Barry* or *Barrymore*, they persuaded the Countess du Barry to buy in London that fine portrait which we now have in the museum. She had the picture placed in her drawing-room, and when she saw the King hesitating upon the violent measure of breaking up his parliament, and forming that which was called the Maupeou parliament, she desired him to look at the portrait of a King, who had given way to his parliament.

The men of ambition who were labouring to overthrow the Duke de Choiseul, strengthened themselves by their concentration at the house of the favourite, and succeeded in their project. The bigots, who never forgave that minister the suppression of the Jesuits, and who had always been hostile to a treaty of alliance with Austria, influenced the minds of the princesses. The Duke de la Vauguyon, the young dauphin's governor, inspired him with the same prejudices.

* Chamfort relates differently, Madame du Barry's visit to the Val. "Madame du Barry," says he, "being at Vincennes, was curious to see the Val. Madame de Beauvau was amused at the idea of going there and doing the honours. She talked of what happened under Louis XV. Madame du Barry was complaining of various matters, which appeared to show that she was personally detested. 'By no means,' said Madame de Beauvau, 'we aimed at nothing but your place.' After this frank confession, Madame du Barry was asked if Louis XV. did not say a great deal against her (Ma lame du Beauvau), and Madame de Grammont. 'Oh! a great deal.' 'Well, and what of me, for instance?' 'Of you, Madame? That you are haughty and intriguing, and that you lead your husband by the nose.' M. de Beauvau was present. The conversation was soon changed."

Note by the Editor.

Such was the state of the public mind, when the young archduchess Marie Antoinette arrived at the court of Versailles, just at the moment when the party which brought her, was about to be overcome.*

Madame Adelaide openly avowed her dislike to a princess of the house of Austria; and when M. Campan went to receive his orders, at the moment of setting off with the household of the dauphiness, to go and receive the archduchess upon the frontiers, she said, she disapproved of the marriage of her nephew with an archduchess; and that, if she had had any order to give, it would not have been to seek.

* See *Historical Illustrations* (A), for an account which explains the strength, means, projects, and hopes of the two parties, which divided the court of Louis XV. at that period.

Those historical pieces are divided into two classes Those which Madame Campan herself had collected or arranged, will be marked by Numbers. We shall continue to denote the documents we have collected by capital letters.—*Note by the Editor.*

CHAPTER II.

Birth of Marie Antoinette attended by a memorable Calamity—A Feature of Maria Theresa's Character—Education of the Archduchesses—Preceptors provided for Marie Antoinette by the court of Vienna—Preceptor sent her by the Court of France—Abbé de Vermond—Change in the French Ministry—Cardinal de Rohan succeeds Baron de Breteuil, as Ambassador at Vienna—Portrait of that Prelate.

Marie-Antoinette-Josephe-Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of Francis de Lorraine and Maria Theresa, was born on the 2d of November, 1755, the day of the earthquake of Lisbon; and this catastrophe, which appeared to stamp the era of her birth with a fatal mark, without forming a motive for superstitious fear with the princess, nevertheless made an impression upon her mind. As the Empress already had a great number of daughters, she ardently desired to have another son, and playfully wagered against her wish with the Duke de Parouka, who had insisted that she would give birth to an archduke. He lost by the birth of the princess, and had executed in porcelain a figure with one knee bent on the earth, and presenting tablets, upon which the following verses by the celebrated Metastasio were engraved:—

Io perdei: l' augusta figlia
A pagar, m' a condannato;
Ma s' è ver che a voi somiglia,
Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato.

The Queen was fond of talking of the first years of her youth. Her father, the Emperor Francis, had made a deep impression upon her heart; she lost him when she was scarcely seven years

old. One of those circumstances which fix themselves strongly in the memories of children, frequently recalled his last caresses to her. The Emperor was setting out for Inspruck; he had already left his palace, when he ordered a gentleman to fetch the archduchess Marie Antoinette, and bring her to his carriage. When she came, he stretched out his arms to receive her, and said, after having pressed her to his bosom, "I wished to embrace this child once more." The Emperor died suddenly during the journey, and never saw his beloved daughter again.

The Queen often spoke of her mother, and with profound respect, but she formed all her schemes for the education of her children, by the essentials which had been neglected in her own. Maria Theresa, who inspired awe by her great qualities, taught the archduchesses to fear and respect rather than to love her, at least I observed it in the Queen's feelings towards her august mother. She therefore never desired to place between her own children and herself, that distance which had existed in the imperial family. She cited a fatal consequence of it, which had made upon her such a powerful impression as time had never been able to efface. The wife of the Emperor Joseph II. was taken from him in a few days, by an attack of small-pox of the worst kind. Her coffin had recently been deposited in the vault of the imperial family. The archduchess Josepha, who had been betrothed to the king of Naples, at the instant she was quitting Vienna, received an order from the Empress not to set off without having offered up a prayer in the vault of her forefathers. The archduchess, persuaded that she should take the disorder to which her sister-in-law had just fallen a victim, looked upon this order as her death-warrant. She loved the young archduchess Marie Antoinette tenderly; she took her upon her knees, embraced her with tears, and told her she was about to leave her, not for Naples, but never to see her again; that she was then going down to the tomb of her ancestors, and that she should shortly go again, there to remain. Her anticipation was realized; a confluent small-pox carried her off in a

very few days, and her youngest sister ascended the throne of Naples in her place.

The Empress was too much taken up with high political interests, to have it in her power to devote herself to maternal attentions. The celebrated Van Swieten, her physician, went daily to visit the young imperial family, and afterwards to Maria Theresa, and gave the most minute details respecting the health of the archdukes and archduchesses, whom she herself sometimes did not see for eight or ten days at a time. As soon as the arrival of a stranger of rank at Vienna was made known, the Empress collected her family about her, admitted them to her table, and by this concerted meeting induced a belief that she herself presided over the education of her children.

The chief governesses being under no fear of inspection from Maria Theresa, aimed at making themselves beloved by their pupils, by the common and blameable practice of indulgence, so fatal to the future progress and happiness of infancy. Marie Antoinette was the cause of her governess being dismissed, through a confession that all her copies and all her letters, were invariably first traced out with pencil; the Countess de Brandes was appointed to succeed her, and fulfilled her duties with great exactness and talent. The Queen looked upon her having been confided to her care so late, as a misfortune, and always continued upon terms of friendship with that lady. The education of Marie Antoinette was certainly very much neglected.* The public prints, however, teemed with assertions of the superior talents of Maria Theresa's children. They often noticed the answers which the young princesses gave in Latin to the harangues addressed to them; they uttered them, it is true, but without understanding them: they knew not a single word of that language.

* With the exception of the Italian language, all that related to belles lettres, and particularly to history, even that of her own country, was almost entirely unknown to her. This was soon found out at the court of France, and thence arose the generally received opinion, that she was deficient in sense. It will be seen, in the course of these Memoirs, whether that opinion was well or ill founded.

Note by Madame Campan.

Mention was one day made to the Queen, of a drawing made by her, and presented by the Empress to M. Gerard, chief secretary of foreign affairs, on the occasion of his going to Vienna, to draw up the articles for her marriage-contract. "I should blush," said she, "if that proof of the quackery of my education were shown to me. I do not believe that I ever put a pencil upon that drawing." However, what had been taught her she knew perfectly well. Her facility of learning was inconceivable, and if all her teachers had been as well informed, and as faithful to their duty as the Abbé Metastasio, who taught her Italian, she would have attained as great a proficiency in the other branches of her education. The Queen spoke that language with grace and ease, and translated the most difficult poets. She did not write French correctly, but she spoke it with the greatest fluency, and even affected to say that she had lost the German. In fact, she attempted in 1787 to learn her mother-tongue, and took lessons assiduously for six weeks; she was obliged to relinquish them, finding all the difficulties which a Frenchwoman, who should take up the study too late, would have to encounter. In the same manner she gave up English, which I had taught her for some time, and in which she had made rapid progress. Music was the accomplishment in which the Queen most delighted. She did not play well on any instrument, but she had become able to read at sight, like a first-rate professor. She had attained this degree of perfection in France, this branch of her education having been neglected at Vienna, as much as the rest. A few days after her arrival at Versailles, she was introduced to her singing-master, La Garde, author of the opera of Eglé. She made a distant appointment with him, needing, as she said, rest after the fatigues of the journey, and the numerous fêtes which had taken place at Versailles; but the motive was, a desire to conceal how ignorant she was of the rudiments of music. She asked M. Campan whether his son, who was a good musician, could give her lessons secretly for three months. "The dauphiness," added she smiling, "must be careful of the reputation of the archduchess." The lessons were given privately, and at

the end of three months of constant application, she sent for M. la Garde, and surprised him by her skill.

The desire to perfect Marie Antoinette in the study of the French language, was probably the motive which determined Maria Theresa to provide for her as teachers two French actors, Aufresne, for pronunciation and declamation; and one Sainville, for taste in French singing; the latter had been an officer in France, and bore a bad character. The choice gave just umbrage to our court. The Marquis de Durfort, at that time ambassador at Vienna, was ordered to make a representation to the Empress upon her selection. The two actors were dismissed, and that princess required that an ecclesiastic should be sent to her. It was at that period that the Duke de Choiseul was solicitous to send her a preceptor. Several eminent ecclesiastics declined taking upon themselves so delicate an office; others who were pointed out by Maria Theresa (among the rest the Abbé Grisel) belonged to parties which sufficed to exclude them.

The Archbishop of Toulouse, since Archbishop of Sens, one day went to M. the Duke de Choiseul, at the moment when he was really embarrassed upon the subject of this nomination; he proposed to him the Abbé de Vermond, librarian of the College des Quatre Nations. The advantageous manner in which he spoke of his protégé procured the appointment for the latter on that very day; and the gratitude of the Abbé de Vermond towards the prelate was very fatal to France, inasmuch as after seventeen years of persevering attempts to bring him into the ministry, he succeeded at last in getting him named comptroller-general and president of the council.

This Abbé de Vermond, of whom, because his powers always remained in the shade, historians say but little, directed almost all the Queen's actions. He had established his influence over her at an age when impressions are the most durable; and it was easy to see, that he had only endeavoured to render himself beloved by his pupil, and had troubled himself very little with the care of instructing her. He might have even been accused of having, by a sharp-sighted though culpable policy, left her

in ignorance. Marie Antoinette spoke the French language with much grace, but wrote it less perfectly. The Abbé de Vermond revised all the letters which she sent to Vienna. The insupportable folly with which he boasted of it, developed the character of a man more flattered at being admitted into her confidence, than anxious to fulfil the high office of her preceptor with propriety.

His pride received its birth at Vienna, where Maria Theresa, as much to give him authority with the archduchess, as to make herself mistress of his character, permitted him to mix every evening with the private circle of her family, into which the future dauphiness had been admitted for some time. Joseph II., the elder archduchesses, and a few noblemen honoured by the confidence of Maria Theresa, composed the party; and all that could be expected from persons of exalted rank in reflections on the world, on courts, and the duties of princes, were the usual topics of conversation. The Abbé de Vermond, in relating these particulars, confessed the means, which he had made use of to gain admission into this private circle. The Empress, meeting with him at the archduchess's, asked him if he had formed any connections in Vienna? "None, Madame," replied he; "the apartment of the archduchess and the hotel of the ambassador of France, are the only places which the man honoured with the care of the princess's education should frequent." A month afterwards, Maria Theresa, through a habit common enough among sovereigns, asked him the same question and received precisely the same answer. The next day, he received an order to be with the imperial family every evening.

It is extremely probable, from the constant and well known intercourse between this man and Count Mercy, ambassador of the empire during the whole reign of Louis XVI., that he was useful to the court of Vienna,* and that he often caused the

* A person who had dined with the abbé one day, at the Count de Mercy's, said to that ambassador, how can you bear that tiresome proser? "How can you ask it?" replied M. de Mercy; "you could answer the question yourself: it is because I want him."

Note by Madame Campan.

Queen to decide on measures, the consequences of which she did not consider. Born in a low class of citizens,* imbued with all the principles of the modern philosophy, and yet holding to the hierarchy of the church more tenaciously than any other ecclesiastic, vain, talkative, and, at the same time, cunning and abrupt, very ugly, and affecting singularity, treating the most exalted persons as his equals, sometimes even as his inferiors, the Abbé de Vermond received ministers and bishops when in his bath; but said at the same time that Cardinal Dubois was a fool; that a man such as he, having obtained power, ought to make cardinals, and refuse to be one himself.

Intoxicated with the reception he had met with at the court of Vienna, and having till then seen nothing of grandeur, the Abbé de Vermond admired and valued no other customs than those of the imperial family; he ridiculed the etiquette of the house of Bourbon incessantly; the young dauphiness was constantly incited by his sarcasms to get rid of it, and it was he who first induced her to suppress an infinity of practices of which he could discern neither the prudence nor the political aim. Such is the faithful portrait of that man, whom the unlucky star of Marie Antoinette had reserved to guide her first steps upon a stage, so conspicuous and so full of danger as that of the court of Versailles.

It will be thought, perhaps, that I draw the character of the Abbé de Vermond too unfavourably; but how can I view with any complacency one, who, after having arrogated to himself the office of confidant and sole counsellor of the Queen, guided her with so little prudence, and caused us the mortification of seeing that princess blend, with qualities which charmed all that surrounded her, errors alike injurious to her reputation and her happiness? When a man voluntarily takes upon himself

* The Abbé de Vermond was the son of a village surgeon, and brother of an accoucheur, who had acted in that capacity for the Queen: when he was with her majesty, in speaking to his brother, he never addressed him otherwise than as Monsieur l'Accoucheur.

Note by Madame Campan.

duties so important, complete success alone can justify his ambition.

While M. de Choiseul, satisfied with the person whom M. de Brienne had presented, sent him to Vienna with every eulogium calculated to inspire unbounded confidence, the Marquis de Durfort sent off a valet de chambre, and a few French fashions; and then it was thought sufficient pains had been taken to form the character of a princess destined to the throne of France.

It is universally known that the marriage of the dauphin with the archduchess was determined upon during the administration of the Duke de Choiseul. The Marquis de Durfort, who was to succeed the Baron de Breteuil in the embassy to Vienna, was appointed proxy for the marriage ceremony; but six months after the dauphin's marriage, the Duke de Choiseul was disgraced and Madame de Marsan and Madame de Guéménée, who grew more powerful through the duke's disgrace, conferred that embassy upon Prince Louis de Rohan, afterwards cardinal and grand almoner.

Hence it will be seen, that the Gazette de France is a sufficient answer to those ignorant libellers, who dared to assert, that the young archduchess was acquainted with the Cardinal de Rohan before the period of her marriage. A worse selection in itself, or one more disagreeable to Maria Theresa, than that which sent to her in quality of ambassador a man so light and so immoral as Prince Louis de Rohan, could not have been made. He possessed but superficial knowledge upon any subject, and was totally ignorant in diplomatic affairs. His reputation had gone before him to Vienna, and his mission opened under the most unfavourable auspices. In want of money, and the house of Rohan being unable to make him any considerable advances, he obtained from his court a patent which authorized him to borrow the sum of 600,000 livres upon his benefices, ran in debt above a million, and thought to dazzle the city and court of Vienna by the most indecent, and at the same time the most ill-judged extravagance. He formed a suite of eight or ten gentle-

men of names sufficiently high-sounding; twelve pages equally well born, a crowd of officers and servants, a company of chamber musicians, &c. But this idle pomp did not last; embarrassment and distress soon showed themselves; his people no longer receiving pay, abused the privileges of ambassadors in order to make money, and smuggled* with so much effrontery, that Maria Theresa, to put a stop to it without offending the court of France, was compelled to suppress the privileges in this respect of all the diplomatic bodies, a step which rendered the person and conduct of Prince Louis odious in every foreign court. He seldom obtained private audiences from the Empress, who did not esteem him, and who expressed herself without reserve upon his conduct, both as a bishop and as an ambassador.† He thought to obtain favour by assisting in the attempt to effect a marriage between the archduchess Elizabeth, the elder

* I have often heard the Queen say, that in the office of the secretary of the Prince de Rohan, there were sold in one year at Vienna, more silk stockings, than at Lyons and Paris together.

Note by Madame Campan.

† This prelate, who was vain, light, and extravagant, had with him, as counsellor and secretary to the embassy, a man of ability, adroit, cunning, well-informed and industrious: he was a Jesuit. The Abbé Georgel enjoyed the full confidence of the Prince de Rohan, and deserved it for his devotion and talent. A singular and romantic occurrence, which he himself has related in the somewhat long but often interesting memoirs he has left behind him, opened to him the secrets of the court of Vienna. This anecdote will be found among the Illustrations: it belongs to the history of an embassy, which, however Madame Campan may treat of it, was perhaps undignified, but was not without address nor success in that kind of silent and underhand war waged by diplomatists. (B). We will add to it a paper (C) worth perusal, on account of the information it affords respecting the means formerly employed at Vienna, London, Paris, in all courts, and particularly by Louis XIV., Maria Theresa, and Louis XV., for hiring intelligent spies, corrupting the fidelity of clerks, detecting ciphers, and violating the secrecy of letters: means disgraceful, but useful, which probity disdains, at which governments blush, no doubt, and which they would do better in not using.—*Note by the Editor.*

sister of Marie Antoinette, and Louis XV.; an affair which was awkwardly undertaken, and which Madame du Barry had no difficulty in crushing. I have deemed it my duty to omit no particular of the moral and political character of a man whose existence was subsequently so fatal to the reputation of Marie Antoinette.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival of the Archduchess in France—Brilliant Reception of the Dauphiness at Versailles—She charms Louis XV.—Madame du Barry's jealousy—Court Intrigues—The Dauphin—His Brothers, and their Wives.

A SUPERB pavilion had been prepared upon the frontiers near Kell: it consisted of a vast saloon, connected with two apartments, one of which was assigned to the lords and ladies of the court of Vienna, and the other to the suite of the dauphiness, composed of the Countess de Noailles, her lady of honour; the Duchess de Cossé, her tire-woman; four ladies of the bed-chamber; the Count de Saulx-Tavannes, first gentleman usher; the Count de Tessé, first equerry; the Bishop of Chartres, chief almoner; the officers of the body-guards, and the pages.

When the dauphiness had been entirely undressed, even to her body-linen and stockings, in order that she might retain nothing belonging to a foreign court (an etiquette always observed on such an occasion), the doors were opened; the young princess came forward, looking round for the Countess de Noailles; then, rushing into her arms, she implored her, with tears in her eyes, and with a heart-felt sincerity, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every respect her guide and support. It was impossible to refrain from admiring her aërial deportment: —her smile was sufficient to win the heart; and in this enchanting being, in whom the splendour of French gayety shone forth, —an indescribable but august serenity—perhaps, also the somewhat proud position of her head and shoulders, betrayed the daughter of the Cæsars.

While doing justice to the virtues of the Countess de Noailles,

those sincerely attached to the Queen have always considered it as one of the earliest misfortunes of the latter—perhaps even the greatest that she could experience on her entrance into the world—not to have found, in the person assigned her for an adviser, an indulgent, enlightened woman, administering good counsel with that sweetness which engages young persons to follow it. The Countess de Noailles had nothing agreeable in her appearance; her demeanour was stiff and her mien severe. She was perfect mistress of etiquette; but she wearied the young princess with it, without making her sensible of its importance. So much ceremony was indeed oppressive; but it was adopted upon the expediency of presenting the young princess to the French in such a manner as to command their respect; and especially of guarding her by an imposing barrier against the deadly shafts of calumny. It would have been proper to convince the dauphiness, that in France her dignity depended much upon customs by no means necessary at Vienna, to attract the respect and love of the good and submissive Austrians towards the imperial family. The dauphiness was thus perpetually tormented by the remonstrances of the Countess de Noailles; and at the same time prompted by the Abbé de Vermond to ridicule both the lessons upon etiquette, and her who gave them. She preferred raillery to argument, and surnamed the Countess de Noailles, *Madame l'Etiquette.* This piece of humour gave rise to a presumption that as soon as the young princess could follow her own inclinations, she would free herself from these formal customs.*

* The Countess de Noailles, the Queen's lady of honour, possessed abundance of good qualities; piety, charity, and irreproachable morals rendered her worthy of reverence; but with all the frivolity which a narrow mind could add even to the noblest qualifications, the countess was also abundantly provided. Etiquette was to her a kind of atmosphere: at the slightest derangement of the prescribed order of things, it might be imagined that she was on the point of being suffocated. The Queen required a lady of honour, who would explain to her the origin of these forms; very inconvenient, it must be confessed, but invented as a fence against malevolence. The custom of having

The entertainments which were given at Versailles, on the marriage of the dauphin, were remarkably splendid. The dauphiness arrived there in time for her toilette, after having slept at La Muette, where Louis XV. had been to receive her; and where that prince, blinded by a feeling unworthy of a sovereign and the father of a family, caused the young princess, the royal family, and the ladies of the court, to sit down to supper with Madame du Barry.

The dauphiness was hurt at this conduct; she spoke of it openly enough to those with whom she was intimate, but she knew how to conceal her dissatisfaction in public, and her behaviour showed no signs of it.

She was received at Versailles in an apartment on the ground floor, under that of the late Queen, which was not prepared for her until six months after the day of her marriage.

The dauphiness, then fifteen years of age, beaming with freshness, appeared to all eyes more than beautiful. Her walk partook at once of the noble character of the princesses of her house, and of the graces of the French; her eyes were mild—her smile lovely. When she went to chapel, as soon as she had taken the first few steps in the long gallery, she discerned, all the way to its extremity, those persons whom she ought to salute with the consideration due to their rank; those on whom she should bestow an inclination of the head; and lastly, those who were to be satisfied with a smile, while they read in

ladies of honour, and gentlemen ushers, and that of wearing hoops of three ells in circumference, were certainly invented to intrench all young princesses so respectably, that the malicious gayety of the French, their proneness to insinuations, and too often to calumny, should not by any possibility find an opportunity to attack them.

The Countess de Noailles was incessantly teasing the Queen with a thousand remonstrances, that she ought to have saluted this person in one way, and that person in another. All Paris knew that the Queen had named her Madame l'Etiquette: according to their turn of mind, some approved of this nick-name, and others condemned it; but all agreed that the young Queen was disposed to free herself from wearisome ceremonies.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

her eyes a feeling of benevolence, calculated to console them for not being entitled to honours.

Louis XV. was enchanted with the young dauphiness; all his conversation was about her graces, her vivacity, and the aptness of her repartees. She was yet more successful with the royal family, when they beheld her shorn of the splendour of the diamonds with which she had been adorned during the earliest days of her marriage. When clothed in a light dress of gauze or taffety, she was compared to the Venus di Medicis, and the Atalanta of the Marly gardens. Poets sang her charms, painters attempted to copy her features. An ingenious idea of one of the latter was rewarded by Louis XV. The painter's fancy had led him to place the portrait of Marie Antoinette in the heart of a full-blown rose.

The King continued to talk only of the dauphiness; and Madame du Barry angrily endeavoured to damp his enthusiasm. Whenever Marie Antoinette was the topic, she pointed out the irregularity of her features, criticised the bon-mots quoted as hers, and rallied the King upon his prepossession in her favour. Madame du Barry was affronted at not receiving from the dauphiness those attentions to which she thought herself entitled; she did not conceal her vexation from the King; she was afraid that the grace and cheerfulness of the young princess would make the domestic circle of the royal family more agreeable to the old sovereign, and that he would escape her chains; at the same time hatred to the Choiseul party contributed powerfully to excite the enmity of the favourite.

It is known that the shameful elevation of Madame du Barry was the work of the anti-Choiseul party. The fall of that minister took place in November, 1770, six months after his long influence in the council had brought about the alliance with the house of Austria, and the arrival of Marie Antoinette at the court of France. The princess, young, open, volatile, and inexperienced, found herself without any other guide than the Abbé de Vermond, in a court ruled by the enemy of the minister who had brought her there, and in the midst of people

who hated Austria, and detested an alliance with the imperial house.

The Duke d'Aiguillon, the Duke de la Vauguyon, the Marshal de Richelieu, the Rohans, and other considerable families, who had made use of Madame du Barry to overthrow the duke, could not flatter themselves, notwithstanding their powerful intrigues, with a hope of being able to break off an alliance solemnly announced, and involving such high political interest. They therefore, without abandoning their projects, changed their mode of attack; and it will be seen how well the conduct of the dauphin served as a basis for their hopes.

The dauphiness continually gave proof of both sense and feeling. Sometimes even she suffered herself to be carried away by those transports of compassionate kindness, which are not to be controlled, either by rank, or by the customs which it establishes.

In consequence of the fire in the Place Louis XV., which occurred at the time of the nuptial entertainments, the dauphin and dauphiness sent their whole income for the year, to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relatives on that disastrous day.

This act of generosity is in itself of the number of those ostentatious kindnesses, which are dictated by the policy of princes, at least, as much as by their compassion: but the grief of Marie Antoinette was genuine, and lasted several days; nothing could console her for the loss of so many innocent victims; she spoke of it, weeping, to her ladies, when one of them thinking, no doubt, to divert her mind, told her that a great number of thieves had been found among the bodies, and that their pockets were filled with watches and other valuables: "They have at least been well punished," added the person who related these particulars. "Oh, no! no, madame!" replied the dauphiness, "they died by the side of honest people."

In passing through Rheims, in her way to Strasburg, she

said, "That town is the one, of all France, which I hope not to see again for a long time."*

The dauphiness had brought from Vienna a considerable number of white diamonds: the King added to them the gift of the diamonds and pearls of the late dauphiness, and also put into her hands a collar of pearls, of a single row, the smallest of which was as large as a filbert, and which had been brought into France by Anne of Austria, and appropriated by that princess to the use of the queens and dauphinesses of France.†

The three princesses, daughters of Louis XV., joined in making her magnificent presents. Madame Adelaide at the same time gave the young princess a key of the private corridors of the castle; by means of which, without any suite, and without being perceived, she could get to the apartment of her aunts, and see them in private. The dauphiness, on receiving the key, told them, with infinite grace, that if they had meant to make her appreciate the superb presents they were kind enough to bestow upon her, they should not at the same time have offered her one of such inestimable value; for that to the key she should be indebted for an intimacy, and advice unspeakably precious at her age. She did, indeed, make use of it very frequently; but Madame Victoire alone permitted her, as long as she continued dauphiness, to visit her familiarly. Madame Adelaide could not overcome her prejudices against Austrian princesses, and was wearied with the somewhat obtrusive gayety of the dauphiness. Madame Victoire was concerned at this, feeling that their society and counsel would have been highly useful to a young person, otherwise likely to meet with none but

* The coronation of the French kings takes place in Rheims: so that when she should revisit that city, it would most probably be in consequence of the death of her father-in-law, Louis XV.

† I mention this collar thus particularly, because the Queen thought it her duty, notwithstanding this appropriation, to give it up to the commission of the National Assembly, when they came to strip the King and Queen of the crown diamonds.

Note by Madame Campan.

parasites and flatterers. She endeavoured, therefore, to induce her to take pleasure in the society of the Marchioness de Durfort, her maid of honour and favourite. Several agreeable entertainments took place at the house of this lady: but the Countess de Noailles and the Abbé de Vermond soon opposed these meetings.

A circumstance which happened in hunting near the village of Acheres, in the forest of Fontainebleau, afforded the young princess an opportunity of displaying her respect for old age, and her compassion for misfortune. A very old peasant was wounded by the stag; the dauphiness jumped out of her calash, placed the peasant, with his wife and children, in it, had the family taken back to their cottage, and bestowed upon them every attention and every necessary assistance. Her heart was always open to the feelings of compassion; and, under such circumstances, the recollection of her rank never checked the effects of her sensibility. Several persons in her service entered her room, one evening, expecting to find nobody there but the officer in waiting; they perceived the young princess seated by the side of this man, who was considerably in years; she had placed near him a bowl full of water; was stanching the blood which issued from a wound he had received in his hand, with her handkerchief which she had torn up to bind it, and was fulfilling towards him all the duties of a pious nun of the order of charity. The old man, affected even to tears, out of respect left his august mistress to act as she thought proper. He had hurt himself in endeavouring to bring forward some rather heavy piece of furniture which the princess had asked him for.

In the month of July, 1770, an unfortunate occurrence that took place in a family which the dauphiness honoured with her favour contributed again to show not only her sensibility but also the justness of her ideas. One of her women had a son who was an officer in the gensdarmes of the guard; this young man thought himself affronted by a clerk in the war department, and imprudently sent him a formal challenge: he killed his adver-

sary in the forest of Compiègne; the family of the young man who was killed, being in possession of the challenge, demanded justice. The King, distressed on account of several duels which had recently taken place, had unfortunately declared that he would show no mercy on the first event of that kind which could be proved; the culprit was therefore arrested. His mother, in all the agitation of the deepest grief, hastened to throw herself at the feet of the dauphiness, the dauphin and the young princesses; after an hour's supplication they obtained from the King the favour so much desired. On the next day a lady of rank who had certainly suffered herself to be prejudiced against the gen'darme's mother, while congratulating the dauphiness, had the malice to add, that the mother had neglected no means of success on the occasion; that she had solicited not only the royal family, but even Madame du Barry. The dauphiness replied, that the fact justified the favourable opinion she had formed of the worthy woman; that the heart of a mother should hesitate at nothing for the salvation of her son; and that in her place, if she had thought it would be serviceable, she would have thrown herself at the feet of Zamora.*

Some time after the marriage entertainments, the dauphiness made her entry into Paris, and was received with transports of joy. After dining in the King's apartment at the Tuileries, she was forced, by the reiterated shouts of the multitude, with which the garden was filled, to present herself upon the balcony fronting the principal walk. On seeing such a crowd of heads with their eyes fixed upon her, she exclaimed, "Great God, what a concourse!" "Madame," said the old Duke de Brissac, governor of Paris, "I may tell you, without fear of offending the dauphin, that they are so many lovers."† The dauphin took no

* A little Indian, who carried the Countess du Barry's train. Louis XV. often amused himself with the little marmoset; having facetiously made him governor of Luciennes, he received an annual income of 5000 francs.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

† John Paul Timoleon de Cossé, Duke de Brissac and a Marshal of France, the same who made the noble reply cited in our note at page

umbrage at either acclamations or marks of homage of which the dauphiness was the object. The most mortifying indifference, a coldness which frequently degenerated into rudeness, were the sole feelings which the young prince then manifested towards her. Not all her charms could gain even upon his senses; he threw himself, as a matter of duty, upon the bed of the dauphiness, and often fell asleep without saying a single word to her. This distance, which lasted a long time, was said to be the work of the Duke de la Vauguyon. The dauphiness, in fact, had no sincere friends at court, except the Duke de Choiseul and his party. Will it be credited that the plans laid against Marie Antoinette, went so far as to aim at a divorce? I have been assured of it by persons holding high situations at court, and many circumstances tend to confirm the opinion. On the journey to Fontainebleau, in the year of the marriage, the inspectors of public buildings were gained over to manage so that the apartment intended for the dauphin, communicating with that of the dauphiness, should not be finished; and a temporary apartment at the extremity of the building was assigned to him. The dauphiness, aware that this was the result of intrigue, had the courage to complain of it to Louis XV., who, after severe reprimands, gave orders so positive, that within the week the apartment was ready. Every method was tried to continue and augment the indifference which the dauphin long manifested towards his youthful spouse. She was deeply hurt at it, but she never suffered herself to utter the slightest complaint on the subject. The dauphin's indifference to, nay, his contempt for the charms which she heard extolled on all sides, never induced her to break silence; and occasional tears, which would involuntarily burst from her eyes, were the sole symptoms of her inward sufferings, discoverable by those in her service.

64 of this volume. At the courts of Louis XV. and XVI. he was a model of the virtue, gallantry, and courage of the ancient knights. Count de Charolais, finding him one day with his mistress, said to him abruptly, "Go out, sir." "My lord," replied the Duke de Brissac, with emphasis, "your ancestors would have said, 'come out.'"

Note by the Editor.

Once only, when tired out with the misplaced remonstrances of an old maid attached to her person, who wished to dissuade her from riding on horseback, under the impression that it would prevent her producing heirs to the crown: "Mademoiselle," said she, "in God's name do not teaze me; be assured that I am putting no heir in danger."

I thought it my duty to portray, early in these Memoirs, the obscure, though ambitious man, who guided Marie Antoinette from her infancy down to the fatal epoch of the revolution.

I have given the character of the dauphiness's maid of honour; I have noticed some particulars of the prejudice of Madame Adelaide, the eldest daughter of Louis XV., against the house of Austria; I have spoken of the great kindness of the second princess, Madame Victoire, and of her affection for Marie Antoinette; and lastly, I have sketched the character of Madame Sophie, the King's third daughter, who did not afford to her niece, even to the extent which her sisters did, the useful resources of society.

The dauphiness found at the court of Louis XV., besides the three princesses the King's daughters, the princes, also, brothers of the dauphin, who were receiving their education; and the ladies Clotilde and Elizabeth, still in the care of Madame de Marsan, governess of the children of France. The eldest of the two latter princesses, in 1777, married the Prince of Piedmont, afterwards king of Sardinia. This princess was in her infancy so extremely fat, that the people nick-named her *gros Madame*.*

* Madame Clotilde of France, a sister of the King, was in fact extraordinarily fat for her height and age. One of her play-fellows, having been indiscreet enough even in her presence to make use of the nick-name given to her, immediately received a severe reprimand from the Countess de Marsan, who hinted to her that she would do well in not making her appearance again before the princess. Madame Clotilde sent for her the next day: "My governess," said she, "has done her duty, and I will do mine; come and see us as usual, and think no more of a piece of inadvertency, which I myself have forgotten."

This princess, so encumbered with body, possessed the most agreeable and playful wit. Her affability and prepossessing grace rendered

The second princess was the pious Elizabeth, the victim of her respect and tender attachment for the King her brother, and whose exalted virtues deserved a celestial crown.* She was still scarcely out of her leading-strings at the period of the dauphin's marriage. The dauphiness gave her a marked preference. The governess, who sought to advance that one of the two princesses, to whom nature had been least favourable, was offended at the dauphiness's partiality for Madame Elizabeth; and, by her injudicious complaints, weakened the friendship which yet subsisted between Madame Clotilde and Marie Antoinette. There even arose some degree of rivalship upon the subject of educa-

her dear to all who came near her. A certain poet, whose mind was solely occupied with the prodigious size of Madame Clotilde, when it was determined that she should marry the Prince of Piedmont, composed the following stanza.

To understand the humour, or rather the meaning of it, it must be remembered that two princesses of Savoy had just married two French princes.

Though we've only return'd *one* princess for the *two*,
Who from Piedmont were sent us of late;
Yet surely no question or wrong can ensue,
Since the bargain's made up by her weight.

Note by the Editor.

* Elizabeth Phillipine Marie Helene of France, was born at Versailles, on the 3d of May, 1764. "Madame Elizabeth," says M. de la Salle, the author of a biographical article upon this interesting and unfortunate princess, "had not, like Madame Clotilde, her sister, received from nature that softness and flexibility of character which renders the practice of virtue easy; she evinced more than one mark of resemblance to the Duke of Burgundy, the pupil of Fenelon. Education and piety operated upon her as they did upon that prince: good precepts, and the examples which surrounded her, adorned her with all good qualities, with all virtues, and left her nothing of her original inclinations, but amiable sensibility, lively impressions, and a firmness which seemed formed to meet the dreadful trials for which heaven reserved her."

We shall have occasion more than once in the course of these Memoirs, and the whole of this collection, to observe her constant friendship, her affecting resignation, her sublime self-devotion, and her angelic sweetness, to the very moment in which she manifested the calm and heroic courage of a martyr.—*Note by the Editor.*

tion; and that which the Empress Maria Theresa had bestowed upon her daughters, was talked of openly and unfavourably enough. The Abbé de Vermond thought himself affronted, took a part in the quarrel, and added his complaints and jokes to those of the dauphiness, upon the criticisms of the governess; he even indulged himself, in his turn, in reflections upon the tuition of Madame Clotilde. Everything transpires at court. Madame de Marsan was informed of all that had been said in the dauphiness's circle, and was very angry with her on account of it. From that moment, a party of intrigue, or rather of gossip, against Marie Antoinette, was established round Madame de Marsan's fireside; her most trifling actions were there construed into ill; her gayety, and the harmless amusements in which she sometimes indulged in her own apartments, with the more youthful ladies of her train, and even with the women in her service, were stigmatized as criminal. Prince Louis de Rohan, sent ambassador to Vienna by this society, was there the echo of these unmerited comments, and entangled himself in a series of culpable accusations, which he dignified with the name of zeal. He incessantly represented the young dauphiness as alienating all hearts, by levities unsuitable to the dignity of the French court. The princess frequently received from the court of Vienna, remonstrances, of the origin of which she could not long remain in ignorance. From this period, the aversion which she never ceased to manifest for the Prince de Rohan, must be dated.

About the same time the dauphiness gained information of a letter written by Prince Louis to the Duke d'Aiguillon, in which the ambassador expressed himself in very unbecoming terms respecting the intentions of Maria Theresa, with relation to the partition of Poland. This letter of Prince Louis had been read at the Countess du Barry's; the levity of the ambassador's correspondence wounded the feelings and the dignity of the dauphiness at Versailles, while at Vienna the representations which he made to Maria Theresa against the young prin-

cess, terminated in rendering the motives of his incessant complaints suspected by the Empress.

Maria Theresa, at length, determined on sending her private secretary, Baron de Neni, to Versailles, with directions to observe the conduct of the dauphiness with attention, and form a just estimate of the opinion of the court, and of Paris, with regard to that princess. The Baron de Neni, after having devoted sufficient time and attention to the subject, undeceived his sovereign as to the exaggerations of the French ambassador; and the Empress had no difficulty in detecting, among the calumnies which his effrontery had conveyed to her, under the specious name of anxiety for her august daughter, proofs of the enmity of a party which had never approved of the alliance of the house of Bourbon with her own.*

* The Empress Maria Theresa knew very well which of the persons who composed the court of Louis XV. were favourable, and which unfavourable, to Marie Antoinette, It is said, that at the moment of that princess's departure for France, the Empress gave her the following note in her own handwriting:—

List of persons of my acquaintance.

The Duke and Duchess de Choiseul.
The Duke and Duchess de Praslin.
Hautefort.
The Du Chatelets.
D'Estrées.
D'Aubeterre.
Count de Broglie.
The brothers De Montazet.
M. d'Aumont.
M. Gerard.
M. Blondel.
La Beauvau, a nun.
Her companion.
The Durforts.

To this last family you will take every opportunity of showing gratitude and attention.

The same to the Abbé de Vermond: I have the welfare of these persons at heart. My ambassador has orders to promote it. I shall be sorry to be the first to violate my own principle, which is to recommend

At this period, the dauphiness, still unable to obtain any influence over the heart of her husband, dreading Louis XV., justly mistrusting everything connected with Madame du Barry and the Duke d'Aiguillon, had not deserved the slightest reproach as to that sort of levity which hatred and her misfortunes afterwards construed into crime. The Empress, convinced of the innocence of Marie Antoinette, directed the Baron de Neni to solicit the recall of the Prince de Rohan, and to inform the minister for foreign affairs of all the motives which made her require it; but the house of Rohan interposed between its protégé and the Austrian envoy, and an evasive answer merely was given.

It was not until two months after the death of Louis XV., that the court of Vienna obtained his recall. The avowed grounds for requiring it, were first, the public gallantries of Prince Louis with women of the court and others of less distinction; secondly, his surliness and haughtiness towards other

nobody; but you and I owe too much to these persons, not to seek all opportunities of being serviceable to them, if we can do it without too much *impegno*.

Consult with Mercy. I recommend to you in general all the Lorrains in whatever you can do for them."[a]

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a Some details relative to this list will be found in the Historical Illustrations (letter D.)

The existence of this list is not an impossibility. A curious fact related by the Abbé Georgel, in his Memoirs, makes it likely: but it must not be forgotten that Georgel, notwithstanding his apparent moderation, was one of the most dangerous enemies of Marie Antoinette. Of this we warn the reader.

Georgel, the secretary of the French embassy in Austria, obtained, by means of a mysterious unknown person, as may be observed in reading note (B), the most important secrets of the court of Vienna

"The masked man," says he, "one day placed in my hands two papers of secret instructions sent to Count de Mercy, for him to give personally to the Queen. The first for the King's inspection; the second for the Queen alone. The latter contained advice as to the method to be adopted for compensating for the King's inexperience, and for profiting by the facility of his character, to influence the government without appearing to interfere in it. The political lesson was given to Marie Antoinette with much art; she was led to feel that it was the surest way to render herself beloved by the French, whose happiness she might thereby secure; and at the same time cement the union of the two houses of Austria and Bourbon."

What Georgel insinuates is obvious, and if the court of Vienna be skilful in instruction, so is the abbé, in his hatred.—*Note by the Editor.*

foreign ministers, which would have had more serious consequences, especially with the ministers of England and Denmark, if the Empress herself had not interfered; thirdly, his contempt for religion in a country where it was particularly necessary to show respect for it (he had been seen frequently to dress himself in clothes of different colours, assuming the hunting uniforms of various noblemen whom he visited, with so much publicity, that one day in particular, during the Fête Dieu, he and all his legation in green uniforms, laced with gold, broke through a procession which impeded them, in order to make their way to a hunting party at the Prince de Paar's); and fourthly, the immense debts contracted by him and his people, which were tardily and only in part discharged.*

The succeeding marriages of the Count de Provence and Count d'Artois, with two daughters of the King of Sardinia, increasing the number of princesses of the same age as Marie Antoinette's at Versailles, procured society for the dauphiness more suitable to her age, and altered her mode of life. A pair of tolerably fine eyes obtained for the Countess de Provence, upon her arrival at Versailles, the only praises which could reasonably be bestowed upon her.

The Countess d'Artois, though not deformed, was very small; she had a fine complexion; her face, tolerably pleasing, was not remarkable for anything except the extreme length of her nose. But being good and generous, she was beloved by those about her, and even possessed some weight, as long as she was the only one who had produced heirs to the crown.†

* See (Historical Illustrations, letter E) the details given by the Abbé Georgel, secretary to the embassy to Vienna, on the recall of the cardinal.—*Note by the Editor.*

† "Madame d'Artois," says a work of that period, "has made her entry into Paris. The equipages were superb, and as tasteful as rich; she went, according to custom, to return thanks in the church of Saint Genevieve. The princess possesses a highly interesting physiognomy, and her skin is extremely fair. She was beheld with that pleasure which arises from feeling; on her side she appeared affected by the applause lavished upon her."—(*Secret Correspondence of the Court.*)
Note by the Editor.

From this time the closest intimacy subsisted between the three young families. They took their meals together, except only on those days when they dined in public. This manner of living *en famille* continued until the Queen sometimes indulged herself in going to dine with the Duchess de Polignac, when she was governess; but the evening meetings at supper were never interrupted; they took place at the house of the Countess de Provence. Madame Elizabeth made one of the party when she had finished her education, and sometimes mesdames, the King's aunts, were invited. This custom, which had no precedent at court, was the work of Marie Antoinette, and she maintained it with the utmost perseverance.

The court of Versailles saw no change in point of etiquette during the reign of Louis XV. Play took place at the house of the dauphiness, as being the first female of the state. It had, from the death of Queen Maria Leckzinska to the marriage of the dauphin, been held at the abode of Madame Adelaide. This removal, the result of an order of precedence not to be violated, was not the less displeasing to Madame Adelaide, who established a separate party for play in her apartments, and scarcely ever went to that which not only the court in general, but also the royal family, were expected to attend. The full-dress visits to the King on his *debotter* were still continued. High mass was attended daily. The airings of the princesses were nothing more than rapid races in berlins, during which they were accompanied by body-guards, gentlemen ushers, and pages on horseback. They generally galloped some leagues from Versailles. Calashes were used only in hunting.

The young princesses were desirous to infuse animation into their circle of associates, by something useful as well as pleasant. They agreed to learn and perform all the best plays of the French theatre; the dauphin was the only spectator; the three princesses, the two brothers of the King, and Messrs. Campan, father and son, were the sole performers; but they made it of the utmost importance to keep this amusement as secret as an affair of state: they dreaded the censure of the

King's aunts; and they had no doubt that Louis XV. would forbid such pastimes, if he knew of their existence. They selected a retired room, which nobody had occasion to enter, for their performance. A kind of proscenium, which could be taken down, and shut up in a closet, formed the stage. The Count de Provence always knew his part provokingly well; the Count d'Artois knew his tolerably well, and recited elegantly: the princesses performed very indifferently. The dauphiness acquitted herself in some characters with discrimination and feeling. The chief pleasure of this amusement consisted in their having all the costumes elegant and accurate. The dauphin entered into the spirit of the diversions of the young family, laughed heartily at the comic characters as they came on the scene, and from these amusements may be dated his discontinuance of the timid manner of his youth, and his taking pleasure in the society of the dauphiness.

A wish to extend the list of pieces for performance, and the certainty that these diversions would remain secret, had procured my father-in-law and my husband the honour of figuring among the princes.

It was not till a long time afterwards that I learned these particulars, M. Campan having kept the secret; but an unforeseen event had well nigh exposed the whole mystery. One day, the Queen desired M. Campan to go down into her closet to fetch something that she had forgotten; he was dressed for the character of Crispin, and was rouged; a private staircase led direct to the theatre through the dressing-room. M. Campan fancied he heard some noise, and remained still behind the door, which was shut. A servant belonging to the wardrobe, who was, in fact, on the staircase, had also heard some noise; and, either from fear or curiosity, he suddenly opened the door; the figure of Crispin frightened him so, that he fell down backwards, shouting with all his might, "Help! help!" My father-in-law raised him up, made him recognise his voice, and laid an injunction of silence as to what he had seen, upon him. He felt himself, however, bound to inform the dauphiness of

what had happened; and she was fearful that another similar occurrence might betray their amusements: they were therefore discontinued.

The princess occupied her time in her own apartment, in the study of music and the parts in plays which she had to learn; the latter exercise at least produced the beneficial effect of strengthening her memory and familiarizing her with the French language.

The Abbé de Vermond visited her daily, but took care to avoid the imposing tone of a governor; and would not, even as reader, recommend the study of history. I believe he never read a single volume of history in his life to his august pupil; and, in truth, there never existed a princess who manifested a more marked aversion for all serious study.

While Louis XV. reigned, the enemies of Marie Antoinette made no attempt to change public opinion with regard to her. She was always the object of the wishes and love of the French people in general, and particularly of the inhabitants of Paris, who, being deprived of the pleasure of possessing her within their city, went, at all opportunities, to Versailles—the majority of them attracted solely by the pleasure of seeing her. The courtiers did not fully enter into the truly popular enthusiasm which the dauphiness had inspired: the disgrace of the Duke de Choiseul had removed her real support from her; and the party which had continued in power since the exile of that minister, was, politically, as much opposed to her family as to herself. The dauphiness was, therefore, surrounded by enemies at Versailles.

Nevertheless, everybody appeared outwardly desirous to please her: the age of Louis XV., and the character of the dauphin, were sufficient to warn the long-sighted sagacity of the courtiers, of the important part reserved for the princess under the following reign, in case the dauphin should become attached to her.

CHAPTER IV.

Death of Louis XV.—Picture of the Court—Madame Du Barry dismissed—Departure of the Court to Choisy—M. de Maurepas Minister—Influence of Example upon the Courtiers—Enthusiasm raised by the new Reign—Mourning at La Muette—The Queen—The King and the Princes, his brothers, are inoculated—Stay at Marly—Calumnies against the Queen—Bœhmer, the jeweller—Mademoiselle Bertia—Changes of fashion—Simplicity of the Court of Vienna—Extreme temperance, decorum and modesty of Marie Antoinette.

About the beginning of May, 1774, Louis XV., the strength of whose constitution had promised a protracted life, was attacked by a confluent small-pox, of the worst kind. The King's daughters, at this juncture, inspired the dauphiness with a feeling of respect and attachment, of which she gave them repeated proofs when she ascended the throne. In fact, nothing could be more admirable or more affecting than the courage with which they braved that most horrible disease: the air of the palace was infected; more than fifty persons took the small-pox, in consequence of having merely crossed the gallery of Versailles; and ten died of it.

The end of the monarch was approaching. His reign, peaceful in general, had preserved a degree of strength imparted to it by the power of his predecessor: on the other hand, his own weakness had been preparing misfortunes for the prince who was to reign after him. The scene was about to change; hope, ambition, joy, grief, and all those feelings which variously affected the hearts of the courtiers, sought in vain to disguise themselves under a calm exterior. It was easy to detect the different motives which induced them all, every moment, to

repeat the question, "How is the King?" At length, on the 10th of May, 1774, the mortal career of Louis XV. terminated.*

The Countess du Barry had, a few days previously, withdrawn to Ruelle, to the Duke d'Aiguillon's: fourteen or fifteen persons belonging to the court, thought it their duty to visit her there; their liveries were observed; and these visits became for a long time grounds for dislike. More than six years after the King's death, one of those persons being spoken of, in the circle of the royal family, I heard it remarked, "That was one of the fifteen Ruelle carriages."

The whole court went to the castle; the bull's eye was filled with courtiers, and the whole palace with the inquisitive. The dauphin had settled that he would leave it with the royal family, the moment the King should breathe his last sigh. But upon such an occasion, decency forbade that positive orders for departure should be passed from mouth to mouth. The keepers of the stables, therefore, agreed with the people who were in the King's room, that the latter should place a lighted taper near a

* As soon as Louis XV. knew what was his disorder, he despaired of recovery. "I do not intend," said he, "that the scenes of Metz should be repeated:" and he ordered that Madame du Barry should be sent away. But the friends of the favourite had not yet given up the game. The two parties which divided the court, attacked each other warmly at the foot of the bed whereon Louis XV. was extended. They fought, it may be said, for the last sighs and doubtful commands of a dying man. Louis XV. had religious duties to perform. The moment for them, which one party was anxious to hasten, and the other had an interest in delaying, occasioned the most scandalous scenes. What the Abbé Soulavie says on this subject, is doubtless not wholly true. For instance, it is difficult to attribute to the rigid Christophe de Beaumont any other motives than his strict principles, fervent piety, and the consciousness of the sacred obligations which he had to discharge. But, on the other hand, all is not false; and it is not to be doubted, that Soulavie has related a considerable number of particulars correctly, when we compare his narrative, which we give in Historical Illustrations, letter (F), with the picture of the same occurrences, drawn by Baron de Besenval, in his Memoirs.—*Note by the Editor.*

window, and that at the instant of the King's decease, one of them should extinguish it.

The taper was extinguished. On this signal, the body-guards, pages, and equerries, mounted on horseback, and all was ready for setting off. The dauphin was with the dauphiness. They were expecting together the intelligence of the death of Louis XV. A dreadful noise, absolutely like thunder, was heard in the outer apartment: it was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the dead sovereign's anti-chamber, to come and bow to the new power of Louis XVI. This extraordinary tumult informed Marie Antoinette and her husband that they were to reign; and, by a spontaneous movement, which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees; and both pouring forth a flood of tears, exclaimed, "*O God! guide us, protect us, we are too young to govern.*"

The Countess de Noailles entered, and was the first to salute Marie Antoinette as Queen of France. She requested their majesties would condescend to quit the inner apartments for the grand saloon, to receive the princes and all the great officers, who were desirous to do homage to their new sovereigns. Marie Antoinette received these first visits leaning upon her husband, her handkerchief held to her eyes, and in the most affecting attitude: the carriages drove up, the guards and officers were on horseback. The castle was deserted—every one hastened to fly from a contagion, to brave which no inducement now remained.

On leaving the chamber of Louis XV., the Duke de Villequier, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, ordered M. Andouillé, the King's chief surgeon, to open the body and embalm it. The chief surgeon must necessarily have died in consequence. "I am ready," replied Andouillé;—"but while I operate, you shall hold the head: your office imposes this duty upon you." The duke went off without saying a word, and the corpse was neither opened nor embalmed. A few under-servants and poor women continued with the pestiferous remains, and paid the last duty

to their master: the surgeons directed that spirits of wine should be poured into the coffin.

The whole of the Court set off for Choisy, at four o'clock;—mesdames, the King's aunts, in their private carriage; and the princesses under tuition with the Countess de Marsan, and their sub-governesses. The King, the Queen, Monsieur the King's brother, Madame, and the Count and Countess d'Artois, went in the same carriage. The solemn scene that had just passed before their eyes—the multiplied ideas offered to their imaginations, by that which was just opening, had naturally inclined them to grief and reflection: but by the Queen's own confession, this impression, little suited to their time of life, wholly left them before they had gone half of their journey: a word, oddly pronounced by the Countess d'Artois, occasioned a general burst of laughter—and from that moment they dried their tears. The intercourse between Choisy and Paris became astonishing: never was a court seen in greater agitation. What influence will the royal aunts have?—And the Queen?—What fate is reserved for the Countess du Barry?—Whom will the young King choose for his ministers?—All these questions were answered in a few days. It was determined that the King's youth required him to have a confidential person near him; and that there should be a prime minister. All eyes were turned upon Messrs. de Machault and De Maurepas, both of them much advanced in years. The first had retired to his estate, near Paris; and the second to Pont Chartrain, to which place he had long been exiled. The letter summoning M. de Machault was already written, when Madame Adelaide obtained that important appointment for M. de Maurepas in preference. The page to whose care the first letter had been actually consigned, was recalled.*

* This fact has been doubted: but I can assure the reader, that Louis XVI. desired M. Campan to recall the page, whom he found ready to mount his horse, and whom he desired to come back again to return the letter to the King himself; and that the Queen said to my father-in-law: "If the letter had gone, M. de Machault would have been

The Duke d'Aiguillon had been too openly known as the private friend of the King's mistress; he was dismissed. M. de Vergennes, at that time ambassador of France, at Stockholm, was appointed minister for foreign affairs; Count du Muy, the intimate friend of the dauphin the father of Louis XVI., obtained the war department. The Abbé Terray in vain said, and wrote, that he had boldly done all possible injury to the creditors of the state during the reign of the late King; that order was restored in the finances, and that nothing but good remained to be done; and that the new court was about to enjoy the advantages of the regenerating part of his plan of finance: all these reasons, set forth in five or six memorials, which he sent in succession to the King and Queen, did not prevail to keep him in office. His talents were admitted; but the odium which his operations had unavoidably brought upon his character, combined with the immorality of his private life, forbade his further stay at court: he was succeeded by M. de Clugny.*

prime minister: for the King would never have consented to write a second letter, in contradiction of his first intention." [a]

Note by Madame Campan.

* We find in a work of the times, an anecdote upon the subject of the appointment of M. de Clugny, which we give without disputing it, though without taking upon ourselves to vouch for its veracity. "Speculators imagine they perceive in M. de Clugny's elevation, the dawn of success for that party, which is endeavouring to restore M. de Choiseul to the administration. It seems, however, that the efforts of the party will be

[a] If we may credit a contemporary writer, the Abbé de Radonvilliers was not without influence in this latter determination. The secret motives which prompted the King's old preceptor may be seen in Historical Illustrations, letter (G). Chamfort relates the following anecdote upon the subject of the nomination of the Count de Maurepas:—

"It is a known fact, that the King's letter, sent to M. de Maurepas, was written for M. de Machault. What particular interest changed this disposition is known; but that which is not known, is, that M. de Maurepas stole, as it were, the place which it is supposed was offered to him. The King wished only to converse with him. At the end of the conversation, M. de Maurepas said to him: 'I will detail my ideas to-morrow at the council.' It is related, too, that at this conversation, he said to the King, 'Your majesty then makes me prime minister?' 'No,' replied the King, 'I have no such intention.' 'I understand,' said M. de Maurepas; 'your majesty wishes I should teach you to do without one.'"—*Note by the Editor.*

De Maupeou, the chancellor, was banished; this gave universal satisfaction; lastly, the reassembling of the parliaments produced the strongest sensation: Paris was in a delirium of joy, and not more than one person in a hundred foresaw, that the spirit of the ancient magistracy would be still the same; and that in a short time it would make new attempts upon the royal authority. Madame du Barry had been ordered to retire to Pont-aux-dames. This was a measure rather of necessity, than of severity: a short period of compulsory retreat was requisite, in order to break off her connection with state affairs completely.

The possession of Luciennes, and a considerable pension, were continued to her.* Everybody expected the recall of M. de

unavailing. M. de Maurepas, who is informed of all that passes, has concerted with the King, a plan for discovering the mainspring of the intrigue carrying on for the purpose of effecting his downfall. He went to Pont Chartrain, after forewarning the monarch of all the steps towards that object, which might be taken in his absence. Twice a day did the Mentor receive a courier from his master, who informed him of all that was done and said with the intention before alluded to. One day the King apprised him, that an English newspaper had been brought to him, in which it was said, that if the Duke de Choiseul were named prime minister, as it appeared he would be, France would become more powerful alone, than all the powers of Europe combined. On the day of M. de Maurepas's return, the King said before the whole court, 'I understand that M. de Choiseul is in Paris; why is he not at Chanteloup? For any man who is fortunate enough to possess an estate, this is the season for enjoying it.' All the duke's friends were dumb, and the next day he himself left Paris." (*Secret Correspondence of the Court*, v. 3, p. 10).—*Note by the Editor.*

* The Countess du Barry never forgot the mild treatment she experienced from the court of Louis XVI.; during the most violent convulsion of the revolution, she signified to the Queen that there was not in all France a female more grieved at the sufferings of her sovereign, than herself; that the honour she had for years enjoyed, of living near the throne, and the unbounded kindness of the King and Queen, had so sincerely attached her to the cause of royalty, that she entreated the Queen to honour her by disposing of all she possessed. Though they did not accept her offer, their majesties were affected at her gra-

Choiseul; the regret occasioned by his absence among the numerous friends whom he had left at court, the attachment of a young princess, who was indebted to him for her elevation to the throne of France, and all concurring circumstances, seemed to foretell his return: the Queen entreated it of the King with the liveliest importunities, but she met with an insurmountable obstacle, and one which she had not foreseen. The King, it is said, had imbibed the strongest prejudices against that minister,* from secret memoirs penned by his father, and which had been committed to the care of the Duke de la Vauguyon, with an injunction to place them in his hands as soon as he should be old enough to study the art of governing.† It was by these memoirs, that the esteem which he had conceived for Marshal du Muy was inspired, and we may add that Madame Adelaide, who at this early period possessed a powerful influence over the decisions of the young monarch, confirmed the impressions they had made.

titude. The Countess du Barry was, as is well known, one of the victims of the revolution. She betrayed the lowest degree of weakness, and the most ardent desire to live. She was the only woman who wept upon the scaffold and implored for mercy. Her beauty and tears made an impression on the populace, and the execution was hurried to a conclusion.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

* These prejudices did not arise from the pretended crime, of which slander had accused this minister; but principally from the suppression of the Jesuits, in which he had in fact taken an active part.

Note by Madame Campan.

† It would be difficult to raise a doubt about the existence of these memoirs, or rather these instructions, drawn up by the dauphin for the guidance of his children. That prince was surrounded by men, whose character he had studied, whose principles he approved, and whose attachment he had ascertained: it appears natural in him to have recommended them to his successor. One writer asserts, that he had the list of them in his possession. We give it with the notes accompanying it, and which will probably be received as true, when read with a recollection of the progress made by several of the persons to whom they relate, in the confidence, and at the court of Louis XVI. See Historical Illustrations, under letter (H).—*Note by the Editor.*

The Queen conversed with M. Campan on the regret she felt at having been unable to contribute to the recall of M. de Choiseul, and disclosed the cause of it to him. The Abbé de Vermond, who, down to the time of the death of Louis XV., had been on terms of the strictest friendship with M. Campan, called upon him on the second day after the arrival of the court at Choisy, and assuming a serious and austere air, said: "Sir, the Queen was indiscreet enough yesterday, to speak to you of a minister to whom she must of course be attached, and whom his friends ardently desire to have near her; you are aware that we must give up all expectation of seeing the duke at court; you know the reasons why; but you do not know that the young Queen, having mentioned the conversation in question to me, it was my duty, both as her preceptor and her friend, to remonstrate most sharply with her, on her indiscretion in communicating to you those particulars of which you are in possession. I am now come to tell you, that if you continue to avail yourself of the good-nature of your mistress, to intrude yourself into secrets of state, you will have me for your most determined enemy. The Queen ought to have no other confidant than myself here, respecting things that ought to remain secret."* M. Campan answered, that he did not covet the important and dangerous character at the new court, which the abbé appropriated to himself; and that he should confine himself to the duties of his office, being so satisfied with the continued kindness with which the Queen honoured him, as to desire nothing more. Notwithstanding this, however, he informed the Queen, on the very same evening, of the injunction he had received. She owned that she had mentioned their conversation to the abbé; that he had indeed seriously reproved her, in order to make her feel the necessity of being secret in concerns of business; and she added: "The abbé cannot like you, my

* The Abbé de Vermond was not blameable for preventing the Queen's talking to one of the officers of her household about matters of importance; but he was so, for saying that he himself ought to be the depositary of the most momentous secrets.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

dear Campan; he did not expect that I should, on my arrival in France, find in my household a man who would suit me so exactly as you have done.* I know that he has taken umbrage at it; that is enough: I know, too, that you are incapable of attempting anything to injure him in my esteem; an attempt which would, besides, be vain, for I have been too long attached to him. As to yourself, be tranquil with regard to the abbé's hostility, which shall never in any way hurt you. We run no risk of doing unjust actions, except when the persons about us possess the treacherous art of disguising the motives of hatred or ambition by which they are prompted."

The Abbé de Vermond having secured himself the office of sole confidant to the Queen, was nevertheless agitated whenever he saw the young monarch. The latter could not be ignorant, that the abbé had been promoted by the Duke de Choiseul, and was believed to favour the encyclopedists, against whom Louis

* The Abbé de Vermond was indeed not aware that the young princess would find in her household a well informed man, capable of amusing her, by interesting and lively anecdotes of the courts of Louis XV., the regent, and even of Louis XIV. The abbé had taken pains at Vienna, to prepossess the dauphiness against M. Moreau, an aged advocate in the councils, and historiographer of France, whose talents had promoted him to the office of librarian to her. On the day after the arrival of the dauphiness at Versailles, the Countess de Noailles asked her what orders she had to give for M. Moreau. She replied, that the only order she had for him was to give up the key of her library to M. Campan, whom she installed into his office; adding that he might retain the title which the King had conferred upon him, but that she did not accept of his services. Her *dame d'honneur* exclaimed against this determination, and spoke very highly of M. Moreau's talents; but the princess was so prejudiced against him that she insisted upon the execution of her order, and added that she would speak to the King about the matter; that she knew M. Moreau's abilities to be almost too considerable, and that she desired to have no people about her, but those on whom she could rely. The historiographer and librarian never more appeared before the Queen. It is probable that the dauphiness had been informed of the connection of M. Moreau with the Duke d'Aiguillon, and some members of that minister's party.

Note by Madame Campan.

XVI. entertained a latent prejudice, although he suffered them to gain so great an ascendancy during his reign. The abbé therefore guessed that he could not stand very well with the King. He had moreover observed, that never, while dauphin, had that prince addressed a single word to him; and that he very frequently answered him with a shrug of the shoulders. He therefore determined on writing to Louis XVI., and intimated that he owed his situation at court solely to the confidence with which the late King had honoured him; and that habits contracted during the Queen's education placing him continually in the closest intimacy with her, he could not enjoy the honour of remaining near her majesty, without the King's consent. Louis XVI. sent back his letter, after writing upon it these words: "I permit the Abbé de Vermond to continue his office about the Queen."

Although, at the period of his grandfather's death, Louis XVI. had not availed himself of his marital privilege, he began to be exceedingly attached to the Queen. The first period of so deep a mourning not admitting of indulgence in the diversion of hunting, he proposed to her walks in the gardens of Choisy: they went out like man and wife, the young King giving his arm to the Queen, and accompanied by a very small suite. The influence of this example had such an effect upon the courtiers, that the next day several couples, who had long, and for good reasons, been disunited, were, to the amusement of the whole court, seen walking upon the terrace with the same apparent conjugal intimacy. Thus they spent whole hours, braving the intolerable wearisomeness of their protracted *tête-à-têtes*, out of mere obsequiousness.

The self-devotion of mesdames for the King their father, throughout his dreadful malady, had produced that effect upon their health, which was generally apprehended. On the fourth day after their arrival at Choisy, the three princesses were attacked by pains in the head and chest, which left no doubt as to the danger of their situation. It became necessary instantly to send away the young royal family; and the Chateau de la

Muette, in the Bois de Boulogne, was selected for their reception. Their arrival at their residence, which was very near Paris, drew so great a concourse of people into its neighbourhood, that even at daybreak the crowd had begun to assemble round the gates. Shouts of *Vive le Roi!* continued with scarcely a moment's interruption from six o'clock in the morning until sunset. The hopes to which a new reign gives birth, and the unpopularity which the late King had drawn upon himself, during his latter years, occasioned all these transports of joy.

A fashionable jeweller made a fortune by the sale of mourning snuff-boxes, whereon the portrait of the young Queen, in a black frame of shagreen, admitted of the following pun: *"Comfort in chagrin."* All the fashions, and every part of dress, received names significant of the spirit of the moment. The symbols of abundance were everywhere represented, and the head-dresses of the ladies were surrounded by ears of wheat. Poets hailed the new monarch; all hearts, or rather all heads in France, were filled with unexampled enthusiasm. Never did the commencement of any reign excite more unanimous testimonials of love and attachment. It must be observed, however, that amidst all this intoxication, the Anti-Austrian party never lost sight of the young Queen, but, with the malicious desire to injure her, watched for such errors as might be expected to arise out of her youth and inexperience.

Their majesties had to receive, at La Muette, the mourning visits of the ladies who had been presented at court, who all felt themselves called on to pay homage to the new sovereigns. Old and young hastened to present themselves on the day of general reception. Little black bonnets with great wings, old shaking heads, low curtesies, keeping time with the motions of the head, made, it must be admitted, a few venerable dowagers appear somewhat ridiculous; but the Queen, who possessed much dignity, and a high respect for propriety, was not guilty of the grievous sin of forgetting the decorum she was bound to observe. An indiscreet piece of drollery of one of the ladies of the palace, however, drew on her the imputation of having done so. The

Marchioness de Clermont-Tonnerre, whose office required that she should continue standing behind the Queen, fatigued by the length of the ceremony, found it more convenient to seat herself upon the floor, concealing herself behind the fence formed by the hoops of the Queen and the ladies of the palace. Thus seated, and wishing to attract attention and to appear lively, she twitched the dresses of those ladies, and played off a thousand other tricks. The contrast of these childish pranks with the gloom which reigned over the rest of the Queen's chamber, disconcerted her majesty several times: she placed her fan before her face to hide an involuntary smile, and the areopagus of old ladies pronounced that the young Queen had derided all the respectable persons who were pressing forward to pay their homage to her; that she liked none but the young: that she was deficient in every point of decorum; and that not one of them would attend her court again. The epithet *moqueuse* was applied to her; and there is not an epithet less favourably received in the world.

The next day, a very ill-natured song was circulated; the seal of the party to which it was attributable, might easily be seen upon it. I remember none of it but the following chorus:—

"Little Queen, you must not be
So saucy with your twenty years;
Your ill-used courtiers soon will see
You pass, once more, the barriers."

The errors of the great, or those which ill-nature chooses to impute to them, circulate in the world with the greatest rapidity, and become fixed there like an historical tradition, which the meanest boor delights to repeat. More than fifteen years after this occurrence, I heard some old ladies in the most retired part of Auvergne, relating all the particulars of the day of public condolence for the late King, on which, as they said, the Queen had laughed in the faces of the duchesses and sexagenary princesses, who had thought it their duty to make their appearance on the occasion.

The King and the princes, his brothers, determined to avail

themselves of the advantages held out by inoculation, in order to preserve themselves from the fatal disorder under which their grandfather had just fallen; but the utility of this new discovery not being then generally acknowledged in France, many persons in Paris were greatly alarmed at the step which the King and the princes had just taken; those who blamed it openly, threw all the responsibility of it upon the Queen, who alone, they said, could have ventured to give such rash advice. Inoculation was at this time safely practised in the northern courts, and the operation upon the King and his brothers, performed by Doctor Jauberthou, was fortunately quite successful.

When the convalescence of the princes was perfectly established, the court became tolerably cheerful. In the excursions to Marly, parties on horseback, and in calashes, were formed continually. The Queen was desirous to gratify herself with one very innocent enjoyment; she had never witnessed the dawn of day: and having now no other consent than that of the king, to seek, she intimated her wish to him. He agreed that she should go at three o'clock in the morning, to the eminences of the gardens of Marly; and being unfortunately little disposed to share in her amusements, he himself went to bed. The Queen then carried her intention into effect; but as she foresaw the possibility of some inconveniences in this nocturnal party, she determined on having a number of people with her; and even ordered her women to accompany her. All precautions were ineffectual, to prevent the effects of calumny, which even thus early sought to diminish the general attachment that she had inspired. A few days afterwards, the most wicked ballad that appeared, during the earlier years of this reign, was circulated at Paris. The blackest colours were employed to paint an enjoyment so harmless, that there is scarcely a young woman in the country, who has not endeavoured to procure it for herself. The verses which appeared on this occasion, were entitled "Sun Rise."*

* It was thus, with libels and ballads, that the enemies of Marie

The Duke d'Orleans, then Duke de Chartres, was among those who accompanied the young Queen in her nocturnal ramble: he appeared very attentive to her on that occasion; but it was the only moment of his life in which there was any advance towards intimacy between the Queen and himself. The King disliked the character of the Duke de Chartres, and the Queen always kept him at a distance from her private society. It is, therefore, without the slightest foundation in probability, that some writers have attributed to feelings of jealousy, or wounded self-love, the hatred which he displayed towards the Queen, during the latter years of their existence.

It was on the first journey to Marly, that Bœhmer, the jeweller, appeared at court; a man whose stupidity and avarice afterwards produced the occurrence which most fatally affected the happiness and reputation of Marie Antoinette. This person had, at great expense, collected six pear-formed diamonds, of a prodigious size; they were perfectly matched and of the finest water. The ear-rings which they composed, had, before the death of Louis XV., been destined for the Countess du Barry.

Bœhmer, by the recommendation of several persons about the court, came to offer these jewels to the Queen: he asked four hundred thousand francs for them: the young princess could not withstand her wish to purchase them; and the King having just raised the Queen's income, which under the former reign had been but two hundred thousand livres, to one hundred thousand crowns a year, she wished to make the purchase out of her own purse, and not burthen the royal treasury with payment for a matter of pure fancy: she proposed to Bœhmer to take off the two buttons which formed the tops of the clusters, as they could

Antoinette hailed the first days of her reign. They exerted themselves every way to render her unpopular. Their aim was, beyond all doubt, to have her sent back to Germany; and there was not a moment to be lost in its accomplishment. That the indifference of the King towards his amiable and beautiful wife had lasted so long, was already a matter of wonder; day after day it was to be expected that the seductive charms of Marie Antoinette would undo all their machinations.

Note by Madame Campan.

be replaced by two of her own diamonds. He consented, and then reduced the price of the ear-rings to three hundred and sixty thousand francs; the payment for which was stipulated to be made by instalments, and was discharged, in the course of four or five years, by the Queen's first femme de chambre, intrusted with her privy purse. I have omitted no particulars of the manner in which the Queen first became possessed of these jewels, deeming them very necessary to place the too-famous circumstance of the necklace, which happened near the end of the reign of Marie Antoinette, in its true light. It was likewise on this first journey to Marly, that the Duchess de Chartres, afterwards Duchess d'Orleans, introduced into the Queen's household, Mademoiselle Bertin, a milliner who became celebrated at that time for the total change which she effected in the dress of the French ladies.

It will be seen, that the admission of a milliner into the house of the Queen, was followed by evil consequences to her majesty. The skill of the milliner, who was received into the household, in spite of the usual custom which kept all persons of her description out of it, afforded her the means of introducing some new fashion every day. Up to this time, the Queen had shown but a very plain taste in dress; she now began to make it an occupation of moment; and she was of course imitated by other women.

Every one instantly wished to have the same dress as the Queen, and to wear the feathers and flowers to which her beauty, then in its brilliancy, lent an indescribable charm. The expenditure of young women was necessarily much increased; mothers and husbands murmured at it; some giddy women contracted debts; unpleasant domestic scenes occurred; in many families quarrels arose; in another affection was extinguished; and the general report was—that the Queen would be the ruin of all the French ladies.

Fashion continued its fluctuating progress; and head-dresses, with their superstructures of gauze, flowers, and feathers, arose to such a degree of loftiness, that the women could not find car-

riages high enough to admit them; and they were often seen either stooping, or holding their heads out at the windows. Others knelt down in order to manage these elevated objects of ridicule with the less danger.* Innumerable caricatures, exhibited in all directions, and some of which artfully gave the features of the Queen, attacked the extravagance of fashion, but with very little effect. It changed only, as is always the case, through the influence of inconstancy and time.

The princess's toilette was a masterpiece of etiquette; everything done on the occasion, was in a prescribed form. Both the lady of honour and the tire-woman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the first femme de chambre, and two inferior attendants.† The tire-woman put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the Queen. The lady of honour poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body linen. When a prin-

* If the use of these extravagant feathers and head-dresses had continued, say the Memoirs of that period very seriously, it would have effected a revolution in architecture. It would have been found necessary to raise the doors and ceilings of the boxes at the theatres, and particularly the bodies of carriages. It was not without mortification that the King observed the Queen's adoption of this style of dress; she never was so lovely in his eyes, as when unadorned by art. One day, Carlin, performing at court, before the princess, as Harlequin, stuck in his hat, instead of the rabbit's tail, its prescribed ornament, a peacock's feather of excessive length. This new appendage, which repeatedly got entangled among the scenery, gave him an opportunity of venturing a great deal of buffoonery. There was an inclination to punish him: but it was presumed that he had not assumed the feather without authority.—*Note by the Editor.*

† The distinction between the honorary service, and the ordinary service, is easily drawn. "I have the right to do it," says honorary service haughtily. "You must do it, you must follow," surlily answers ordinary service. Between these ridiculous and contradictory airs, of people who have the right to act, and do not act, and people whose duty it is to act, and who still will not act, the great are likely to be very ill served. Madame Campan has taken pains to collect particulars relative to the ordinary service of the Queen of France. They will be found among the Historical Illustrations, given by Madame Campan (No. 1).—*Note by the Editor.*

cess of the royal family happened to be present while the Queen was dressing, the lady of honour yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the princess of the blood; in such a case, the lady of honour was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who, in her turn, handed it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the Queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the lady of honour came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door; it was opened: and in came the Duchess d'Orleans; she took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the lady of honour to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess: a further noise—it was the Countess de Provence; the Duchess d'Orleans handed her the linen. All this while the Queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold: Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and, in doing so, knocked the Queen's cap off. The Queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times: "How disagreeable! how tiresome!"

All this etiquette, however inconvenient, was suitable to the royal dignity, which expects to find servants in all classes of persons, beginning even with the brothers and sisters of the monarch.

Speaking here of etiquette, I do not allude to that order of state laid down for days of ceremony in all courts. I mean those minute ceremonies that were observed towards our kings in their inmost privacies, in their hours of pleasure, in those of pain, and even during the most revolting of human infirmities.

These servile rules were drawn up into a kind of code; they offered to a Richelieu, a Rochefoucalt, and a Duras, in the exercise of their domestic functions, opportunities of intimacy useful to their interests; and to humour their vanity, they were

pleased with customs, which converted the right to give a glass of water, to put on a dress, and to remove a basin, into honourable prerogatives.

Princes thus accustomed to be treated as divinities, naturally arrived at the belief, that they were of a distinct nature, of a purer essence than the rest of mankind.

This sort of etiquette, which led our princes to cause themselves to be treated in private as idols, made them in public, martyrs to decorum. Marie Antoinette found in the castle of Versailles, a multitude of established and revered customs, which appeared to her insupportable.

None but sworn femmes de chambre, wearing the full court dresses, were entitled to remain in the room, and to attend in conjunction with the dame d'honneur and the tire-woman. The Queen abolished all this formality. As soon as her head was dressed, she curtesied to all the ladies who were in her chamber, and, followed only by her own women, went into her closet, where Mademoiselle Bertin, who could not be admitted into the chamber, used to await her.* It was in this inner closet that she produced her new and numerous dresses. The Queen was also desirous of being served by the most fashionable hair-dresser in Paris. Now the custom which forbade all persons in inferior office, employed by royalty, to exert their talents for the public, was no doubt intended to cut off all communication between the privacy of princes, and society at large; the latter being always extremely curious respecting the most trifling particulars, relative to the private life of the former. The Queen, fearing that the taste of the hair-dresser would suffer, if

* Mademoiselle Bertin, it is said, upon the strength of the Queen's kindness, assumed a most ridiculous degree of pride. A lady one day went to that famous fashion-monger, to ask for some patterns of mourning for the Empress. Several were shown to her, all of which she rejected. Mademoiselle Bertin exclaimed, in a tone of voice made up of vexation and self-sufficiency, "Show the lady then some specimens of my last *transactions* with her majesty." However ridiculous the expression may sound, it was actually used as related.

Note by the Editor.

he should discontinue the general practice of his art, ordered him to serve as usual certain ladies of the court and capital; and this multiplied the opportunities of learning details respecting the household, and very often misrepresenting them.

One of the customs most disagreeable to the Queen, was, that of dining every day in public. Maria Leckzinska had constantly submitted to this wearisome practice: Marie Antoinette followed it as long as she was dauphiness. The dauphin dined with her, and each branch of the family had its public dinner daily. The ushers suffered all decently-dressed people to enter; the sight was the delight of persons from the country. At the dinner hour, there were none to be met upon the stairs but honest folks, who, after having seen the dauphiness take her soup, went to see the princes eat their bouilli, and then ran till they were out of breath to behold mesdames at their dessert.*

Very ancient usage, too, required that the Queens of France should appear in public, surrounded only by women; even at meal times, no person of the other sex attended to serve at table; and although the King ate publicly with the Queen, yet he himself was served by women, with everything which was presented to him directly at table. The lady of honour, kneeling for her own accommodation upon a low stool, with a napkin upon her arm, and four women in full dress, presented the plates to the King and Queen. The lady of honour handed them drink. This service had formerly been the right of the maids of honour. The Queen, upon her accession to the throne, abolished the usage altogether; she also freed herself from the necessity of being followed, in the palace of Versailles, by two of her women in court dresses, during those hours of the day, when the ladies of the chamber were not with her. From that

* It will be imagined that the charms of conversation, cheerfulness, and good-natured freedom, which in France contribute to the pleasures of the table, were strangers to these ceremonious repasts. In fact, it was necessary to have been habituated from infancy to eat in public, in order to avoid losing all appetite, from being the object to which the eyes of so many strangers were directed.

Note by Madame Campan.

time she was accompanied only by a single valet de chambre, and two footmen. All the errors of Marie Antoinette were of the same description as those which I have just detailed. An inclination to substitute by degrees the simple customs of Vienna for those of Versailles, proved more injurious to her, than she could possibly have imagined.

The Queen frequently spoke to the Abbé de Vermond, of the perpetually recurring impertinences, from which she had to free herself; and I observed that after having listened to what he had to say on the subject, she always indulged in philosophical reveries on simplicity beneath the diadem, and paternal confidence in devoted subjects, with great pleasure. This charming romance of royalty, which is not given to all sovereigns to realize, flattered the tender heart and youthful fancy of Marie Antoinette, in an extraordinary degree.

Brought up in a court where simplicity was combined with majesty: placed at Versailles, between a troublesome lady of honour, and an imprudent adviser, it is not surprising that when she became Queen, she was desirous of evading disagreeables, the indispensable necessity of which she could not see: this error sprung from a true feeling of sensibility. This unfortunate princess, against whom the opinions of the French people were at length greatly excited, possessed qualities which deserved to obtain the highest degree of popularity. None could doubt this, who, like myself, had heard her with delight, describe the partriarchal manners of the house of Lorraine. She was accustomed to say, that by transplanting their manners into Austria, the princes of that house had laid the foundation of the unassailable popularity enjoyed by the imperial family.* She frequently related to me the interesting manner in which the Dukes of Lorraine levied their taxes. "The sovereign prince," said she, "went to church; after the sermon he rose, waved his hat in the air, to show that he was about to speak, and then

* See the Historical Illustrations, letter (I), for several curious peculiarities of the simple habits of the court of Vienna.

Note by the Editor.

mentioned the sum of which he stood in need. Such was the zeal of the good Lorrainers, that men have been known to take away linen or household utensils, without the knowledge of their wives, and sell them to add the value to the contribution. It sometimes happened, too, that the prince received more money than he asked for, in which case he restored the surplus."

All who were acquainted with the Queen's private qualities, knew that she equally deserved attachment and esteem. Kind and patient to the utmost, in all her relations with her household, she indulgently considered all around her; and interested herself in their fortunes, and in their pleasures. She had, among her women, young girls from the Maison de Saint-Cyr, all well born; the Queen forbade them the play, when the performances were not of a suitable degree of morality: sometimes, when old plays were to be represented, if she found she could not with certainty trust to her memory, she would take the trouble to read them in the morning, to enable her to judge of them, and then decide whether the girls should or should not go to see them: rightly considering herself bound to watch over the morals and conduct of those young persons.

I am pleased at being able here to assert the truth respecting two valuable qualities which the Queen possessed in a high degree—temperance and modesty. Her customary dinner was a chicken, roasted or boiled, and she drank water only. She showed no particular partiality for anything but her coffee in the morning, and a sort of bread to which she had been accustomed in her infancy at Vienna.

Her modesty, in every particular of her private toilet, was extreme; she bathed in a long flannel gown, buttoned up to the neck; and, while her two bathing women assisted her out of the bath, she required one of them to hold a cloth before her, raised so that her attendants might not see her. And yet one Soulavie has dared, in the first volume of a most scandalous work, to say that the Queen was disgustingly immodest; that she was accustomed to bathe naked, and that she had even given admittance to a venerable ecclesiastic, while in that state. What punish-

ment can be too great for libellers, who dare to give such perfidious falsehoods the title of historical memoirs!*

* Every one must partake the indignation felt by Madame Campan on reading, in the Abbé Soulavie's Memoirs, the details to which, with a warmth highly creditable to her, she gives the lie. How could an historian possessed of any sagacity, put forth assertions so false? How could a man of any sense of shame—how could a priest write them down? After reading this passage of his Historical Memoirs, we may imagine why there exists so much unwillingness to consult them, and how much discredit similar assertions throw upon whatever truths he may have published in the same work.—*Note by the Editor*

CHAPTER V.

Revision of the Papers of Louis XV., by Louis XVI.—Man in the Iron Mask—The late King's Interest in certain Financial Companies—Representation of Iphigenia in Aulis—The King gives Little Trianon to the Queen—The Archduke Maximilian's Journey to France—Questions of Precedence—Misadventure of the Archduke—Lying-in of the Countess d'Artois—The Poissardes cry out to the Queen to give Heirs to the throne—Death of the Duke de la Vauguyon—Portrait of Louis XVI.—Of the Count de Provence—Of the Count d'Artois, &c.

During the first few months of his reign, Louis XVI. had dwelt at La Muette, Marly, and Compiègne. When he was settled at Versailles, he busied himself with a general revision of his grandfather's papers. He had promised the Queen to communicate to her all that he might discover relative to the history of the man with the iron mask: he thought, after what he had heard on the subject, this iron mask had become so inexhaustible a source of conjecture, only in consequence of the interest which the pen of a celebrated writer had raised respecting the detention of a prisoner of state, who was merely a man of whimsical tastes and habits.

I was with the Queen when the King, having finished his researches, informed her that he had not found anything among the secret papers, elucidating the existence of this prisoner; that he had conversed on the matter with M. de Maurepas, whose age showed him a contemporary with the epoch during which the anecdote in question must have been known to the ministers; and that M. de Maurepas had assured him he was merely a prisoner of a very dangerous character, in consequence of his disposition for intrigue; and was a subject of the Duke of Mantua. He was enticed to the frontier, arrested there, and kept prisoner,

first at Pignerol, and afterwards in the Bastille. This transfer from one prison to the other, took place in consequence of the appointment of the governor of the former place, to the government of the latter. He was aware of the stratagems of his prisoner; and it was for fear the latter should profit by the inexperience of a new governor, that he was sent with the governor of Pignerol to the Bastille.

Such was, in fact, the real truth about the man on whom people have been pleased to fix an iron mask. And thus was it related in writing, and published, by M. * * *, twenty years ago. He had searched the depôt of foreign affairs, and there he had found the truth : he laid it before the public; but the public, prepossessed in favour of a version which attracted them by the marvellous, would not acknowledge the authenticity of the true account. Every man relied upon the authority of Voltaire : and it is still believed that a natural, or a twin brother of Louis XIV. lived a number of years in prison, with a mask over his face. The whimsical story of this mask, perhaps had its origin in the old custom, among both men and women, in Italy, of wearing a velvet mask, when they exposed themselves to the sun. It is possible that the Italian captive may have sometimes shown himself upon the terrace of his prison, with his face thus covered. As to the silver plate which this celebrated prisoner is said to have thrown from his window, it is known that such a circumstance did happen; but it happened at Valzin. It was in the time of Cardinal Richelieu. This anecdote has been mixed up with the inventions respecting the Piedmontese prisoner.

It was also in this review of his grandfather's papers, that Louis XVI. found some very curious particulars relative to his private treasury. Certain shares, in various companies of finance, afforded him a revenue, and had at last produced him a capital of some amount, which he applied to his secret expenses. The King collected his vouchers of title to these shares, and made a present of them to M. Thierry de Villedavray, his chief valet de chambre.

The Queen was desirous to secure the comfort of the prin-

cesses, the daughters of Louis XV., who were held in the highest respect. About this period, she contributed to furnish them with a revenue sufficient to provide them an easy competence. The King gave them the chateau of Bellevue; and added to the produce of it, which was given up to them, the expenses of their table and equipage, and payment of all the charges of their household, the number of which was even increased. During the lifetime of Louis XV., who was a very selfish prince, his daughters, although they had attained forty years of age, had no other place of residence than their apartments in the palace of Versailles; no other walks than such as they could take in the large park of that palace; and no other means of gratifying their taste for a garden, but by having boxes and vases, filled with plants, in their balconies or closets. They had, therefore, reason to be much pleased with the conduct of Marie Antoinette, who had the greatest influence in the King's kindness towards his aunts.

Paris never ceased, during the first years of the reign, to testify joy whenever the Queen appeared at any of the plays of the capital. The representation of Iphigenia in Aulis, produced her one of the most pleasing triumphs that ever were enjoyed by any sovereign. The actor, who sang the words, *"Let us sing, let us praise our Queen;"* which were repeated by the chorus, directed by a respectful movement towards her majesty, the eyes of the whole assembly upon her: reiterated cries of *encore!* and clapping of hands, were followed by such a burst of enthusiasm, that many of the audience added their voices to those of the actors, in order to celebrate, it might too truly be said, another Iphigenia. The Queen, deeply affected, covered her streaming eyes with her handkerchief; and this public proof of sensibility raised the general enthusiasm to a still higher pitch.

Such a reception unfortunately induced the Queen too often to seek for circumstances, which might either present or recall enjoyments equally delightful.

The King gave her Little Trianon.* Henceforward she amused herself with improving the gardens, without allowing any addition to the building, or any change in the furniture, which was become very shabby, and remained, in 1789, in the same state as during the reign of Louis XV. Everything there, without exception, was preserved; and the Queen slept in a very faded bed, which in fact had been used by the Countess du Barry. The charge of extravagance, generally made against the Queen, is the most unaccountable of all the popular errors respecting her character, which have crept into the world.† She had exactly the contrary failing: and I could prove that she often carried her economy to a degree of parsimony actually blameable, and particularly in a sovereign. She took a great liking for her retirement of Trianon; she used to go there alone, followed by a valet; but she found attendants ready to receive her—a steward, and his wife, who served her as femme de chambre; women of the wardrobe; footmen, &c.

When she first took possession of Little Trianon, a report was spread that she had changed the name of the seat which the King had just given her, and had called it *Little Vienna*, or *Little Schœnbrunn*. A person, who belonged to the court, and was simple enough to give credit hastily to this report, wishing to visit Little Trianon with a party, wrote to M. Campan, requesting the Queen's permission to do so. In his note, he called Trianon *Little Vienna*. Similar requests were usually laid before the Queen just as they were made: she chose to give the

* The seat called Little Trianon, which was built for Louis XV., is not remarkably handsome as a building. The luxuriance of the hothouses rendered the place agreeable to that prince. He spent a few days there several times in the year. It was while he was setting off from Versailles for Little Trianon, that he was struck in the side by the knife of Damiens; and it was there that he was attacked by the small-pox, of which disorder he died on the 10th of May, 1774.

Note by Madame Campan.

† This charge of prodigality, so unjustly laid against the Queen, was spread with such industry throughout France and all Europe, that it must have been a part of the scheme for rendering the court solely responsible for the bad state of the finances.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

permissions to see her gardens herself, feeling a pleasure in granting these little marks of favour. When she came to the obnoxious words, she was very much offended, and exclaimed, angrily, that there were too many fools ready to aid the malicious; that she had heard of the report circulated, that she thought of nothing but her own country, and that she kept an Austrian heart, while the interests of France alone ought to engage her. She refused this request, so awkwardly made; and desired Madame Campan to reply, that Trianon was not to be seen for some time; and that the Queen was astonished that any man of respectability, should believe she would do so ill-judged a thing, as to change the French names of her palaces, to substitute foreign ones.

Before the first visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to France, the Queen received a visit from the Archduke Maximilian, in 1775. An injudicious pretension, suggested by the persons who advised this prince, or rather an act of stupidity of the ambassador, seconded on the part of the Queen by the Abbé Vermond, gave rise, at that period, to a discussion which incensed the princes of the blood, and the chief nobility of the kingdom, against the Queen. Travelling *incognito*, the young prince insisted that the first visit was not due from him to the princes of the blood—and the Queen supported his determination.*

From the time of the regency, and on account of the residence of the family of Orleans in the bosom of the capital, Paris had preserved a remarkable degree of attachment and respect for that branch: and although the crown was becoming more and more remote from the princes of the house of Orleans, they had the advantage (a great one with the Parisians,) of being the descend-

* Two mistakes of this description were made at court—one at the time of the dauphiness's marriage, and the other on the occasion here spoken of by Madame Campan. These questions of precedence, imprudently discussed, and which irritated the superior nobility, gave rise to disputes, furnished anecdotes, and produced bonmots and epigrams, some of which Grimm relates in his Correspondence, and which will be found in the Historical Illustrations, letter (K).

Note by the Editor.

ants of Henry IV. An affront to the princes, and especially to that beloved family, was a serious ground of dislike to the Queen. It was at this period, and perhaps for the first time, that the circles of the city, and even of the court, expressed themselves bitterly about her levity, and her partiality for the house of Austria. The prince for whom the Queen had embarked in an important family quarrel—and a quarrel involving national prerogatives—was, besides, little calculated to inspire interest. Still young, uninformed, and deficient in natural talents, he was always committing some foolish errors.

The archduke's visit was, in every point of view, a misfortune. He did nothing but commit blunders. He went to the King's garden; M. de Buffon, who received him there, presented him with a copy of his works: the prince declined accepting the book, saying to M. de Buffon in the most polite manner possible, "I should be very sorry to deprive you of it."* It may be supposed that the Parisians were much entertained with this answer.

The Queen was exceedingly mortified at the blunders committed by her brother; but what hurt her most on the occasion, was the being accused of preserving an Austrian heart. Marie Antoinette had more than once to endure that cruel imputation, during the long course of her misfortunes; habit never dried up the tears drawn forth by such instances of injustice; but the first time she was suspected of not loving France, she gave way to her indignation. All that she could say on the subject, was useless: by seconding the pretensions of the archduke, she had put arms into her enemies' hands; they were labouring to deprive her of the love of the people; and endeavoured, by all possible means, to spread a belief, that the Queen sighed for Germany, and preferred that country to France.

Marie Antoinette had none but herself to rely on, for preserving the fickle smiles of the court, and the public. The

* Joseph II. on his visit to France, went also to see M. de Buffon, and said to that celebrated man: "I come to fetch the copy of your works, which my brother forgot."—*Note by the Editor.*

King, too indifferent to serve her as a guide, as yet had conceived no love for her; the intimacy that grew between them at Choisy, having had no such result.

In his closet, Louis XVI. was immersed in serious study. At the council he was busied with the welfare of his people; hunting and mechanical occupations engrossed his leisure moments, and he never thought on the subject of an heir.

The coronation took place at Rheims, with all the accustomed pomp. At this period Louis XVI. experienced that which can, and should, most powerfully affect the heart of a virtuous sovereign. The people's love for him burst forth in those unanimous transports, which are clearly distinguishable from the impulse of curiosity, or the clamours of party. He replied to this enthusiasm, by marks of confidence, worthy of a people happy in being under the government of a good king; he took a pleasure in repeatedly walking without guards, in the midst of the crowd which pressed around him, and called down blessings on his head. I remarked the impression made at this time, by an observation of Louis XVI. On the day of his coronation, in the middle of the choir of the cathedral at Rheims, he put his hand up to his head, at the moment of the crown being placed upon it, and said, "It hurts me." Henry III. had exclaimed, "It pricks me." Those who were near the King, were struck with the similitude between these two exclamations, though it will not be imagined, that such as had the honour of being near the young monarch on that day, were of the class, which ignorance renders superstitious.*

While the Queen, neglected as she was, could not even hope

* The account of the coronation of Louis XVI. is interesting to the present generation, because all the usages of the ancient monarchy are to be found in it Many circumstances attending it, likewise place the characters of the King and Queen in the most favourable light. But as these details are taken from a work published in 1791, it cannot be surprising that they are strongly tinctured with the spirit and feeling of the times. (See Historical Illustrations, letter L.)

Note by the Editor.

for the happiness of being a mother, she had the mortification to witness the confinement of the Countess d'Artois, and the birth of the Duke d'Angoulême.

Custom required that the royal family and the whole court should be present at the delivery of the princesses; that of a Queen was obliged to be absolutely public. The Queen was therefore compelled to stay the whole day in her sister-in-law's chamber. The moment the Countess d'Artois was informed it was a prince, she exclaimed with energy, "My God, how happy I am!" The Queen felt very differently at this involuntary and natural exclamation. At that moment, she had not even the hope of being a mother. She nevertheless disguised her mortification. She bestowed all possible marks of tenderness upon the young mother, and would not leave her until she was put into bed; she afterwards passed along the staircase, and through the guard-room, with a calm demeanour, in the midst of an immense crowd. The *poissardes*, who had assumed a right of speaking to sovereigns, in their own gross and ridiculous language, followed her to her very apartments, calling out to her, in the most licentious expressions, that *she* ought to produce heirs. The Queen hastened to her inner room, extremely agitated; she shut herself up to weep with me alone, not from jealousy of her sister-in-law's happiness—of that she was incapable, but from affliction at her own situation.

I have often had occasion to admire the Queen's moderation in all cases of great and personal interest; she was extremely affecting, when in misfortune.

Deprived of the happiness of giving an heir to the crown, the Queen endeavoured to create illusions around her, to beguile her feelings. She had always children belonging to the people of her house near her, and lavished the tenderest caresses upon them. She had long been desirous of bringing up one of them herself, and of making it the constant object of her care. A little village boy, four or five years old, full of health, with a pleasing countenance, remarkably large blue eyes, and fine light hair, carelessly got under the feet of the Queen's horses, when

she was taking an airing in a calash, through the hamlet of Saint Michel, near Luciennes. The coachman and postillions stopped the horses, and the child was rescued from its imminent peril, without the slightest injury. Its grandmother rushed out of the door of her cottage to take it; but the Queen stood up in her calash, and extending her arms to the old woman, called out that the child was hers, and that Providence had given it to her, to console her, no doubt, until she should have the happiness of having one herself. "Is his mother alive?" asked the Queen. "No, madam; my daughter died last winter, and left five small children upon my hands."—"I will take this one, and provide for all the rest,—do you consent?"—"Ah, madam, they are too fortunate," replied the cottager; "but James is very wayward: I hope he will stay with you!" The Queen, taking little James upon her knee, said that she would soon make him used to her; that it should be her occupation; and she ordered the equipage to proceed. It was necessary, however, to shorten the ride, so violently did James scream, and kick the Queen and her ladies.

The arrival of her majesty at her apartments at Versailles, holding the little rustic by the hand, astonished the whole household; he screamed out lustily that he wanted his grandmother, his brother Louis, and his sister Marianne; nothing could calm him. He was taken away by the wife of a servant, who was appointed to attend him as nurse. The other children were put to school. Poor James, whose family name was Armand, came back to the Queen two days afterwards; a white frock trimmed with lace, a rose-coloured sash with silver fringe, and a hat decorated with feathers, were now substituted for the woollen cap and the little red frock, and wooden shoes. The child was really very beautiful. The Queen was enchanted with him; he was brought to her every morning, at nine o'clock; he breakfasted and dined with her, and often with the King. She liked to call him *my child*,* and lavished the tenderest caresses upon him,

* This little unfortunate was nearly twenty in 1792; the incendiary endeavours of the people, and the fear of being thought a favoured

still maintaining a deep silence respecting the affliction which constantly occupied her heart.

This child remained with the Queen, until the time when Madame was old enough to come home to her august mother, who had particularly taken upon herself the care of her education.

The King began to take pleasure in the society of the Queen, although he had not yet exercised the privilege of a husband. The Queen was incessantly talking of the good qualities which she admired in Louis XVI., and gladly attributed to herself the slightest favourable change in his manner: perhaps she displayed too unreservedly the joy she felt at it, and the part she fancied herself to have in it.

One day Louis XVI. saluted her ladies with more kindness and grace than usual, and the Queen said to them: "Now confess, ladies, that for one so badly brought up, the King has saluted you very prettily."

The Queen detested M. de la Vauguyon; she accused him alone, of those points in the habits and even the sentiments of the King, which hurt her.

An old lady, who had been first lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Maria Leckzinska, had continued in office near the young Queen. She was one of those old people, who are fortunate enough to spend their whole lives in the service of kings, without knowing anything of what is passing at court. She was a great devotee: the Abbé Grisel, an ex-jesuit, was her confessor. Being rich from her savings, and an income of 50,000 livres, which she had long enjoyed, she kept a very good table, and in her apartment the most distinguished persons who still advocated the order of the Jesuits often assembled. The Duke de la Vauguyon was intimate with her; their chairs, at the church des Recollets, were placed near each other; at high mass they sang the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and the *Magnificat* together; and the pious old virgin, seeing in him only one of God's elect, little

creature of the Queen's, had made him the most sanguinary terrorist of Versailles. He was killed at the battle of Jemappes.

Note by Madame Campan.

imagined him to be the declared enemy of a princess whom she served and revered. On the day of his death, she ran all in tears to relate to the Queen the acts of piety, humanity, and repentance of the last moments of the Duke de la Vauguyon. He had called his people together, she said, to ask their pardon. —"For what?" replied the Queen sharply; "he has placed and pensioned off all his servants; it was of the King and his brothers, that the holy man you bewail should have asked pardon; for having paid so little attention to the education of princes on whom the fate and happiness of twenty-five millions of men depend. Luckily," added she, "although they are still young, the King and his brothers have incessantly laboured to repair the errors of their preceptor."*

* Grimm gives the following passage:—"The Duke de la Vauguyon has lately departed, to render an account at the tribunal of eternal justice, of the manner in which he has acquitted himself of the appalling and important duty of educating a dauphin of France; and to receive the punishment due to the most criminal of undertakings, if it was not fulfilled to the wishes and applause of the whole nation. A remarkable act of vanity, which excited equally the attention of the court, and the city, was witnessed on that occasion; this was the card of invitation to the funeral sent round to every house according to custom. This card, on account of its singularity, has become a tenant of the library. Every one has wished to preserve it; and from being much sought after, it is already scarce, notwithstanding the profusion with which it was distributed. I will transcribe it here, from beginning to end, in hope that it may carry down these pages with it to posterity.

"'You are requested to attend the funeral procession, service, and interment of Monseigneur Antoine-Paul-Jacques de Quelen, head of the names and arms of the ancient lords of the Castellany of Quelen, in Upper Britanny, *juvcigneur* of the Counts of Porhoet, nominee to the name and arms of Stuer de Caulsade, Duke de la Vauguyon, peer of France, Prince of Carency, Count de Quelen, and du Boulay, Marquis de Saint Megrin, de Callonges and d'Archiac, Viscount de Calvignac, baron of the ancient and honourable baronies of Tonneins, Gratteloup, Villeton, la Gruère and Picornet, lord of Larnagol, and Talcoimur, advocate, knight and vavasor of Sarlac, high baron of Guyenne, second baron of Quercy, lieutenant-general of the King's armies, knight of his orders, *menin* to Monseigneur the late dauphin, first gentleman of the

The progress of time, and the confidence with which the King, and the princes his brothers, were inspired by the change of their situation, since the death of Louis XV., had developed their characters. I will endeavour to depict them.

The features of Louis XVI. were fine though somewhat impressed with melancholy; his walk was heavy and unmajestic; his person greatly neglected; his hair, whatever might be the skill of his hair-dresser, was soon in disorder, through his inattention to its neatness. His voice, without being harsh, possessed nothing agreeable; if he grew warm in speaking, he often got above his natural pitch, and uttered shrill sounds. The

bedchamber of Monseigneur the dauphin, grand master of his wardrobe, formerly governor of his person, and of that of Monseigneur the Count de Provence, governor of the person of Monseigneur the Count d'Artois, first gentleman of his chamber, grandmaster of his wardrobe, and superintendent of his household,—which will take place, on Thursday the 6th of February, 1772, at ten o'clock in the morning, at the royal and parochial church of Notre Dame de Versailles, where his body will be interred. *De Profundis.*'

"It will be observed that this card is the work of studied, well digested, deep, and laborious composition. Its author," adds Grimm, "deserves that the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres should unanimously confer upon him the first vacant place, and register him among its members, as duke, prince, peer, marquis, count, viscount, juveigneur, advocate, knight, vavasor, high baron, second baron, and third baron. It would be well, too, to establish a professorship, the holder of which should do nothing all the year, but explain to the young the card of invitation to the Duke de la Vauguyon's funeral; without which it is to be feared, that the learning necessary for its perfect comprehension will be insensibly lost, and the card may become in time the despair of critics."

The term *juveigneur*, for instance, is little known. A portioned junior is thus termed; the Duke d'Orleans is juveigneur of the house of France. This word is perhaps a corruption of the word *junior*, by which the Cæsars of the Lower Empire called those whom they associated with themselves in the empire. But for the card for M. de la Vauguyon's funeral, we should have lost the term *juveigneur* in the darkness of the times.—*Note by the Editor.*

Abbé de Radonvilliers,* his preceptor, a learned, mild, and amiable man, had given him, and Monsieur also, a taste for study. The King had continued to instruct himself; he knew the English language perfectly. I have often heard him translate some of the most difficult passages in Milton's poem: he was a skilful geographer, and was fond of drawing and colouring maps; he was perfectly well versed in history, but had not perhaps sufficiently studied the spirit of it. He relished dramatic beauties, and was a judicious critic of them. At Choisy, one day, several ladies strongly expressed their disatisfaction, because the French actors were going to perform one of Moliere's pieces there: the King inquired of them why they disapproved of the choice? One of them answered, that every one must admit, that Moliere's works were in a *very bad taste;* the King replied, that many things might be found in Moliere contrary to fashion, but that it appeared to him difficult to point out any in bad taste.

This prince combined with his attainments the qualities of a good husband, a tender father, and an indulgent master. When we think of so many virtues, the years which have elapsed since the barbarities of faction and the misfortunes of France, seem too short to allow us to believe that depravity could ever rise to the dreadful height which it attained in perpetrating the horrible crime of his destruction.

Unfortunately the King showed too much predilection for the mechanical arts; masonry and lock-making so delighted him, that he admitted into his private apartment, a common lock-smith with whom he made keys and locks; and his hands, blackened by that sort of work, were often, in my presence, the subject of remonstrances and even reproaches from the Queen, who would have chosen other amusements for the King.†

* One of the forty of the French Academy.

† Louis XVI. saw in the act of lock-making, something which was capable of application to a higher study. He was an excellent geographer. The most valuable and complete instrument for the study of that science, was begun by his orders and under his direction. It was

Austere and rigid with regard to himself alone, respecting the laws of the church, the King fulfilled them with scrupulous exactness. He fasted and observed abstinence throughout the whole of Lent. He did not wish the Queen to observe these customs with the same strictness. Though he was sincerely pious, the wisdom of the age had disposed his mind to toleration. Modest and simple in his habits, Turgot, Malesherbes and Necker judged, that a prince of such a character would willingly sacrifice the royal prerogative for the solid greatness of his people. His heart, in truth, led him to ideas of reform; but his principles, prejudices, and fears, and the clamours of pious and privileged persons, intimidated him and made him abandon the plans which his love for the people had suggested.

Monsieur had more dignity of demeanour than the King; but his size and corpulency rendered his gait inelegant. He was fond of pageantry and magnificence. He cultivated the belles-lettres, and under borrowed names repeatedly contributed verses, of which he himself was the author, to the Mercury and other papers.*

an immense globe of copper, which is still in existence, though unfinished, in the Mazarine library. Louis XVI. himself invented and had executed under his own eyes the ingenious mechanism by which this globe was to be managed.

A man who asserts, that he entered into his private apartment after the 10th of August, has preserved, respecting the arrangements of his cabinets, books, maps, papers, furniture, and the tools he used, a crowd of details which depict, in a very interesting manner, his tastes, character, occupations, and habits. Such details, are, to the private life of a prince, what a portrait is to his personal likeness, or a fac-simile to his hand-writing. See Historical Illustrations, letter (M).

Note by the Editor.

* The prince of whom Madame Campan here speaks, always loved and protected litrature. The judicious favour which he extended to talent, was known to all France. During a tour which Monsieur made through various provinces of the kingdom, he visited Toulouse. After the parliament had harangued the prince, says a work of that period, his royal highness, in order to show particular distinction to literature, received the homage of the Academy of Floral Games, before that of

His wonderful memory was the handmaid of his wit, furnishing him with the happiest quotations. He knew everything by heart, from the finest passages of the Latin classics, to the Latin of all the prayers; from the works of Racine, to the Vaudeville of "Rose et Colas."

The Count d'Artois had an agreeable countenance, was well made, active in bodily exercises, lively, sometimes impetuous, fond of pleasure, and very particular in his dress.

Some happy observations made by him were repeated with pleasure; several of them gave a favourable idea of his heart.*

the sovereign courts. The Abbé d'Auffreri, counsellor to the parliament, spoke in the name of the Academy, of which he was a member. "It is," said he, "the duty of eloquence and poetry to describe you, Monseigneur, at the age of pleasure, finding your chief delight in retirement and study, and sharing that enchanting taste with the august princess whose many virtues form the happiness of your life." At the end of his speech, the orator eulogized the late dauphin, father of the King and his brothers. The prince was affected while he listened to him, and when the Abbé d'Auffreri had done speaking, he approached him, and said with kindness, "I thank the Academy for its feelings in my favour; I have long known its celebrity; and you, sir, confirm the idea I entertained of that body; it may always rely upon my protection." (Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI., vol. 2, p. 21 and 22).

During his stay at Avignon, Monsieur lodged with the Duke de Crillon; he refused the town-guard which was offered him, saying, "A son of France, under the roof of a Crillon, needs no guard."

Note by the Editor.

* In a work of that time, there is to be found a reply which does honour to the prince's humanity. The question was respecting the treatment of prisoners; the Count d'Artois insisted that their adversity should be respected, and that men who were only accused, should not be made to undergo the treatment of culprits convicted by the laws. Upon this subject, the work alluded to says as follows:—

The Abbé de Besplas, a celebrated preacher, delivered a sermon before the King, the subject of which was, *on the marks of charity in a king.* The following passage upon jails, made a most lively impression.

"Sire, the state of the prisons of your kingdom would draw tears from the most unfeeling persons who should visit them.—A place of security cannot, without flagrant injustice, become the abode of despair. Your magistrates endeavour to soften the condition of the unfortunate;

The Parisians liked the free and open air of this prince, as an attribute of the French character, and showed real affection for him.

The empire that the Queen was gaining over the King's mind, the charms of a society in which Monsieur displayed the graces of his wit, and to which the Count d'Artois gave life by the vivacity of youth, gradually softened that roughness in the character of Louis XVI., which a better conducted education might have prevented.

Still this defect showed itself too often, and in spite of his extreme simplicity, the King inspired those who had occasion to speak to him, with diffidence. A commendable fear made those about him avoid his abrupt sallies, which were difficult to be foreseen. Courtiers, submissive in the presence of their sovereign, are only the more ready to caricature him; with little good breeding, they called these answers, which they so much dreaded, *les coups de boutoir du Roi.**

but, deprived of the assistance necessary for the repair of these infected caverns, they can only listen to the complaints of the wretched in melancholy silence. Yes, sire, I have seen this, and my zeal compels me here, like Paul, to do honour to my ministry; yes, I have seen prisoners who, covered with a universal leprosy, arising from the infection of these hideous dens, blessed in our arms, a thousand times, the moment which led them to execution. Great God! can there be under a good prince, subjects who long for the scaffold? Blessed be this immortal day! I have fulfilled the wish of my heart, that of depositing this weight of grief in the bosom of the best of monarchs."

It was observed that the King and his brothers paid the greatest attention to this passage. Indeed the Count d'Artois made an excellent reply on the subject of what he had heard. The next day, as he was rising, a selfish and venial courtier, such as they almost all are, was foolish enough to remark that the Abbé de Besplas had complained improperly, of the manner in which the prisoners were treated in the jails, since it might be considered as a part of the punishment which their crimes deserved. The prince then interrupted him, indignantly exclaiming, "How is it known that they are guilty?—that is never known till the sentence is passed."—*Note by the Editor.*

* The literal meaning of the phrase, "*coup de boutoir*," is a poke from

Methodical in all his habits, the King always went to bed at eleven precisely. One evening the Queen was going with her usual circle to a party, either at the Duke de Duras's or the Princess de Guéménée's. The hand of the clock was slyly put forward, to hasten the King's departure to bed, by a few minutes; he thought in good earnest that bedtime was come, retired, and found none of his attendants ready to wait on him. This joke became known in all the drawing-rooms of Versailles, and was much disapproved of. Kings have no privacy. Queens have neither closets nor boudoirs. This is a truth that cannot be too strongly impressed upon them. If those who are in immediate attendance upon sovereigns, be not of themselves disposed to transmit their private habits to posterity, the meanest valet will relate what he has seen or heard; his tales circulate rapidly, and form that alarming public opinion which rises gradually, but keeps increasing, and, at length, attaches to the most august persons, characters which, however often they may be false, are almost always indelible.

the snout of a boar. Perhaps the English expression, nearest in signification, is "*a rap on the knuckles.*"—*Tr.*

CHAPTER VI.

Severe Winter—The Princess de Lamballe appointed superintendent of the household—The Countess Jules de Polignac appears at Court—Portrait of M. de Vaudreuil—Duke and Duchess de Duras—Fashionable Games.

THE winter following the confinement of the Countess d'Artois was very severe: the Queen, recollecting the pleasure which sledge-parties had given her in her childhood, wished to establish similar ones in France. This amusement had already been seen in the court of France; as was proved by the circumstance that sledges were found in the stables which had been used by the dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., in his youth. Some were constructed for the Queen in a more modern taste. The princes likewise ordered several; and in a few days there was a tolerable number of these vehicles. They were driven by the princes and noblemen of the court. The noise of the bells and balls with which the harnesses of the horses were furnished—the elegance and whiteness of their plumes—the variety of forms in the carriages—the gold with which they were all ornamented—rendered these parties delightful to the eye. The winter was very favourable to them, the snow remaining on the ground nearly six weeks: the races in the park afforded a pleasure shared by the spectators.* No one imagined that any blame could attach to so innocent an amusement. But the

* Louis XVI., touched with the wretched condition of the poor of Versailles during the winter of 1776, had several cart-loads of wood distributed among them. Seeing, one day, a file of those vehicles passing by, while several noblemen were preparing to be drawn swiftly over the ice, he said these memorable words to them: *Gentlemen, here are my sledges!—Note by the Editor.*

party were tempted to extend their rides as far as the Champs Elysées; a few sledges even crossed the boulevards: the ladies being masked, the Queen's enemies did not omit the opportunity of saying, that the Queen had traversed the streets of Paris in a sledge.

This became a matter of moment. The public discovered in such a fashion, a predilection for the habits of Vienna: and yet sledge-parties were not a new fashion at Versailles. But all that Marie Antoinette did was criticised. Factions formed in courts do not openly carry different insignia, as do those generated by revolutionary convulsions. They are not, however, on that account, the less dangerous for those whom they pursue; and the Queen was never without a party against her.

Sledge-driving, which savours of the custom of the northern courts, had no success among the Parisians. The Queen was informed of this; and although all the sledges were preserved, and several subsequent winters proved favourable to the amusement, she would not pursue it any further.

It was at the time of the sledge-parties that the Queen became intimate with the Princess de Lamballe, who made her appearance in them, wrapped in fur, with all the brilliancy and freshness of the age of twenty: she looked like Spring, peeping from under sable and ermine. Her situation, moreover, rendered her peculiarly interesting: married, when she was scarcely past childhood, to a young prince, who ruined himself by the contagious example of the Duke d'Orleans, she had had from the time of her arrival in France, a constant succession of calamities. A widow at eighteen, and childless, she lived with monsieur the Duke de Penthievre, upon the footing of an adopted daughter. She had the tenderest respect, and attachment for that venerable prince: but the Queen, though doing justice, as well as the princesses, to his virtues, saw that the Duke de Penthievre's way of living, whether at Paris or at his country seat, could neither afford his young daughter in-law the amusements of her time of life, nor insure her, for the future, an establishment such as she was deprived of by her widowhood. She

determined, therefore, to establish her at Versailles; and, for her sake, revived the office of superintendent, which had been discontinued at court from the time of the death of Mademoiselle de Clermont. It is said that Maria Leckzinska had decided that this place should continue vacant; the superintendent having so extensive a power in the houses of Queens, as to be frequently a restraint upon their inclinations. Differences, which soon took place between Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe, respecting the official prerogatives of the latter, proved that the wife of Louis XV. had acted judiciously in abolishing the office; but a kind of petty treaty, made between the Queen and the princess, smoothed all difficulties. The blame of too obstinate an assertion of claims, fell upon a secretary of the superintendent's, who had been her adviser; and everything was so arranged, that a firm and lively friendship reigned between these two princesses, down to the disastrous period which terminated their career.*

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm which the splendour, graces, and goodness of the Queen generally inspired, silent intrigues continued in operation against her. A very short time after the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, the minister of the King's household was informed that a most offensive libel against the Queen was about to appear. The lieutenant of police deputed a man, named Goupil, an inspector of police, to bring to light this libel: he came, soon after, to say that he had found out the place where the work was being printed, and that it was at a country house, near Yverdun. He had already got possession of two sheets, which contained the most atrocious calumnies, but conveyed with a degree of art which might make them very dangerous to the Queen's reputation. This Goupil said that he could obtain the rest, but that he should want a considerable sum for that purpose. Three thousand louis were given him, and very soon afterwards he brought the whole manuscript, and all that had been printed, to the lieutenant of

* See the historical illustrations given by Madame Campan, respecting the Queen's household. (No. 1.)—*Note by the Editor.*

police. He received a thousand louis more as a reward for his address and zeal; and a much more important office was about to be given him, when another spy, envious of Goupil's good fortune, gave information that Goupil himself was the author of the libel; that, ten years before, he had been put into the Bicetre for theft; and that Madame Goupil had only been three years out of the Salpetriere, where she had been placed under another name. This Madame Goupil was very pretty and very intriguing; she had found means to form an intimacy with Cardinal de Rohan, whom she led, it is said, to hope for a reconciliation with the Queen. All this affair was hushed up, and no account of it got abroad: but it shows that it was the Queen's fate to be incessantly attacked by the meanest and most odious machinations.

Another woman, named Cahoutte de Villers, whose husband held the office of one of the treasurers of France, being very irregular in conduct, and of a scheming turn of mind, conceived the mad wish to appear, in the eyes of her friends at Paris, as a person in favour at court, whither she was not entitled to go either by birth or office. During the latter years of the life of Louis XV., she had made many dupes, and picked up considerable sums by passing herself off for the King's mistress. The fear of irritating Madame du Barry was, according to herself, the only thing which prevented her enjoying that title openly: she came regularly to Versailles, kept herself concealed in a furnished lodging, and her dupes imagined she was called to court by secret motives. This woman formed the scheme of getting admission, if possible, to the presence of the Queen, or at least of establishing probabilities which might enable her to cause it to be believed. She took, for her lover, Gabriel de Saint Charles, intendant of her majesty's finances; an office, the privileges of which were confined to the right of entering the Queen's apartment on a Sunday. Madame de Villers came every Saturday to Versailles with M. de Saint Charles, and lodged in his apartment; M. Campan was there several times; she painted tolerably well; she requested him to do her the

favour to present to the Queen a portrait of her majesty which she had just copied. M. Campan knew the woman's conduct, and refused her. A few days after, he saw on her majesty's couch the portrait which he had declining presenting to her; the Queen thought it ill painted, and gave orders that it should be carried back to the Princess de Lamballe, who had sent it to her. Madame de Villers had succeeded in her project through the medium of the princess. The ill success of the portrait did not deter the scheming woman from following up the design she had formed, of making it believed that she was admitted to an intimacy with the Queen: she easily procured, through M. de Saint Charles, patents and orders signed by her majesty; she then set about imitating her writing, and composed a great number of notes and letters, as if written by her majesty, in the tenderest and most familiar style. For several months, she showed them as great secrets to several of her particular friends. Afterwards, she made the Queen appear to write to her, as before, to procure her various fancy articles. Under the pretext of wishing to execute her majesty's commissions faithfully, she gave these letters to the tradesmen to read; and succeeded in having it said, in several houses, that the Queen had a particular kindness for her. She then enlarged her scheme, and represented the Queen as desiring her to borrow 200,000 francs which she had need of, but which she did not wish to ask of the King, from his private funds. This letter being shown to M. Beranger, farmer-general, took effect; he thought himself fortunate in being able to render this assistance to his sovereign, and lost no time in sending the 200,000 francs to Madame de Villers. This first step was followed by some doubts, which he communicated to people better informed than himself, of what was passing at court; and who added to his uneasiness: he then went to M. de Sartine, who unravelled the whole plot.—The woman was sent to Saint Pelagie, and the unfortunate husband was ruined, by replacing the sum borrowed, and paying for the jewels fraudulently purchased in the Queen's name: the forged letters were sent to her majesty; I compared them, in her presence, with

the real handwriting, and the only distinguishable difference was a little more regularity in the disposition of the letters.

This trick, discovered and punished with prudence and coolness, produced no more sensation out of doors, than that of the inspector Goupil.

If the spirit of independence, spread through the nation, had already shorn the throne of some of its dazzling beams; if a party, formed in the very bosom of the court, was struggling to overthrow an Austrian princess, without reflecting that the blows aimed at her, equally tended to shake the throne itself; it will, I must confess, be urged that it was the duty of that princess to be circumspect in her every step, and to render her conduct unassailable: but let not her youth, her inexperience, and her friendless situation, be forgotten. No; she was not guilty; the Abbé de Vermond was always the Queen's sole guide; at an age, and invested with a right to represent to her how important the consequences of her slightest levities might be, still he did not make that representation; and she continued, while on the throne, to seek the pleasures of private society, with increasing eagerness.

A year after the nomination of the Princess de Lamballe to the post of superintendent of the Queen's household, balls and quadrilles gave rise to the intimacy of her majesty with the Countess Jules de Polignac. This lady really interested Marie Antoinette. She was not rich, and generally lived upon her estate, at Claye. The Queen was astonished at not having seen her at court earlier. The confession that her want of fortune had even prevented her appearance at the celebration of the marriages of the princes, added to the interest which she had inspired.

The Queen was full of sensibility, and took delight in counteracting the injustice of fortune.—The countess was induced to come to court by her husband's sister, Madame Diana de Polignac, who had been appointed lady of honour to the Countess d'Artois. The Countess Jules was truly fond of a tranquil life; the impression she made at court affected her but little; she felt

only the attachment manifested for her by the Queen. I had occasion to see her at the very commencement of her favour at court; she repeatedly passed an hour with me, while waiting for the Queen. She conversed with me freely and ingenuously, about all that she saw of honour, and at the same time of danger, in the kindness of which she was the object. The Queen sought for the sweets of friendship; but can this gratification, so rare in any rank, exist at all in its purity between a Queen and a subject, when they are surrounded, moreover, by snares laid by the artifices of courtiers? This very pardonable error was fatal to the happiness of Marie Antoinette, for happiness is not to be found in illusion.

The retiring character of the Countess Jules, afterwards Duchess de Polignac, cannot be spoken of too favourably; I always considered her the victim of an elevation which she never sought: but if her heart was incapable of forming ambitious projects, her family and friends beheld their own fortune in hers, and endeavoured to fix the favour of the Queen permanently.

The Countess Diana, sister of M. de Polignac, and the Baron de Besenval and M. de Vaudreuil, particular friends of the Polignac family, made use of means, the success of which was infallible. One of my friends (the Count Demoustier, who was in their secret) came to tell me that Madame de Polignac was about to quit Versailles suddenly; that she would take leave of the Queen only in writing; that the Countess Diana and M. de Vaudreuil had dictated her letter, and that the whole affair was arranged for the purpose of stimulating the hitherto unprofitable attachment of Marie Antoinette. The next day, when I went up to the palace, I found the Queen with a letter in her hand, which she was reading with much emotion: it was the letter from the Countess Jules; the Queen showed it to me. The countess expressed in it her grief at leaving a princess who had loaded her with kindness. The narrowness of her fortune dictated the necessity of her doing so; but she was much more strongly impelled by the fear that the Queen's friendship, after

having raised up dangerous enemies against her, might abandon her to their hatred, and to the regret of having lost the august favour of which she was then the object.

This step produced the full effect that had been expected from it. A young and susceptible Queen cannot long bear the idea of contradiction. She determined more firmly than ever, to settle the Countess Jules near herself, by making such a provision for her as should place her beyond anxiety. Her disposition was just what the Queen liked: she had merely natural talents, no presumption, no affectation of knowledge. She was of the middling size; her complexion very fair, her eyebrows and hair dark brown, her teeth of dazzling whiteness, her smile enchanting, and her whole person beaming with grace. She disliked dress, and was seen almost always in an undress, remarkable only for its neatness and good taste; nothing upon her appeared placed with design, nor even with care. I do not think I ever once saw diamonds about her, even at the highest pitch of her fortune, and when she enjoyed the rank of duchess at court: I always thought that her sincere attachment for the Queen, as much as her love of simplicity, induced her to avoid everything that might raise a belief of her being a wealthy favourite. She had not one of the failings which usually accompany that title. She loved the persons who shared the Queen's affections, and was entirely free from jealousy. Marie Antoinette flattered herself that the Countess Jules and the Princess de Lamballe would be her especial friends, and that she should possess a society formed of her own taste. "I will receive them in my closet, or at Trianon," said she: "I will enjoy the comforts of private life, which exist not for us, unless we have the resolution to secure them for ourselves." My memory faithfully recalls to me all the charms which so pleasing an illusion held out to the Queen, in a scheme, of which she fathomed neither the impossibility nor the dangers. The happiness she thought to secure was only destined to cause her vexation. All those courtiers who were not admitted into this intimacy, became so many jealous and vindictive enemies.

It was necessary to make a suitable provision for the countess. The place of first equerry, in reversion after the Count de Tessé, being given to Count Jules unknown to the holder, displeased the family of Noailles. This family had just sustained another mortification; the appointment of the Princess de Lamballe having, in some degree, rendered the resignation of the Countess de Noailles necessary, whose husband was thereupon made a marshal of France. The Princess de Lamballe, although she did not quarrel with the Queen, was alarmed at the establishment of the Countess Jules at court, and did not form, as her majesty had hoped, a part of that intimate society which was composed in succession, of Mesdames Jules and Diana de Polignac, D'Andlau, and De Chalon; and Messieurs De Guignes, Coigny, D'Adhemar, De Besenval, lieutenant-colonel of the Swiss, De Polignac, De Vaudreuil, and De Guiche: the Prince de Ligne, and the Duke of Dorset, the English ambassador, were also admitted.

It was a long time before the Countess Jules maintained any great state at court. The Queen contented herself with giving her a fine suite of apartments at the top of the marble staircase. The salary of first equerry, the trifling emoluments derived from M. de Polignac's regiment, added to their slender patrimony, and perhaps some small pension, at that time formed the whole fortune of the favourite. I never saw the Queen make her a present of real worth; I was even astonished one day, at hearing her majesty mention, with pleasure, that the Countess had gained ten thousand francs in the lottery. "She was in great want of it," added the Queen.

Thus it will be seen, that the Polignacs were not settled at court in any degree of splendour which could justify the murmuring of others. The Noailles, however, had perhaps reason to feel hurt on the occasion; they had some right to the reversion after the Count de Tessé: the restoration of the office of superintendent had been likewise mortifying to the Countess de Noailles, who, finding a superior set over her, had retired. This family, which had great weight at court, was not, however, the

only one which the advancement of the Count de Polignac incensed against Marie Antoinette. Whatever one courtier sees obtained by others, always appears to him a spoliation of his own property—that is a rule. In this instance, however, the substantial part of the favours bestowed upon the Polignacs was less envied, than the intimacy which was about to be established, between them and their dependants, and the Queen. In the society of the Countess Jules, was seen an opening to the acquisition of favour, places, and embassies. Those who had no hope of introduction into that society, were irritated.

Madame de Polignac's drawing-room did Marie Antoinette much mischief; it increased the malice of her enemies. However, at the time I speak of, the society around the Countess Jules, fully engaged in strengthening the Queen's attachment to her, was far from interfering in serious matters, to which the young Queen, indeed, was yet a stranger. To gratify her was the leading object of all the favourite's friends. The Marquis de Vaudreuil was a conspicuous member of the circle of the Countess Jules; he was a shining wit, the friend and protector of the fine arts. He had a long list of protégés among men of letters, and celebrated artists.*

* M. de Vaudreuil was passionately fond of the arts and of literature: he preferred encouraging them as an amateur, rather than as a man of consequence. He gave a dinner every week to a party consisting only of literary characters and artists. The evening was spent in a saloon furnished with musical instruments, pencils, colours, brushes, and pens; and every one composed, or painted, or wrote, according to his taste or genius. M. de Vaudreuil himself pursued several of the fine arts. His voice was very pleasing, and he was a good musician. These accomplishments made him sought after, from his earliest entrance into society. The first time he visited Madame la Marechale de Luxembourg, that lady said to him after supper: "I am told, sir, that you sing very well. I should be delighted to hear you. But if you do oblige me so far, pray do not sing any fine piece—no cantata—but some street ballad—just a mere street song. I like a natural style—something lively—something cheerful." M. de Vaudreuil begged leave to sing a street ballad then much in vogue. He did not know that Madame la Marechale de Luxembourg was, before her widowhood, Countess de Boufflers.

The Baron de Besenval preserved all the plainness of the Swiss, to which he added all the cunning of a French courtier. The fifty years he had numbered, and the gray hairs on his head, made him enjoy among women all that confidence inspired by

He sang out with a loud and sonorous voice the first line of the couplet, beginning, "When Boufflers was first seen at court." The company immediately began coughing and sneezing. M. de Vaudreuil went on. "Venus' self shone less beauteous than she did."—The noise and confusion increased. But after the third line, "To please her all eagerly sought,"—M. de Vaudreuil, perceiving that all eyes were fixed upon him, paused. "Pray go on, sir," said Madame la Marechale, singing the last line herself: "And too well in his turn each succeeded." M. de Besenval's remarks respecting Madame de Luxembourg render the anecdote plausible. But perhaps, in such a delicate dilemma, she may be considered as having given a proof of presence of mind, rather than of impudence.[a]

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[a] The Marquis de Gouffier, who was present on this occasion, tells the story in a very different way. According to his version, the conversation turned on old Time's ravages on beauty, when M. de Vaudreuil said, turning towards Madame de Luxembourg, "As to you, madame, he spared you—we still see that beauty which turned all the heads at court, and has been celebrated by our best poets." "Yes," said the old lady gayly, "I remember when I first came out, there were a few songs written in my praise—there was this, for instance—" and she began singing:

> "When Boufflers was first seen at court,
> Venus' self shone less beauteous than she did.—
> To please her all eagerly sought"—

Here she stopped, and did not give the last line,

> "And too well in his turn each succeeded."

"Go on, Madame la Marechale," said De Vaudreuil. "Ah!" said she smiling, "all that was so long ago, that I remember no more of it."

The anecdote, thus told, clears both Vaudreuil and the lady, of the imputation of impudence cast upon them by the French editors.—*English Editor.*

M. de Vaudreuil succeeded well in the world by his wit and accomplishments. With women, his conversation was very delightful and amusing, if we may credit an observation of the Princess d'Henin, recorded by Madame Genlis, in her Souvenirs de Felicie:—

"I saw Le Kain giving a lesson to a young theatrical debutant to-day. In the midst of his speech, the Tyro seized the arm of his princess. Le Kain, displeased at the action, said to him, 'Sir, if you wish to appear in earnest, you must seem to be afraid of touching even the dress of the object of your affections.'

"What feeling, what delicate tact, this observation shows. This inestimable actor's performance always shows these qualities. Well might Madame d'Henin say, 'I am acquainted with but two men who know how to converse with females —Le Kain and M. de Vaudreuil.'"—*Note by the Editor.*

maturity of age, although he had not quite given up the thoughts of love intrigues. He talked of his native mountains with enthusiasm. He would willingly, at any time, sing the "Ranz des vaches" with tears in his eyes, and was the best story-teller in the Countess Jules's circle. The last new song, the repartee of the day, and the ordinary little tattling tales, were the sole topics of conversation in the Queen's parties. Learning was proscribed in them. The Countess Diana, more inclined to literary pursuits than her sister-in-law, one day recommended her to read the Iliad and Odyssey. The latter replied laughing, that she was perfectly acquainted with the Greek poet, and said, to prove it,

Homere etait aveugle et jouait du hautbois.*
Homer was blind and played on the hautboy.

* This lively repartee of the Duchess de Polignac, is a droll imitation of a line in the Mercure Galant. In the quarrel scene, one of the lawyers says to his brother quill—

Ton-père était aveugle et jouait du hautbois.
Your father was blind and played on the hautboy.

It was impossible that the Duchess de Polignac, with her wit and refined taste, should do otherwise than highly value learning; but the following anecdote conveys a poor idea of the education of some of the men admitted into her society:—

"In 1781 the Duchess de Polignac was pregnant; and in order to be nearer at hand to pay her respects to the Queen, she requested Madame de Boufflers to let her her house, called D'Auteuil, and famous for its gardens *a l'Anglais*. Madame de Boufflers, who was very fond of her country house, endeavoured to remain in it without disobliging the duchess, and replied in the following lines:—

Around you all are sedulous to please;
Your tranquil days roll on in cloudless ease;
Empire to you is but the source of joy,
Or if some grief awhile the charm destroy,
Attentive courtiers, with assiduous art,
Banish the transient feeling from your heart.
Far otherwise with me; if sorrows press,
Here, lonely, no one shares in my distress;
My only solace are these fragrant flowers,
Whose rich perfumes beguile my heavy hours.

The Queen found this sort of humour very much to her taste, and said that no pedant had ever been her friend.

The splendour of the house of Polignac was not at its height, until several years after the period of which I have just spoken; and the Queen did not make a practice of spending a part of each day at the house of the duchess, until the latter had succeeded the Princess de Guéménée, in the capacity of governess of the children of France, and the duke had become both superintendent of the post, and first equerry.

Before the Queen fixed her assemblies at Madame de Polignac's, she occasionally passed the evening at the house of the Duke and Duchess de Duras; they had always a brilliant party of young persons to meet her. They introduced a taste for trifling games, such as question and answer, *guerre panpan*, blind-man's buff, and especially a game called *descampativos*.

The people of Paris, continually criticising, and, at the same time, constantly imitating the practices of the court, were infected with the mania for these childish sports. The rage for *descampativos* and *guerre-panpan*, extended to every house where many young women were assembled.

Madame de Genlis, in one of her plays, written with an intention to sketch the follies of the day, speaks of these famous *descampativos;* and also of the fashion of making a friend, called the *inseparable*, until a whim, or the slightest indifference, produced a total rupture.

"Madame de Polignac showed these lines, and her flatterers, thinking they were written by Madame de Boufflers, pronounced them good for nothing. Of course the decision of the duchess's friends was carried to Madame la Marechale. "I am sorry then," said she, "for poor Racine; for the lines are his."

In fact the lines will be found in Britannicus, Act 2, Scene 3. They are addressed to Nero by Junia. Madame de Boufflers had merely made a slight alteration in the four last lines, where the name of Britannicus is introduced.

We take this anecdote from the *Secret Correspondence.*

Note by the Editor.

CHAPTER VII.

The Duke de Choiseul returns to Court—The Queen obtains a pension of 1200 francs for Chamfort—She invites Gluck to France and patronizes music successfully—Encouragement given to the Art of Printing—Turgot: M. de Saint Germain—Amusement at Court—Particulars of the Household—Masked Balls at the Opera—The Queen goes there one day in a *Fiacre;* slanderous reports upon the subject—The Heron plume—Portrait of the Duke de Lauzun—The Queen's attachment to the Princess de Lamballe and the Duchess de Polignac—Anecdote of the Abbé de Vermond.

The Duke de Choiseul made his reappearance at court, on the ceremony of the King's coronation. From the general wishes of the public on the subject, his friends conceived hopes of seeing him again in administration, or in the council of state; but these hopes were only of short duration. The opposite party was too firmly fixed at Versailles, and the young Queen's influence was outweighed, in the mind of the King, by long-standing and lasting prejudices: she therefore gave up, for ever, her attempt to reinstate the duke. Thus this princess, who has been described as so ambitious, and so strenuously supporting the interest of the house of Austria, failed twice in the only scheme which could forward the views constantly attributed to her: and spent the whole of her reign, down to the earliest shocks of the revolution, surrounded by her own enemies and those of her house.

Marie Antoinette took but little pains to promote literature and the fine arts. She had suffered some vexations, in consequence of her having ordered the performance of the "Connétable de Bourbon," on the celebration of the marriage of Madame Clotilde, the King's sister, with the Prince of Piedmont. The

court, and the people of Paris, censured, as indecorous, the performance of a piece in which such parts were assigned to characters bearing the names of the reigning family, and of that with which the new alliance was formed.* The reading of this piece by the Count de Guibert in the Queen's closet, had produced in her majesty's circle, that sort of enthusiasm, which prevents all sober and judicious criticism. She promised she would have no more readings. Yet at the request of M. de Cubières, the King's equerry, the Queen agreed to hear the reading of a comedy, written by his brother. She collected her intimate friends, Messieurs de Coigny, De Vaudreuil, De Besenval, and Mesdames de Polignac, De Chalon, &c., and to increase the number of judges, she admitted the two Parnys, the Chevalier de Bertin,† my father-in-law, and myself. Molé‡ read for the author. I never could satisfy myself by what magic the skilful reader gained our unanimous approbation of a work equally bad and ridiculous. Surely the delightful voice of Molé, by awakening our recollection of the dramatic beauties of the French stage, prevented the wretched lines of Derat Cubières from striking on our ears. I can assert that the words *beautiful! beautiful!* repeatedly interrupted the reader. The piece was admitted for performance at Fontainebleau; and, for the first time, the King had the curtain dropped before the end of the play. It was called the *Dramomane* or *Dramarturge*. All the characters died of poison mixed in a pie. The Queen, highly disconcerted at having recommended this absurd production, resolved once

* The Connétable de Bourbon was not, it must be admitted, a fit piece for performance before all the French princes. It might also create some surprise, if the whole court should be found approving a composition, in which the connétable of all things desires:—

"The rare pleasure of humbling a King."

† The Chevalier de Parny was already known by his heroic poems, and the Chevalier de Bertin by some well received verses.

Note by Madame Campan.

‡ An actor, who was the delight of the Theatre Française. He preceded Fleury, and took the same line of character.

Note by Madame Campan.

more never to hear another reading; and this time she kept her word.

The tragedy of Mustapha and Zeangir, by M. de Chamfort, was highly successful at the court theatre, at Fontainebleau. The Queen procured the author a pension of 1200 francs, but his play failed on being performed at Paris.

The spirit of opposition which prevailed in that city, delighted in annulling the decisions of the court. The Queen determined never more to give any marked countenance to new dramatic works. She reserved her patronage for musical composers alone, and, in a few years, their art arrived at a degree of perfection it had never before attained in France.

It was solely to gratify the Queen, that the manager of the Opera collected the first company of comic actors at Paris. Gluck, Piccini, and Sacchini, were brought there in succession. These eminent composers, and particularly the first, were treated with great distinction at court. Immediately on his arrival in France, Gluck was admitted to the Queen's toilet, and she never ceased talking to him all the time he remained with her. She asked him one day, whether he had nearly brought his grand opera of *Armida* to a conclusion, and whether it pleased him. Gluck replied very coolly, in his German accent, "Madame, it will soon be finished, and really it will be *sublime*." His opinion, thus roundly expressed, was confirmed; for surely the lyric stage never witnessed a more effective piece. There was a great outcry against the confidence with which the composer had spoken of his own production.* The Queen defended him warmly: she

* Modesty was not one of Gluck's virtues. Madame de Genlis, in her Souvenirs, says, that he spoke of Piccini judiciously and plainly. "One cannot help feeling," adds she, "that he is equitable without ostentation. However, he said yesterday, that if Piccini's Roland succeeds, *he will do it over again*. This remark is striking, but it is of a nature that will never please me. It is so much more a proof of feeling, to speak always with diffidence!"

Gluck often had to deal with self-sufficiency, at least equal to his own. He was very reluctant to introduce long ballets into Iphigenia. Vestris deeply regretted that the opera was not terminated by a *cha-*

insisted that he could not be ignorant of the merit of his works; that he well knew they were generally admired, and that no doubt he was fearful lest a modesty, merely dictated by politeness, should look like affectation in him. The Queen did not confine her admiration to the lofty style of the French and Italian operas; our comic opera also pleased her much. She greatly valued Gretry's music, so well adapted to the spirit and feeling of the words, that time has not yet diminished its charm. It is known that a great deal of the poetry set to music by Gretry, is by Marmontel. The day after the first performance of Zemira and Azor, Marmontel and Gretry were presented to the Queen, in the gallery of Fontainebleau, as she was passing through it to go to mass. The Queen addressed all her compliments on the success of the new opera to Gretry; told him, that during the night, she had dreamed of the enchanting effect of the trio by Zemira's father and sisters behind the magic mirror: having said this, she left them. Gretry, in a transport of joy, took Marmontel in his arms. "Ah! my friend," cried he, "excellent music may be made of this"—"And execrable words," coolly observed Marmontel, to whom her majesty had not addressed a single word.*

conne, in which that god of dance might display all his power. He complained to Gluck about it. Gluck, who treated his art just as it deserves, would make no other reply, than that, in so interesting a subject, capering and dancing would be misplaced. Being pressed another time by Vestris, on the same subject, "A chaconne! a chaconne!" roared out the enraged musician, "we must describe the Greeks; and had the Greeks chaconnes?"—"What? had they not?" returned the astonished dancer; "faith, then, so much the worse for them!"

Note by the Editor.

* All authors, whether poets or musicians, attached great importance to the performance of their works, upon the stage of Fontainebleau. Grimm gives us the key to this.

"It is to be observed, that the court almost invariably makes a present to the authors of the pieces performed at Fontainebleau, and, which is a matter of still greater consequence, those pieces, being no longer subject to the usual forms, may be acted at Paris, immediately after their performance at court. To this advantage may be attributed the

The Queen had no taste for pictures. The most indifferent artists were permitted to have the honour of painting her. A full-length portrait representing Marie Antoinette in all the pomp of royalty, was exhibited in the gallery of Versailles. This picture, which was intended for the court of Vienna, and executed by a man who does not deserved to be named, disgusted all people of taste. It seemed as if this art, which is justly placed in the foremost rank of the fine arts, had, in France, retrograded several centuries. True it is, that Vanloo and Boucher had so corrupted the style of the French school, that, with eyes accustomed to look only at the foreign and native masterpieces which now surround us, we can scarcely believe, that Boucher's paintings could have been objects of admiration at a period so near the age of Louis XIV.

The Queen had not that enlightened judgment, or even that mere taste, which in princes is sufficient to enable them to develop and protect great talents. She confessed frankly that she saw no merit in any portrait, beyond the likeness. When she went to the Louvre, on the exhibition of the pictures, she would run hastily over all the little imitative subjects, and come out, as she acknowledged, without having once raised her eyes to the grander compositions.

There is no good portrait of the Queen, save that by Werthmuller, chief painter to the King of Sweden, which was sent to

importance attached to the privilege of being first judged of upon a stage where the result, always uncertain, is never considered as definitively pronounced; for it is agreed, that an appeal lies to the public of Paris, from the judgments pronounced by the courtly public.

"And yet," continues Grimm, "it cannot be denied that the manner of judging adopted at court, is very different from what it formerly was, now that it is allowable to applaud there as at other theatres. Formerly it was usual to listen in profound silence, and that silence, while it manifested much respect for the presence of their majesties, left a vast uncertainty as to the feelings of the majority of the audience. Since the Queen has permitted this important point of etiquette to be overlooked, it very seldom happens, that the public of Paris fails to confirm the decisions at Fontainebleau."—*Note by the Editor.*

Stockholm; and that by Madame Le Brun, which was saved from the revolutionary fury by the commissioners for the care of the furniture at Versailles. In the composition of the latter picture, there reigns a striking analogy to that of Henrietta of France, the wife of the unfortunate Charles the First, painted by Vandyck. Like Marie Antoinette, she is seated, surrounded by her children, and that resemblance adds to the melancholy interest raised by this beautiful production.

In admitting, with that candour which I will never lose sight of, that the Queen gave no direct encouragement to any art but that of music, I should be wrong to pass over in silence the patronage conferred by her and the princes, brothers of the King, on the art of printing.*

To Marie Antoinette we are indebted for a splendid quarto

* The King looked with interest on the productions of an art so serviceable to literature. In 1790, that prince gave a proof of his particular good-will to the bookselling trade. The following particulars of this transaction are found in a work which appeared about that time.

"A company consisting of the first Parisian booksellers, being on the eve of stopping payment, succeeded in laying before the King a statement of their distressed situation. The monarch was affected by it; he condescended to take from the civil list, the sum of which the society stood in immediate need, and became security for the repayment of the remainder of the 1,200,000 livres, which they wanted to borrow. Louis XVI. wrote with his own hand the following letter to M. Necker, at that time his minister of finance:—

"'The interest I take in the welfare of this society, and of the numerous workmen they employ, as well in the country as in Paris, and who would have been out of work without prompt assistance (the *caisse d'escompte*, and other capitalists, to whom they have made application, being unable to help them), has induced me to advance them, as a loan out of the funds of my civil list, the 50,000 crowns which they wanted indispensably on the 31st of last month. The same motive leads me to secure upon the same fund, such sums as they may be able to procure, in order, with the 50,000 crowns which I have advanced them, to make up the sum of 1,200,000 livres, to be repaid in ten years, including my advance: for the repayment of which I fix no particular time. Saint Cloud, the 4th August, 1790.—(*Signed*) Louis.'"

Note by the Editor.

edition of the works of Metastasio; to Monsieur the King's brother, for a quarto Tasso, embellished with engravings after Cochin; and to the Count d'Artois, for a small collection of select works, which is considered one of the chef-d'œuvres of the celebrated Didot's press.

In 1775, on the death of the Marechal du Muy, the ascendancy of the sect of innovators occasioned the call of M. de Saint Germain to court, that the important post of minister at war might be intrusted to him. His first care was the abolition of the King's military household establishment, which had been an imposing and effectual rampart round the sovereign power.

It is to be observed, that at the period when the Chancellor Maupeou obtained the consent of Louis XV. to the destruction of the parliament, and the banishment of all the ancient magistrates, the *mousquetaires* were charged with the execution of the commission for this purpose; and that at the stroke of midnight, the presidents and members were all arrested, each by two *mousquetaires*.

In the spring of 1755, a popular insurrection had taken place, in consequence of the high price of bread. M. Turgot's new regulation, which permitted unlimited trade in corn, was either its cause or the pretence for it;* and the King's household troops had, upon that occasion, contributed mainly to the restoration of public tranquillity.

A great number of persons, enlightened by the disastrous events at the end of the reign of Louis XVI., have suspected M. de St. Germain of a treacherous confederacy in favour of schemes, formed long beforehand, it is true, by the enemies of good order; but by what fatality was the Queen drawn in to

* Economy and freedom were M. Turgot's two principles. At court he insisted chiefly on the application of the former. His numerous retrenchments offended the nobles and clergy.

A female relative of the minister once asked a bishop, whether it was not allowable to keep Easter, and the Jubilee at the same time. "Why, madam," replied the prelate, "we live in economical times—perhaps, we had better do so."—*Note by the Editor.*

promote such objects? I could never discover the true cause of it, unless indeed in the marked favour shown to the captains and officers of the body-guards, who, in consequence of the reduction, became the only soldiers of their rank intrusted with the safety of the sovereign; or else in the Queen's strong prejudice against the Duke d'Aiguillon, then commander of the light-horse. M. de Saint Germain, however, retained fifty gendarmes and fifty light-horse, to form a royal escort on state occasions; but, in 1787, the King disbanded both these military bodies. The Queen then remarked, with evident satisfaction, that at last she should see no more red-coats in the gallery of Versailles.*

From 1775 to 1781, the Queen passed the pleasantest part of her life, and that in which she indulged most in the gratifications which on all sides offered themselves to her. In the little journeys to Choisy, performances frequently took place at the theatre twice in one day: grand opera and French or Italian comedy, at the usual hour; and, at eleven at night, parodies, in which the best actors of the opera presented themselves in the most whimsical parts and costumes. The celebrated dancer, Guimard, always took the leading character in the latter performance; she danced better than she acted; her extreme leanness, and her small hoarse voice, added to the burlesque in the parodied characters of Ernelinde and Iphigenie.

The most magnificent and complimentary fête ever given to the Queen, was one prepared for her by Monsieur, the King's brother, at Brunoy. That prince did me the honour to admit me there, and I followed her majesty everywhere in the group

* The Queen said to M. de Saint Germain, "What will you do with the forty-four gensdarmes, and forty-four light-horse, that you keep up? Probably, they are to escort the King to the beds of justice."—"No, madam, they are to accompany him when *Te Deums* are sung." It must be understood that the Queen was for a total suppression, and for the King's being guarded at Versailles, as the Empress, her mother, and the Emperor are, at Vienna; and that would have been plain and right. (*Secret Correspondence of the Court: Reign of Louis XVI.*)

Note by the Editor.

that surrounded her. In roving about the gardens, she found, in the first copse, knights in full armour, asleep beneath the shade of trees, whence hung their spears and shields. The absence of the beauties who had incited the nephews of Charlemagne to lofty deeds, is supposed to occasion this lethargic slumber. But the Queen appears at the entrance of the copse—they are on foot in an instant—melodious voices sing the cause of their disenchantment, and their eagerness to signalize their skill and valour. They then hastened into a vast arena, magnificently decorated exactly in the style of the ancient tournaments.

Fifty dancers, dressed as pages, presented to the knights twenty-five superb black horses, and twenty-five of a dazzling whiteness, all most richly caparisoned. The party led by Augustus Vestris, wore the Queen's colours. Picq, ballet-master at the Russian court, commanded the opposing band. There was running at the black helmet, tilting, and lastly, desperate single combat, perfectly well imitated. Although the spectators were aware that the Queen's colours could not but be victorious, they did not the less enjoy the various and prolonged sensations occasioned by the apparent uncertainty of the triumph.

Nearly all the agreeable women of Paris, who are always ready to enjoy spectacles of this description, were ranged upon the steps which surrounded the area of the tourney: this assemblage completed the illusion. The Queen, surrounded by the royal family and the whole court, was placed beneath an elevated canopy. A play, followed by a ballet pantomime and a ball, terminated the fête. Fireworks and illuminations were not spared. Finally, from a prodigiously high scaffold, placed on a rising ground, shouts of, *Vive Louis!—Vive Marie Antoinette!* were sent forth in the air, in the midst of a very dark, but calm night.

Pleasure was the sole pursuit of every one of this young family, with the exception of the King. Their love of it was perpetually encouraged by a crowd of those officious people, who, by anticipating the desires, and even the passions of

princes, find means of showing their zeal, and so hope to gain or secure favour for themselves.

Who would have dared, by cold or solid reasonings, to check the amusements of a Queen, young, lively, and handsome? A mother, or a husband, alone had the right to do it; and the King threw no impediment in the way of Marie Antoinette's inclinations. His long indifference had been followed by feelings of admiration and love. He was a slave to all the wishes of the Queen, who, delighted with the happy change in the mind and manners of the King, did not sufficiently conceal the satisfaction she felt at it, nor the ascendancy she was gaining over him.

The King went to bed every night at eleven, precisely; he was very methodical, and nothing was allowed to interfere with his rules. He had not, as yet, omitted a single night to share the nuptial bed: but the noise which the Queen unavoidably made, when she returned very late from the evenings which she spent with the Princess de Guéménée, or the Duke de Duras, at last annoyed the King: and it was amicably agreed that the Queen should apprise him when she intended to sit up late. The King then began to sleep in his own apartment, which had never before happened from the time of their marriage.

During the winter the opera-balls beguiled many of the Queen's nights; she attended them with a single lady of the palace, and Monsieur and the Count d'Artois were always there. Her people concealed their liveries under gray cloth great coats. She always thought she was not recognised, while all the time she was known to the whole assembly, from the first moment she entered the theatre: they pretended, however, not to recognise her, and some masquerade manœuvre was always adopted to give her the pleasure of fancying herself incognita.

Louis XVI. determined once to accompany the Queen to a masked ball; it was agreed that the King should hold not only the *grand* but the *petit coucher*, as if actually going to bed. The Queen went to his apartment through the inner corridors of the palace, followed by one of her women with a black domino; she assisted him to put it on, and they went alone to the chapel

court, where a carriage waited for them, with the captain of the guard on duty, and a lady of the palace. The King was but little amused, spoke only to two or three persons who knew him immediately, and found nothing to admire at the masquerade, but punch and harlequin; which served as a joke against him for the royal family, who often amused themselves with laughing at him about it.

An event, very simple in itself, brought lamentable suspicions upon the conduct of the Queen. She was going out one evening with the Duchess de Luynes, lady of the palace: her carriage broke down at the entrance into Paris; she was obliged to alight; the Duchess led her into a shop, while a footman called a *fiacre*. As they were masked, if they had but known how to keep silence, the event would never have been known; but to ride in a *fiacre* is an adventure so whimsical for a Queen, that she had hardly entered the opera house, when she could not help saying to some persons whom she met there: "I came in a *fiacre;* is it not droll?"*

* The amusement of the masquerade, the desire which the Queen felt to taste, at least, the pleasure of the incognito, under the mask there, must have given rise to a number of those adventures, which form one of the amusements attached to disguise of that sort, and which the presence of a third person always renders innocent. The following anecdote appears in a work of the time.

"An adventure, which took place at the masked ball, given by the Count de Viry, is whispered about; it was as follows: After the banquet, the Queen withdrew with her suite, and returned shortly afterwards, masked, to the ball. At three o'clock in the morning, she was walking with the Duchess de la Vauguyon: the two masks were accosted by a young foreign nobleman, who was unmasked, and who conversed with them a long time, taking them for two women of quality, with whom he was acquainted. The mistake gave rise to a singular conversation, which amused her majesty the more, inasmuch as the topics were light and agreeable, without being indiscreet. Two gentlemen in masks came up and joined the party; after laughing a good deal together, they separated. The two ladies intimated a desire to withdraw; the German baron conducted them; a very plain carriage drew up: when they were about to enter it, Madame de la Vauguyon unmasked.

From that moment all Paris was informed of the adventure of the *fiacre:* it was said that everything connected with that night-adventure was mysterious; that the Queen had kept an assignation in a private house, with an nobleman honoured by her kindness; the Duke de Coigny was openly named. He was indeed very well received at court, but equally so by the King and Queen. These suppositions of gallantry once set afloat, there were no longer any bounds to all the foolish conjectures of the gossips of the day, and still less to the calumnies circulated at Paris respecting the Queen; if, during the chase, or at cards, she spoke to Lord Edward Dillon, De Lambertye, or others, whose names I cannot at this moment bring to my recollection; they were so many favoured lovers. The people of Paris did not know that none of those young persons were admitted into the Queen's private circle of friends, nor had even any claim to be introduced there; but the Queen went about Paris in disguise, and had made use of a *fiacre:* unfortunately, a single instance of levity gives room for the suspicion of others, and ill disposed persons do not hesitate to presume that which could not really take place. Calm in consciousness of innocence, and well knowing that all about her must do justice to her private life, the Queen spoke of these false reports with contempt,

Judge of the stranger's surprise, and how it increased, when, on turning round, he also recognised the other lady, who had likewise unmasked: respect, and a kind of confusion, succeeded to familiarity. The affability of the charming princess, however, reassured the foreigner, who, besides, had had the advantage of paying his court to her majesty, and being known to her. The raillery with which he had to reproach himself, was only such as the mask sanctions, especially in France. The Queen recommended secrecy, and left him. He complied, no doubt, but to little purpose, as two or three spectators, who were there by accident, were not equally discreet. The foreigner, however, who was finely formed, amiable, and of exalted birth, well deserved the favour fortune threw in his way. Meeting the Queen a few days afterwards, she asked him if he had kept her secret, in a tone which showed that she did not consider it of the slightest importance." (*Secret Correspondence of the Court: Reign of Louis XVI.*)—*Note by the Editor.*

contenting herself with the supposition, that some vain folly in the young men above mentioned, had given rise to them. She therefore left off speaking to them, or even looking at them. Their vanity took the alarm at this, and the pleasure of revenge induced them either to say, or to leave others to think, that it was their misfortune to please no longer. Other young coxcombs, placing themselves near the private box, which the Queen occupied incognita, when she attended the public theatre at Versailles, had the presumption to imagine that they were noticed by her; and I have known such notions entertained, merely on account of the Queen's requesting one of those gentlemen to inquire behind the scenes, whether it would be long before the commencement of the second piece.

The list of persons received into the Queen's closet, which I have given above, was placed in the hands of the gentlemen ushers of the chamber, by the Princess de Lamballe: and the persons there enumerated were to present themselves to enjoy the distinction, on those days whereon the Queen chose to be with her intimates in a private manner, and on no other; and this was only after she had been confined, or when she was slightly indisposed. People of the first rank at court sometimes requested audiences of her; the Queen then received them in a room within that called the wardrobe-women's closet, and these women announced whoever was coming into her majesty's apartment.

I was one day in this cabinet when the Duke de Lauzun passed through it, after an occurrence which requires some explanation.

The Duke de Lauzun (since Duke de Biron), who made himself conspicuous in the revolution, among the associates of the Duke d'Orleans, has left behind him some manuscript memoirs, in which he calumniates the character of Marie Antoinette. He relates one anecdote respecting a heron's plume. The following is the true history of the matter.

The Duke de Lauzun had a good deal of original wit, and something chivalrous in his manners. The Queen was accus-

tomed to see him at the King's suppers, and at the house of the Princess de Guéménée: and always showed him attention. One day he made his appearance at Madame de Guéménée's in uniform, and with the most magnificent plume of white heron's feathers that it was possible to behold. The Queen admired the plume, and he offered it to her through the Princess de Guéménée. As he wore it, the Queen had not imagined that he could think of giving it to her; much embarrassed with the present which she had, as it were, drawn upon herself, she did not dare to refuse it, nor did she know whether she ought to make one in return; fearful, if she did give anything, of giving either too much or too little, she contented herself with wearing the plume once, and letting M. de Lauzun see her adorned with the present he had made her. In his secret memoirs the Duke attaches importance to his present of the aigrette, which proves him utterly unworthy of an honour accorded only to his name and rank.

His vanity magnified the value of the favour done him. A short time after the present of the heron plume, he solicited an audience; the Queen granted it, as she would have done to any other nobleman of equal rank. I was in the room adjoining that in which he was received; a few minutes after his arrival, the Queen opened the door, and said aloud, and in an angry tone of voice, "Go, sir." M. de Lauzun bowed low, and withdrew. The Queen was much agitated. She said to me: "That man shall never again come within my doors." A few years before the revolution of 1789, the Marshal de Biron died. The Duke de Lauzun, heir to his name, aspired to the important post of colonel of the regiment of French guards. The Queen, however, procured it for the Duke du Chatelet: such is often the origin of the most implacable hatred. The Duke de Biron espoused the cause of the Duke d'Orleans, and became one of the most violent enemies of Marie Antoinette.*

* The memoirs of the Duke de Lauzun, still in manuscript, while Madame Campan was compiling hers, have since been published. They were penned by the Duke de Lauzun at the solicitation of the Duchess

It is with reluctance that I enter very minutely on a defence of the Queen against two infamous accusations with which libellers have dared to swell their envenomed volumes. I mean the unworthy suspicions of too strong an attachment for the Count d'Artois, and of the motives for the close friendship which subsisted between the Queen, the Princess de Lamballe, and the Duchess de Polignac. I do not believe that the Count d'Artois was, during the earlier years of his own youth, and that of the Queen, so much enamoured, as has been said, with the beauty and loveliness of his sister-in-law; but I can affirm, that I always saw that prince maintain the most respectful distance towards the Queen; that she always spoke of him, of his good-nature and his cheerfulness, with that freedom which never attends any other than the purest sentiments, and that none of those about the Queen ever saw in the affection she manifested towards the Count d'Artois more than that of a kind and tender sister for her youngest brother. As to the intimate connection between Marie Antoinette and the ladies I have named, it never had, nor could have, any other motive than the very innocent wish to secure herself two *friends* in the midst of a numerous court: and notwithstanding this intimacy, that tone of dignified

de Fleury, daughter of the Duke de Coigny, a woman whose wit, grace, and beauty, were justly extolled. The edition which has appeared, does not contain the anecdote of the heron plume. Did this arise from reserve on the part of the editors, or some hiatus in the manuscript? Be this as it may, we have a manuscript which details this anecdote at full length, and we do not hesitate to publish it.[a] At this day, when the account given by Madame Campan contradicts that of the Duke de Lauzun; at this day, when his presumptuous, selfish, and foolish character is known, what he says may retain its malignity, but can gain no credit. We now see in his memoirs nothing more than the false and despicable insinuations of a coxcomb deceived in his expectation, and whose wounded vanity seeks a revenge unworthy of a man of honour.—*Note by the Editors.*

[a] See Historical Illustrations (O).

respect, observed by persons of the most exalted rank towards royal majesty, was never forgotten.*

The Queen, entirely occupied with the society of Madame de

* This testimony is confirmed by an historian, the following extract from whom will certainly be read with interest:—

"We shall have occasion to quote a few fragments of letters, from which an idea of the strict friendship that united the Queen and the Duchess de Polignac, may be drawn. Suffice for the present the following note written by the Queen to the Duchess, in answer to a letter in which the latter, after an illness that had confined her a few days in Paris, wrote to the Queen that she should soon have the honour of paying her respects to her:—

"'I am doubtless more impatient for our meeting than you, for tomorrow I shall come and dine with you at Paris.'

"And in fact, the Queen did go and dine with her friend.—It must be confessed, that this strict friendship between a sovereign and a subject, appears the more extraordinary as being utterly unexampled. However, that it did exist, cannot be denied: unprincipled people, therefore, had no other course to pursue, than to suppose a criminal motive for this friendship; and they succeeded but too well.

"When the real scheme of dethroning the unfortunate Louis XVI. was once determined on, it was thought proper to begin by degrading him; the most efficacious way to do which, was to attack the morals of the Queen. It was also essential to the success of this infernal plot, that the Duchess de Polignac should be lowered in public opinion, before the princess herself was attacked. For if the Duchess could be made to appear deserving of universal contempt, the opprobrium cast on her would stain her august friend also.

"Libels against Madame de Polignac, therefore, were not spared. The author of this history has been often asked whether he had read those libels? and who, unfortunately, has not? but he, in his turn, demanded that those who wrote them should own them, and produce their proofs. He was never answered; and all intelligent persons who were well acquainted with the Duke and Duchess de Polignac, appeared to him convinced, that the authors of those libels were vile calumniators, hired by the enemies of the King and Queen. He even interrogated the Duchess's servants, who had nothing more to hope for from their mistress; and their answers proved that she was beloved by her people, and that in the bosom of her family she led the most decorous and regular life.

"In short, the author has not met with a single person who had ever

Polignac, and amusements which succeeded each other in an unbroken series, had, for some time, found but little leisure for the Abbé de Vermond; he, therefore, resolved to retire from court. The world did him the honour to believe, that he had hazarded remonstrances upon his august pupil's frivolous employment of her time, and that both as an ecclesiastic and as instructor, he was now, when at court, out of his place; but the world deceived itself: his dissatisfaction arose purely from the favour shown to the Countess Jules. After a fortnight's absence, we saw him at Versailles again, resuming his usual functions. I will relate, by and by, his motives for absenting himself, and the conditions for which he stipulated, upon his return.

even received the slightest offence from the Duke de Polignac or his Duchess. Having to decide between heavy accusations, altogether unsupported by any kind of evidence, on the one hand, and indisputable facts on the other, he was naturally bound to pronounce for the latter: his character of an historian did not admit of his doing otherwise." (*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie).—*Note by the Editor.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Joseph the Second visits France—His Reception at the Opera—Fête given to him by the Queen at Trianon—First Pregnancy of the Queen—Voltaire's Return to Paris—Duel between the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Bourbon—Return of the Chevalier d'Eon to France—Particulars relative to his Missions, and the Causes of his Disguise—Night Promenades upon the Terrace of Trianon—Couplets against the Queen—Indignation of Louis XVI.—The birth of Madame.

From the time of Louis XVI.'s accession to the throne, the Queen had been expecting a visit from her brother the Emperor Joseph II. That prince was the constant theme of her discourse. She boasted of his intelligence, his love of occupation, his military knowledge, and the perfect simplicity of his manners. Those about her majesty ardently wished to see at Versailles a prince so worthy of his rank. At length, the coming of Joseph II., under the title of Count Falkenstein, was announced, and the very day on which he would be at Versailles was mentioned.* The first interview between the Queen and her august brother, took place in the presence of all the Queen's household. It was extremely affecting; the feelings of nature excite the strongest interest, when displayed by sovereigns in all their unrestrained force.

The Emperor was, at first, generally admired in France; men of science, skilful officers, and celebrated artists, were sensible

* The Queen received the Emperor at Versailles, and did not go to meet him in a cabriolet, as is said in some of the collections of anecdotes respecting the court of Louis XVI.; especially in a very respectable work, in which this false anecdote is inserted; as it is likewise in the *English Spy*, from which it was probably taken.

Note by Madame Campan.

of the great extent of his information. He made less impression at court, and very little in the private circle of the King and Queen. His manners were eccentric, his frankness often degenerated into rudeness, and his simplicity appeared evidently affected; from these characteristics he was looked upon rather as a singular than an admirable prince. The Queen spoke to him about the apartment she had prepared for him in the castle; the Emperor answered that he would not accept of it, and that while travelling he always lodged at a *public house* (that was his very expression): the Queen insisted, and assured him that he should be at perfect liberty, and placed out of the reach of noise. He replied, that he knew the chateau of Versailles was extensive enough, and that he might claim a place there, as well as any of the other *blackguards* who were lodged in it; but that his valet de chambre had made up his camp-bed, in a ready-furnished house, and there he would lodge.

He dined with the King and Queen, and supped with the whole family assembled together. He appeared to take an interest in the young Princess Elizabeth, then just past childhood, and blooming in all the freshness of that age. A report of an intended marriage between him and this young sister of the King, was circulated at the time, but I believe it had no foundation in truth.

The table still continued to be attended by females only, when the Queen dined in private with the King, the royal family, or crowned heads.* I was present at the Queen's

* The custom was, that, even supposing dinner to have commenced, if a princess of the blood arrived, and she was asked to sit down at the Queen's table, the comptrollers and gentlemen in waiting immediately came to attend, and the Queen's women withdrew. These had succeeded the maids of honour in several parts of their service, and had preserved some of their privileges. One day the Duchess d'Orleans arrived at Fontainebleau, at the Queen's dinner-hour. The Queen invited her to the table, and herself motioned to her women to leave the room and let the men take their places. Her majesty said she was resolved to continue a privilege which kept places of that description

dinner almost every day. The Emperor would there speak much and fluently; he expressed himself in our language with facility, and the singularity of his expressions added a zest to his conversation. I have often heard him say that he liked *spectaculous* objects, when he meant to express such things as formed a show, or a scene worthy of interest. He disguised none of his prejudices upon the subject of the etiquette and customs of the court of France; and even in the presence of the King aimed his sarcasms at them.* The King smiled, but never made any answer; the Queen appeared to feel pain from them. The Emperor frequently terminated his observations upon the objects in Paris, which he had admired, by reproaching the King for remaining in ignorance of them. He could not conceive how such rich treasures of art should remain shut up

honourable, and rendered them a fit resort for ladies of birth without fortune.

Madame de Misery, Baroness de Biache, the Queen's first lady of the chamber, to whom I was reversioner, was a daughter of the Count de Chemant, and her grandmother was a Montmorency. The Prince de Tingry, in the presence of the Queen, used to call her *cousin*.

The ancient household of the kings of France conferred prerogatives acknowledged in the state. Many of the offices were tenable only by those of noble blood, and were sold at from 40,000 to 300,000 francs. A collection of edicts of the kings in favour of the prerogatives and right of precedence of the persons holding office in the King's household, is still in existence.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

* Joseph II. had a taste, or perhaps, we may say, a talent for satire. A collection of his letters has just been published in which his bitter raillery spares neither the nobility nor the clergy, nor even his brother kings. Two or three of these letters will be found at the end of the volume, letter (P); they belong to the subject treated of by Madame Campan, since they add a few touches more to the picture of Joseph II.

His caustic humour found, however, fair game in the etiquette observed at the court of France. If we wish to form an idea of this tyranny, which annoyed princely personages every instant of the day, and followed them, in a manner, even to the nuptial bed, we must read a curious paper inserted by Madame Campan among her Historical Illustrations (No. 2).—*Note by the Editor.*

in the dust of immense depositories;* and told him one day, that but for the practice of placing some of them in the apartments of Versailles, he would not know even the principal chef-d'œuvres that he possessed.† He also reproached him for not having visited the Hotel des Invalides, or the military school; and even went so far as to tell him before us, that he ought not only to know what Paris contained, but to travel in France, and reside a few days in each of his large towns.

At last the Queen was really hurt at the Emperor's indiscreet sincerity, and gave him a few lectures upon the thoughtlessness with which he allowed himself to lecture others. One day, she was busied in signing warrants and orders for payment for her household, and was conversing with M. Augeard, her secretary for such matters, who presented the papers one after another to be signed, and replaced them in his portfolio. While this was going forward, the Emperor walked about the room; all at once he stopped, to censure the Queen rather severely for signing all those papers without reading them, or, at least, without running her eye over them; and he spoke most judiciously to her upon the danger of signing her name inconsiderately. The Queen answered, that very wise principles might be very ill applied; that her secretary for orders, who deserved her implicit confidence, was at that moment laying before her nothing but orders for payment of the quarter's expenses of her household, registered in the chamber of accounts; and that she ran no risk of giving her signature for any improper design.‡

* Shortly after the Emperor's departure, the Count d'Angivillers laid before the King plans for the erection of the Museum, which was then begun.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

† The Emperor loudly blamed the practice existing at that time, of allowing shopkeepers to erect shops near the outward walls of all the palaces, and to establish something like a fair upon the staircases, in the galleries of Versailles and Fontainebleau, and even up to each landing-place of the great staircases.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

‡ This anecdote is confirmed by the information Madame Campan gives, respecting the order established in the accounts relating to the funds belonging to the Queen's privy purse, in her Historical Illustrations (Note No. 3).—*Note by the Editor.*

The Queen's toilette was likewise a never-failing subject for animadversion with the Emperor. He blamed her for having introduced too many new fashions; and teased her about her use of rouge, to which his eyes could not accustom themselves. One day, while she was laying on more of it than usual, before going to the play, he advised her to put on still more; and pointing out a lady who was in the room, and was, in truth, highly painted, "A little more under the eyes," said the Emperor to the Queen: "lay on the rouge like a fury, as that lady does." The Queen entreated her brother to cease observations of this sort, and, at all events, to address them, when they were so severe, to her alone. This manner of criticising established fashions and customs, agreed very well with the sneering spirit which then prevailed; otherwise the Emperor would have been generally blamed. Those who from principle adhered to the ancient customs, were the only persons displeased, and were indeed much offended with him for his misplaced frankness.

The Queen had made an appointment to meet him at the Italian theatre; her majesty changed her mind, and went to the French theatre. She sent a page to the Italian theatre, to request her brother would come to her. The Emperor left his box, lighted by the comedian Clairval, and attended by M. de la Ferté, comptroller of the Queen's privy purse, who was much hurt, at hearing his imperial majesty, after condescendingly expressing his regret at not being present during the Italian performance, say to Clairval, "Your young Queen is very giddy; but, luckily, you Frenchmen have no great objection to that."

I was with my father-in-law in one of the Queen's apartments, when the Emperor came to wait for her there, and knowing that M. Campan did the duty of librarian, he conversed with him about such books as would of course be found in the Queen's library. After talking of our most celebrated authors, he casually said, "There are no works on finance or administration here, of course."

These words were followed by his opinion on all that had been written on those topics, and the differing systems of our

two famous ministers, Sully and Colbert; on the errors which were daily committed, in France, in points so essential to the prosperity of the empire; and on the reform he himself would make at Vienna, as soon as he should be able: holding M. Campan by the button, he spent more than an hour talking vehemently, and without the slightest reserve, about the French government. This was certainly wrong, for the Emperor should have conversed with the secretary-librarian only upon matters connected with his office, if he had consulted delicacy and dignity. But he was so full of self-sufficiency respecting the science of government, that he fell into this childish error. He talked nearly an hour. My father-in-law and myself continued in profound silence, as much from astonishment as from respect; and when we were left alone, we agreed not to speak of this interview.

The Emperor was fond of telling secret anecdotes of the Italian courts that he had visited; the jealous quarrels between the King and Queen of Naples, amused him highly; he described to the life the manner and speech of that sovereign, and the simplicity with which he used to go and solicit the first chamberlain, to obtain permission to return to the nuptial bed, when the angry Queen had banished him from it. The time which he was made to wait for this reconciliation, was calculated between the Queen and her chamberlain, and always proportioned to the gravity of the offence. He also related several very amusing stories relative to the court of Parma, of which he spoke with no little contempt. If what this prince said of those courts, and even of Vienna, had been written down from day to day, the whole would have formed a very interesting collection. I recollect but one anecdote which calls to mind the infatuation of Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, for the system of the economists, and gives an idea of the judgment the Emperor had formed of him. The Emperor related to the King, that the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the King of Naples being together, the former talked much about the changes he had effected in his state. He said he had issued a vast number of new

edicts, in order to carry the precepts of the economists into execution, and trusted that in so doing, he was labouring for the welfare of his people. The King of Naples suffered him to go on speaking for a long time, and then merely asked him how many Neapolitan families there were in Tuscany. The duke soon reckoned them up, as they were but few. "Well, brother," replied the King of Naples, "I do not understand the indifference of your people respecting this said welfare; for I have four times the number of Tuscan families settled in my states, that you have of Neapolitan families in yours."

The Queen being at the opera with the Emperor, the latter did not wish to show himself; but she took him by the hand, and with a little gentle force drew him forward to the first row of the box. This presentation to the public was most warmly received. The performance was Iphigenia in Aulis, and, for the second time, the chorus, *Chantons, célébrons notre Reine!* was called for with the greatest ardour, and sung in the midst of universal plaudits.

A fête of a novel description was given at Petit Trianon. The art with which the English garden was lighted, not illuminated,—produced a charming effect: earthen lamps concealed by painted green boards, threw light upon the beds of shrubs and flowers, and brought out their several tints in the most varied and pleasing manner. Several hundred burning faggots in the moat behind the temple of Love, kept up a blaze of light, which rendered that spot the most brilliant in the garden. After all, this evening's entertainment had nothing remarkable about it, beyond that for which it was indebted to the good taste of the artists; yet it was much talked of. The situation did not allow of the admission of a great part of the court; those who were uninvited, were dissatisfied; and the people, who never forgive any fêtes but those they share in, contributed greatly to the envious exaggerations which were circulated as to the cost of this little fête, which were so ridiculously absurd, as to state that the faggots burnt in the moat required the destruction of a whole forest. The Queen, being informed of these reports, was deter-

mined to know exactly how much wood had been consumed; and she found that fifteen hundred faggots had sufficed to keep up the fire until four o'clock in the morning.

The Emperor left France, after staying a few months, and promised his sister to come and see her again.

All the officers of the Queen's chamber had taken many opportunities of serving him during his stay, and expected that he would make presents before his departure. Their oath of office positively forbade them receiving a gift from any foreign prince; they had therefore agreed to refuse the Emperor's presents at first, but to ask the time necessary for obtaining permission to accept of them. The Emperor, probably informed of this custom, relieved the good people from the difficulty of getting themselves released from their oath; for he set off without making a single present.

The Countess d'Artois already had two children, while the Queen had not even a hope of giving heirs to the throne. There were many secret conjectures respecting the obstacles which could so long have opposed this. At last, about the latter end of 1777, the Queen, being alone in her closet, sent for my father-in-law and myself, and giving us her hand to kiss, told us, that looking upon us both as persons deeply interested in her happiness, she wished to receive our congratulations; that at length she really was the Queen of France, and that she hoped soon to have children; that up to that moment she had concealed her grief, but that she had shed many tears in secret.

We have calculated and found that she was brought to bed of Madame, daughter of the King, exactly a year after the confidence she had deigned to repose in us. This tardy consummation was not made public.

Dating from this long-delayed but happy moment, the King's attachment to the Queen assumed every characteristic of love; the good Lassone, first physician to the King and Queen, frequently spoke to me of the uneasiness, that the King's indifference, the cause of which he had been so long in overcoming, had

given him, and appeared to me at that time to entertain anxiety of a very different description.

In the winter of 1778, the King's permission for the return of Voltaire, after an absence of twenty-seven years, was obtained. A few austere or cautious persons, considered this condescension on the part of the court as very injudicious. The Emperor, on leaving France, passed by Ferney, and did not think fit to stop there. He had advised the Queen not to suffer Voltaire to be presented to her. A lady belonging to the court, learned the Emperor's opinion on that point, and reproached him with his want of enthusiasm towards the greatest genius of the age: he replied, that for the good of the people, he should always endeavour to profit by the knowledge of the philosophers; but that his own business of sovereign would always prevent his ranking himself amongst the adepts of that sect. The clergy, also, took steps to hinder Voltaire's appearance at court. Paris, however, carried the honours paid to the great poet, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. It was highly imprudent to give the people of Paris an opportunity of showing with how much pleasure they could maintain an opinion contrary to that of the court. This was pointed out to the Queen, and she was told, that, without conferring on Voltaire the honour of a presentation, she might see him in the state apartments. She was not very adverse to following this advice, and appeared embarrassed solely about what she should say to him, in case of consenting to see him. She was recommended to talk to him about nothing but the Henriade, Merope, and Zaïre. The Queen told those who had taken the liberty to make these observations to her, that she would still consult a few other persons, in whom she had great confidence. The next day she gave for answer, that it was irrevocably decided Voltaire should not see any member of the royal family—his writings being full of principles which aimed too directly at religion and morals. "It is, however, strange," said the Queen, as she gave this answer, "that while we refuse to admit Voltaire into our presence, as the leader of philosophical writers, Madame la Marechale de Mouchy, with all the

intriguing disposition of the sect, should have presented to me, some years ago, Madame Geoffrin, who owed her celebrity to the title of foster-mother of the philosophers."

When the intended duel of the Count d'Artois with the Prince de Bourbon was known, the Queen determined to see the Baron Besenval, who was to be one of the persons present at the meeting, privately, in order to communicate the King's intentions: I read, with infinite pain, the manner in which that simple fact is perverted, in M. de Besenval's Memoirs. He is right in saying that M. Campan led him through the upper corridors of the chateau, and introduced him into an apartment unknown to him; but the air of romance given to the interview is equally culpable and ridiculous. M. de Besenval says, that he found himself, without knowing how he came there, in a plain apartment, *but very conveniently furnished*, of the existence of which he was till then utterly ignorant. He was astonished, he adds, *not that the Queen should have so many facilities, but that she should have ventured to procure them.* Ten printed sheets of the woman La Motte's impure libels contain nothing so injurous to the character of Marie Antoinette, as these lines, written by a man whom she honoured by kindness thus undeserved. He could not possibly have had any opportunity of knowing the existence of these apartments, which consisted of a very small ante-chamber, a bedchamber, and a closet. Ever since the Queen had occupied her own apartment, this had been appropriated to her majesty's lady of honour, in cases of confinement or sickness, and was actually in such use, when the Queen was confined. It was so important that it should not be known the Queen had spoken to the baron before the duel, that she had determined to go through her inner room into this little apartment, to which M. Campan was to conduct him. When men write upon times still in remembrance, they should be scrupulously exact, and not indulge in any exaggerations or constructions of their own.

The Baron de Besenval, in his Memoirs, appears mightily surprised at the Queen's sudden coolness, and in a very unfa-

vourable manner, refers to the fickleness of her disposition. I can explain the reason for the change, by repeating what her majesty said to me at the time; and I will not alter one of her expressions. Speaking of the strange presumption of men, and the reserve with which women ought always to treat them, the Queen added, that age did not deprive them of the hope of pleasing, if they retained any agreeable qualities; that she had treated the Baron de Besenval as a brave Swiss, agreeable, polished, and witty, whose gray hairs had induced her to look upon him, as a man whom she might see without fear of censure; but that she had been much deceived. Her majesty, after having enjoined me to the strictest secrecy upon what she was about to impart, informed me, that finding herself alone with the baron, he began to address her with so much gallantry, that she was thrown into the utmost astonishment, and that he was mad enough to fall upon his knees, and make her a declaration in form. The Queen added, that she said to him; "Rise, sir: the King shall not be informed of an offence which would disgrace you for ever;" that the baron grew pale, and stammered an apology; that she left her closet without saying another word, and that since that time, she hardly ever spoke to him. The Queen said to me on this occasion: "It is delightful to have friends; but in a situation like mine, it is sometimes difficult to adopt the friends of our friends."

The baron, like a bold courtier, knew how to digest both the shame attendant on a step so blameable, and the resentment which had of course succeeded. He did not lose the honourable distinction of being on the list of persons received in the society of Trianon.

In the beginning of the year 1779, Chevalier d'Eon obtained permission to return to France, on condition that he should appear there in no other dress than that of a female. The Count de Vergennes entreated my father, M. Genet, chief clerk of foreign affairs, who had long known the Chevalier d'Eon, to receive that whimsical personage at his house, to guide and restrain, if possible, his restless disposition. The Queen, on

learning his arrival at Versailles, sent a footman to desire my father to bring him into her presence; my father thought it his duty first to inform the minister of her majesty's wish. The Count de Vergennes expressed himself pleased with my father's prudence, and desired him to accompany him to the Queen. The minister had a few minutes' audience; her majesty came out of her closet with him, and finding my father in the room beyond it, condescended to express to him the regret she felt, at having troubled him to no purpose; and added smiling, that a few words which M. de Vergennes had just said to her, had for ever cured her of her curiosity. The late discovery and confirmation in London, respecting the true sex of this pretended woman, gives room for belief that the few words uttered by the minister for foreign affairs, to the Queen, contained merely a solution of the enigma. It is known that while the Chevalier d'Eon was minister plenipotentiary in London, he outrageously attacked the honour of the Count de Guerchy; and the court of France not permitting him to make his appearance again in his own country in any other dress than that of a woman, they made some atonement for his insulting conduct towards a family of consideration.

The Chevalier d'Eon had been useful in Russia in the private espionage of Louis XV. While still very young, he had found means to introduce himself at the court of the Empress Elizabeth, and had served that sovereign in the capacity of reader. Resuming afterwards his military dress, he served with honour, and was wounded. Appointed chief-secretary of legation, and afterwards minister plenipotentiary at London, he offended Count de Guerchy the ambassador, by the most unpardonable insults. They were of such a nature, that the official order for the chevalier's return to France was actually delivered to the King's council; but Louis XV. delayed the departure of the courier who was to be the bearer of it, and sent off another courier privately, who gave the Chevalier d'Eon a letter in his own writing, in which he said, "I know that you have served me as effectually in the dress of a woman, as in that which you now wear. Re-

sume it instantly; withdraw into the city; I warn you that the King yesterday signed an order for your return to France; you are not safe in your hotel, and you will here find too powerful enemies." I heard the Chevalier d'Eon repeat the contents of this letter, in which Louis XV. thus separated his personal existence from that of the King of France, several times at my father's. The Chevalier, or rather the *Chevaliere* d'Eon, had preserved all the King's letters. Messieurs de Maurepas and de Vergennes wished to get these letters out of his hands, as they feared he would print them. This eccentric being had long solicited his return to France: but it was neccessary to find a way of sparing the family he had offended the kind of insult they would see in his return: he was therefore made to resume the costume of that sex, in which in France everything is pardoned. The desire to see his native land once more, undoubtedly, determined him to submit to the condition, but he consoled himself by contrasting the long train of his gown and his three deep ruffles, with the attitude and conversation of a grenadier; which, however, made him very disagreeable company.

At last the event so long desired by the Queen, and by all those who wished her well, took place. Her majesty became pregnant: the King was in ecstasies on the occasion. Never was there a more united or happier couple. The disposition of Louis XVI. was entirely altered, and was become prepossessing and conciliatory; he had submitted to the yoke of love, and the Queen was well compensated for the uneasiness which the King's indifference, during the early part of their union, had caused her.

The summer of 1778 was extremely hot. July and August passed; but the air was not cooled by a single shower. The Queen, incommoded by her size, spent whole days in close rooms, and could not sleep until she had breathed the fresh night air, which she did, walking with the princesses and her brothers, upon the terrace under her apartments. These promenades at first gave rise to no remarks; but it occurred to some of the party, to enjoy the music of wind-instruments during these fine summer nights. The musicians belonging to the chapel were

ordered to perform pieces suited to instruments of that description, upon steps constructed in the middle of the garden. The Queen, seated on one of the terrace benches, enjoyed the effect of this music, surrounded by the whole of the royal family, with the exception of the King, who joined them but twice, disliking to break in upon his hour of going to bed. Nothing could be more innocent than these parties; yet Paris, France, nay, all Europe, were soon canvassing them in a manner most disadvantageous to the reputation of Marie Antoinette. It is true, that all the inhabitants of Versailles chose to enjoy these serenades, and that there was a crowd near the spot from eleven at night, until two or three in the morning. The windows of the ground floor, occupied by Monsieur and Madame, were kept open, and the terrace was perfectly well lighted by the numerous wax candles burning in the two apartments. Lamps were likewise placed in the garden, and the lights of the orchestra illuminated the rest of the place.

I do not know whether a few inconsiderate females might not have ventured farther, and wandered to the bottom of the park: it may have been so; but the Queen, Madame, and the Countess d'Artois were always arm-in-arm, and never left the terrace. The princesses were not remarkable when seated on the benches, being dressed in cambric muslin gowns, with large straw hats and muslin veils, a costume universally adopted by females at that time; but when standing up, their different figures always distinguished them; and the persons present stood on one side to let them pass. It is true, that when they seated themselves upon the benches, private individuals would sometimes, to their great amusement, come and sit down by their side. A young clerk in the war department, lively and of good address, either not knowing the Queen, or pretending not to know her, spoke to her. The beauty of the night, and the delightful effect of the music, formed the subject of the conversation. The Queen, fancying she was not recognised, amused herself by keeping up the incognita, and they talked of several private families of Versailles, who were perfectly well known to the Queen, as they all

consisted of persons belonging to the King's household, or her own. After thus passing a few minutes, the Queen and princesses rose to walk, and on leaving the bench, curtsied to the clerk. The young man knowing, or having subsequently discovered, that he had been conversing with the Queen, boasted of it in his office. On this being made known, he was desired to hold his tongue; and so little attention did he excite, that the Revolution found him still a mere clerk as before. Another evening, one of Monsieur's body-guard, in the same manner, came and seated himself near the princesses, and knowing them, left the place where he was sitting, and came up to the Queen, to tell her that he was very fortunate in being able to seize an opportunity of imploring the kindness of his sovereign: that he was soliciting at court—at the word soliciting, the Queen and princesses rose hastily and withdrew into Madame's apartment.*

I was at the Queen's residence that very day. She talked of this little occurrence all the time of her *coucher;* though she only complained that one of Monsieur's guards should have the effrontery to speak to her. Her majesty added, that he ought to have respected her being incognita; and that that was not the place where he should have ventured to make a request. Madame had recognised him, and talked of making a complaint to his captain; the Queen opposed it, attributing his error to his ignorance and provincial origin.

The most scandalous tales were made up and inserted in the libels of the day, respecting these two insignificant occurrences, which I have related with scrupulous exactness. Nothing could be more false than those calumnious reports. It must be confessed, however, that such meetings were liable to serious ill consequences. I ventured to say as much to the Queen, and informed her that one evening, when her majesty had beckoned to me to go and speak to her, on the bench on which she was sitting, I thought I recognised two women, deeply veiled, who were seated in profound silence by her side; that those women

* Soulavie has most criminally perverted these two facts.
Note by Madame Campan.

were no other than the Countess du Barry and her sister-in-law; and that my suspicions were confirmed when, at a few paces from the seat, and nearer to her majesty, I met a tall footman belonging to Madame du Barry, and whom I had seen in her service all the time she resided at court.

My advice was useless. Misled by the pleasure she found in these promenades, and lulled into security by the consciousness of blameless conduct, the Queen would not see the lamentable results by which they must necessarily be followed. This was very unfortunate; for, besides the mortifications they brought upon her, it is highly probable that they prompted the idea of the vile romance which gave rise to the Cardinal de Rohan's fatal error.

Having enjoyed these evening promenades about a month, the Queen ordered a private concert within the colonnade which contains the group of Pluto and Proserpine. Sentinels were placed at all the entrances into the grove, and ordered to admit within the colonnade only such persons as should produce tickets, signed by my father-in-law. A fine concert was performed there by the musicians of the chapel, and the female musicians belonging to the Queen's chamber. The Queen went with Mesdames de Polignac, de Chalon, and d'Andlau, and Messieurs de Polignac, de Coigny, de Besenval, and de Vaudreuil; there were also a few equerries present. Her majesty gave me permission to attend the concert, with some of my female relations. There was no music upon the terrace. The crowd of inquisitive people, whom the sentinels kept at a distance from the enclosure of the colonnade, went away highly discontented; and the most disgusting calumnies were circulated respecting this private concert.*

* This anecdote is in the same manner detestably perverted in Soulavie's infamous collection; yet his six volumes are, unfortunately, admitted into libraries, and particularly into the libraries of foreigners.

Note by Madame Campan.[a]

[a] On this passage we shall maintain the same reserve as on one mentioned before. The Abbé Soulavie's calumnies against the Queen, shall find no place in this work. No writer, who has any respect for himself, will repeat what he has ventured to say. As to those undiscerning foreigners, who place Soulavie's work in their libraries, we must say they can have neither a very delicate taste, nor very enlightened minds.

Note by the Editors.

Many people wished to enjoy it, and it really was very delightful. The small number of the persons admitted, no doubt, occasioned jealousy, and gave rise to offensive comments, which were caught up by the public with avidity. It is very essential to know how far the proceedings of the great should be matters of calculation. I do not pretend here to apologize for the kind of amusement with which the Queen indulged herself this and the following summer; the consequences were so lamentable, that the error was no doubt very great. The result will prove it: I shall not withhold that result, but what I have said respecting the character of these promenades, may be relied on as true.

When the season for evening walks was at an end, odious couplets were spread about Paris: the Queen was treated in them in the most insulting manner; her pregnancy had ranked among her enemies persons attached to the only prince who, for several years, had appeared likely to give heirs to the crown. People ventured upon the most inconsiderate language: and those improper conversations took place in societies, wherein the imminent danger of violating, to so criminal an extent, both truth and the respect due to sovereigns, ought to have been better understood. A few days before the Queen's confinement, a whole volume of manuscript songs, concerning her and all the ladies about her, any way remarkable for rank or station, was thrown in at the bull's-eye. This manuscript was immediately put into the hands of the King, who was highly incensed at it, and said that he had himself been at those promenades, that he had seen nothing connected with them but what was perfectly harmless; that such songs would disturb the harmony of twenty families of the court and city; that it was a capital crime to have made any against the Queen herself, and that he would have the author of the infamous libels sought out, discovered, and punished. A fortnight afterwards it was known publicly, that the verses were by M. Champcenetz de Riquebourg,* who was not even molested.

* This Monsieur Champcenetz de Riquebourg, was known as the author of a great many songs, some of which are very well written.

I was assured at the time that the King spoke to M. de Maurepas, before two of his most confidential servants, respecting the risk which he saw the Queen ran from these night walks upon the terrace of Versailles, the public venturing to censure them thus openly—the old minister had the cruel policy to answer the King, that she should be suffered to go on; that she possessed talent; that her friends were very ambitious, and longed to see her take à part in public affairs; and that to let her acquire the reputation of levity, would do no harm.* M.

Lively and satirical by nature, he did not lose either his cheerfulness or his carelessness before the revolutionary tribunal; where, after hearing his own sentence of condemnation read, he asked his judges if he might not be allowed to find a substitute.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

* This specimen of artifice, so characteristic of an old politician, of a minister who sacrificed even the honour of his sovereign to the preservation of his place, agrees well with the portrait of the Count Maurepas, drawn by Marmontel. We quote those passages of it which bear most upon his conduct, on the occasion mentioned by Madame Campan.

"Watchful attention to preserve his ascendancy over the King's mind, and his predominance in the council, rendered him jealous even of the objects of his own choice; this restlessness was the only powerful emotion of his mind. Beyond this, he had no energy, no activity of courage either for good or for evil; weakness without kindness, malice without rancour, resentment without anger, indifference for the future, which he was not to live to see, possibly a sincere anxiety for the public welfare, when he could promote it without any danger to himself, but chilled the moment it involved either his credit or his quiet—such to the last were the characteristics of the old statesman who served the young King as his guide and counsellor."

The former part of this portrait, remarkable as well for its faithful representation of the original, as for the skill of the painter, will be found among the Historical Illustrations (letter Q). We will only add to this note, that the judgment formed by Madame Campan upon the culpable conduct of the Count de Maurepas, is confirmed by a writer, with whom, in other respects, she is very seldom in accordance.

"It is known," says Soulavie, "that in 1774, 1775, and 1776, M. de Maurepas stirred up private quarrels between Louis XVI. and his wife, on pretence of the Queen's inconsiderate conduct. M. de Maurepas was fond of interfering in family disputes between man and wife.

de Vergennes was as hostile to the Queen's influence as M. de Maurepas. It may, therefore, be fairly presumed, since the prime minister durst point out to his King an advantage to be gained by the Queen's degrading herself, that he and M. de Vergennes employed all those means within the reach of powerful ministers, and availed themselves of the slightest errors of that unfortunate princess, in order to ruin her in the opinion of the public.

The Queen's pregnancy advanced: *Te Deums* were sung and prayers offered up in all the cathedrals. At length, on the 11th of December, 1778, the Queen felt her pains come on. The royal family, princes of the blood, and great officers of state, passed the night in the rooms adjoining the Queen's bedchamber. Madame, the King's daughter, came into the world before mid-day on the 19th of December. The etiquette of allowing all persons indiscriminately to enter at the moment of the delivery of a Queen, was observed so literally, that at the instant when the accoucheur, Vermond, said aloud, *La reine va s'accoucher*, the torrents of inquisitive persons who poured into the chamber were so great and tumultuous, that the rush was near destroying the Queen. During the night the King had taken the precaution to have the enormous tapestry screens, which surrounded her majesty's bed, secured with cords: had it not been for this foresight they certainly would have been thrown down upon her. It was impossible to move about the chamber, which was filled with so motley a crowd, that any one might have fancied himself in some place of public amusement. Two Savoyards got upon the furniture to obtain a better sight of the Queen, who was placed opposite the fireplace, upon a bed prepared for the moment of delivery. The noise, and the sex of the infant, which the Queen was made acquainted with by a signal previously agreed on, as it is said, with the Princess de Lamballe, or some error of the accoucheur, brought on symptoms which threatened the most fatal consequences; the accoucheur

The go-betweens, whom he made use of, raised the strongest prejudices against the Queen."—*Note by the Editors.*

exclaimed: "Give her air — warm water — she must be bled in the foot!" The windows were caulked up; the King opened them with a strength which his affection for the Queen gave him at the moment. They were of great height, and pasted over with strips of paper all round. The basin of hot water not being brought quickly enough, the accoucheur desired the chief surgeon to use his lancet without waiting for it. He did so; the blood streamed out freely, and the Queen opened her eyes. The joy which now succeeded to the most dreadful apprehensions, could hardly be contained. The Princess de Lamballe was carried through the crowd in a state of insensibility. The valets de chambre and pages dragged such inconsiderate persons as would not leave the room, out by the collar. This cruel etiquette was abolished ever afterwards. The princes of the family, the princes of the blood, the chancellor and the ministers are surely sufficient to attest the legitimacy of an hereditary prince. The Queen was snatched from the very jaws of death; she was not conscious of having been bled, and on being replaced in bed, asked why she had a linen bandage upon her foot.

The delight which succeeded the moment of fear, was equally lively and sincere. We were all embracing each other, and shedding tears of joy. The Count d'Esterhazy and the Prince de Poix, to whom I was the first to announce that the Queen had spoken and was restored to life, inundated me with their tears, and embraced me in the midst of a whole room full of the nobility.—When recalling those bursts of happiness, those transports of delight, that moment when heaven gave us back again a princess beloved by all about her, how often have I reflected upon that impenetrable and wholesome obscurity, by which all knowledge of the future is concealed from us! What should we not have felt, if in the midst of our joyful delirium, a heavenly voice, unfolding the secret decree of fate, had cried to us: "Bless not that human art which calls her back to life; weep rather for her return to a world, fatal and cruel to the object of your affections. Ah! let her leave it honoured, beloved, regretted. You can now weep over her grave, you can

now cover it with flowers—the day will come when all the furies of the earth, after having pierced her heart with a thousand envenomed darts; after having engraven on her noble and enchanting features the premature marks of age, will deliver her over to an execution more cruel than that inflicted upon criminals; will deprive her body of burial, and will precipitate you into the same gulf with herself, if you suffer the slightest demonstration of compassion, at so dreadful a spectacle, to escape you."

CHAPTER IX.

Public Rejoicings—Death of Maria Theresa; the Queen's Affliction—Anecdotes of Maria Theresa—Birth of the Dauphin—Bankruptcy of the Prince de Guéménée—The Duchess de Polignac is appointed Governess of the Children of France—Jealousy of the Court People—Interesting particulars—Stay at Trianon—Mode of Life there—Presumption of the Duke de Fronsac—American war—Franklin—M. de la Fayette—Order for admitting none but Gentlemen to the rank of Officer—Spirit of the Third Estate.

At length the Queen was restored to our fondest wishes. During the moment of alarm, regret at not possessing an heir to the throne, was not even thought of. The King himself was wholly occupied with the care of preserving an adored wife. The young princess was presented to the Queen. She pressed her to her truly maternal heart: "Poor little one," said she, "you are not what was wished for, but you are not on that account less dear to me. A son would have been rather the property of the state. You shall be mine; you shall have my undivided care, shall share all my happiness, and console me in all my troubles."

The King despatched a courier to Paris; and wrote letters himself to Vienna, by the Queen's bedside: part of the rejoicings ordered took place in the capital, and the age of the King and Queen affording ground for a presumption that they would have a numerous progeny, hope was again turned towards a new pregnancy.*

* The Queen's propitious delivery was celebrated throughout France. The birth of Madame inspired more than one poet. The following madrigal, by Imbert, was much esteemed:—

A great number of attendants watched near the Queen during the first nights of her confinement. This made her uneasy; she knew how to feel for others, and ordered large arm-chairs for her women, the backs of which were capable of being let down by springs, and which served perfectly well instead of beds.

M. de Lassone, the chief physician, the chief surgeon, the chief apothecary, the principal officers of the buttery, &c., &c., were likewise nine nights without going to bed. The royal children were in like manner watched for a long time, and some one of the nurses remained nightly up and dressed during the first three years from their birth.

The Queen made her entry into Paris for the churching. One hundred maidens were portioned and married at Notre Dame. There were only a few popular acclamations, but her majesty was perfectly well received at the opera.*

A dauphin we asked of our Queen;
A princess announces him near
Since one of the graces is seen,
Young Cupid will quickly appear.

Note by the Editor.

* The acts of benevolence performed by the officers of the city did not prevent them from amusing the people with the usual noisy fêtes. There were illuminations, feux de joie, fire-works, fountains of wine, and distributions of bread and sausages. All the theatres of Paris were open, *gratis*—that was a new treat to the public. Every theatre was full before noon, and the performance began at two o'clock. The French comedians performed Zaïre and the little piece called, *Le Florentin*. In spite of all the precautions taken to preserve the King's box for the charcoal venders, who were accustomed to occupy it on similar occasions, as the poissardes, or market women did that of the Queen, their places were occupied when they arrived. They were informed of this, and thought it very strange. These two chief classes of the lower orders were seen disputing upon etiquette, with almost as much pertinacity as noblemen or sovereign courts. They demanded to know why the boxes, appropriated to them by custom, had been suffered to be occupied. It was necessary to call the officer for the week, and the histrionic senate being assembled in consultation, the registers were inspected, and the legitimacy of the claim was acknowledged.

A few days after the Queen's recovery from her confinement, the curé of the Magdelaine de la Cité, at Paris, wrote to M. Campan, and requested a private interview with him; it was to desire he would deliver into the hands of the Queen, a little box, containing her wedding ring, with this note written by the curé: "I have received under the seal of confession, the ring which I send to your majesty; with an avowal, that it was stolen from you in 1771, in order to be used in sorceries, to prevent your having any children." On seeing her ring again, the Queen said that she had, in fact, lost it about seven years before, while washing her hands; and that she had made it a rule with herself to use no endeavour to discover the superstitious woman who had done her the injury.

The Queen's attachment for the Countess Jules increased every day; she went frequently to her house at Paris, and even took up her own abode at the Chateau de la Muette, to be more at hand to visit her during her confinement.* She married Ma-

An offer was then made to the charcoal venders to go upon the stage, and they all sat there on the King's side, upon benches prepared for them. The poissardes followed and placed themselves on the opposite side. Such grave questions of precedence well deserve to be particularized in memoirs of the times. Since the revolution neither the charcoal venders nor the poissardes are distinguished in the gratis performances; all ranks are confounded together. It appears to us only just that every one should know his rights and keep his place.

Note by the Editor.

* The following extract from Montjoie describes the Queen's feelings towards her friend:

"The Duchess de Polignac," says Montjoie, in the Life of Marie Antoinette, "actually sunk under the fatigues of the kind of life which her devotion to the Queen had imposed upon her, and which, however, was so little to her taste. Her health declined in an alarming degree: the physicians ordered her the Bath waters. As it was the established custom of the court, that the governess of the children of France should never be absent from them, the duchess saw herself, by this order of the physicians, placed in the alternative, of either continuing an office, the duty of which her bad health prevented from fulfilling—or, of resigning. She tendered her resignation to the Queen; who, having listened

demoiselle de Polignac, who was scarcely thirteen years of age, to M. de Grammont, who, on account of this marriage, was made Duke de Guiche, and captain of the King's guards, in reversion after the Duke de Villeroi. The Duchess de Curac, Madame Victoire's dame d'honneur, had been promised the place for the Duke de Lorges, her son; and all this much increased the number of discontented families at court.

The name of favourite was too openly given to the Countess Jules by her friends: the lot of the favourite of a Queen, is not, in France, a happy one; the favourites of Kings are treated, out of gallantry, with much greater indulgence.

A short time after the birth of Madame, the Queen again became pregnant; she had mentioned it only to the King, to her physician, and to a few persons honoured with her intimate confidence, when having exerted her strength in pulling up one of the glasses of her carriage, she felt that she had hurt herself, and eight days afterwards she miscarried. The King spent the whole morning at her bed-side, consoling her, and manifesting the tenderest concern for her. The Queen wept exceedingly; the King took her affectionately in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers. The Queen repeated several times that she was glad she had not mentioned her pregnancy in her family; that people would not have failed to attribute her misfortune to some imprudence of her own, while in fact it had been occasioned by a very simple accident. The King enjoined silence among the

to her in silence, with her eyes bathed in tears, replied in the following terms:—

"'You ought not to part from me, nor can you do it—your heart coul not suffer it. In the rank I fill, it is difficult to meet with a friend; and yet it is so useful—so comfortable to confide in an estimable person! You do not judge of me as the common herd do—you know that the splendour which surrounds me, adds nothing to happiness—you are not ignorant that my mind, full of bitterness and troubles which I must conceal, feels the necessity for a heart that feels them. Ought I not then to thank Heaven for having given me a friend, like you—faithful, feeling, attached to me for my own sake, and not for the sake of my rank? The benefit is inestimable!—for God's sake do not deprive me of it.'". —*Note by the Editor.*

small number of persons who were informed of this unfortunate occurrence; and it remained generally unknown. It was some time before the Queen recovered her health; the King was much interested in it, and waited impatiently for the moment when new hopes might be indulged. These particulars, which are punctually true, furnish the most accurate idea of the manner in which this august couple lived together.

The Empress Maria Theresa did not enjoy the happiness of seeing her daughter give an heir to the crown of France. That illustrious princess terminated her mortal career about the close of 1780, after having proved by her example that, as in the instance of Queen Blanche, the talents of a sovereign might be blended with the virtues of a pious princess. The King was deeply affected at the death of the Empress; and on the arrival of the courier from Vienna, said, that he could not bring himself to afflict the Queen by informing her of an event, which grieved even him so much. His majesty thought the Abbé de Vermond, who had possessed the confidence of Maria Theresa, during his stay at Vienna, the most proper person to discharge this painful duty towards the Queen. He sent his first valet de chambre, M. de Chamilly, to him on the evening of the day he received the despatches from Vienna, and ordered him to come the next day to the Queen before her breakfast hour: to acquit himself discreetly of the afflicting commission with which he was charged; and to let his majesty know the moment of his entering the Queen's chamber. It was the King's intention to be there about a quarter of an hour after him, and he was punctual to his time; he was announced; the Abbé came out; and his majesty said to him, as he drew up at the door to let him pass, "*I thank you, Monsieur l'Abbé, for the service you have just done me.*" This was the only time, during nineteen years, that the King spoke to him.

So great was the Queen's grief, that it was right to anticipate and provide against its effects. Within an hour after learning the event she put on temporary mourning, while waiting until her court mourning should be ready; she kept herself shut up

in her closet for several days; went out only to mass; saw none but the royal family; and received none but the Princess de Lamballe and the Duchess de Polignac. She never ceased talking of the courage, the misfortunes, the abilities and pious virtues of her mother. The feelings of Christian meekness never forsook that princess; her shroud, and the dress in which she was to be buried, made entirely by her own hands, were found ready prepared in one of her rooms. The Queen found no greater comfort in her affliction than talking of her beloved mother; she was thoroughly versed in the various events which distinguished the Empress's reign, and in all the qualities which rendered her dear to her family, her intimates, and her people She often testified the regret she felt in thinking that the numerous duties of her august mother had prevented her watching, in person, over the education of her daughters; and modestly said, that she herself should have been more worthy, if she had had the good fortune to receive lessons directly from a sovereign so enlightened, and so deserving of admiration.*

These pages were penned long after I was witness to, and and sometimes depository of, things which would have been well worth recording. I regret the loss of several anecdotes of the court of Maria Theresa of which I have only confused ideas remaining; but I cannot avoid relating one in particular, which struck me forcibly, and which still adheres to my memory. The Queen told me one day, that her mother was left a widow at an age when her beauty was yet striking: that she was secretly informed of a scheme projected by her three principal ministers, to make themselves agreeable to her; of a compact made be-

* Without desiring to lessen the high estimation in which the virtues and character of Maria Theresa may be justly held, it cannot be denied that in strictness certain acts of her policy are censurable. The complaisance or the weakness of the other cabinets of Europe did not excuse her. "A bishop of Saint Brieux, in a funeral oration upon Maria Theresa," says Chamfort, "got over the partition of Poland very easily: 'France,' said he, 'having taken no notice of the partition in question, I will do as France did, and be silent about it likewise.'"

Note by the Editors.

tween them, that the losers should not suffer themselves to be infected with any feeling of jealousy towards him who should be fortunate enough to gain his sovereign's heart; and that they had sworn that the successful one should be always the friend and support of the other two. The Empress, being well assured of this fact, one day, after the breaking up of the council, over which she had presided, turned the conversation upon the subject of women, female sovereigns, and the duties of their sex and rank; and then applying her general reflections to herself in particular, she told them she hoped to guard herself all her life against weakness of the heart; but that if ever an irresistible feeling should make her alter her resolution, it should be only in favour of a man proof against ambition, not engaged in state affairs, accustomed and attached only to a private life, and its calm enjoyments—in a word, if her heart should betray her, so far as to lead her to love a man invested with any important office, from the moment he should discover her sentiments, he should be contented to resign his place and his influence with the public. This was sufficient: the three ministers, more ambitious than amorous, gave up their projects for ever.

The Queen's second pregnancy was publicly known in the month of April; her health was excellent down to the moment of her confinement. At length, on the 22d of October, 1781, she gave birth to a dauphin. So deep a silence prevailed in the room, at the moment the child first saw the light, that the Queen thought she had only produced a daughter; but after the keeper of the seals had declared the sex of the infant, the King went up to the Queen's bed, and said to her, "Madame, you have fulfilled my wishes, and those of France; you are the mother of a dauphin." The King's joy was boundless; tears streamed from his eyes; he gave his hand to every one present without distinction; and his happiness raised him quite above his habitual manner. Cheerful and affable to all, he was incessantly taking occasion to introduce the words, *my son*, or *the dauphin*. As soon as the Queen was in bed, she would see the long-looked-for infant. The Princess de Guémenée brought it

to her. The Queen told her there was no necessity for commending the precious deposit to her; but, that in order to enable her to attend to him more freely, she would herself share with her the cares which the education of her daughter required. When the dauphin was settled in his apartment, he received the customary homages and visits. The Duke d'Angouleme meeting his father at the entrance of the dauphin's apartment, said to him, "O, papa! how little my cousin is!" "The day will come when you will think him great enough, my dear," answered the prince, almost involuntarily.

The birth of the dauphin appeared to crown the hopes of all classes with universal joy; the people, the nobility, all seemed in this respect to belong to one family. Men stopped one another in the streets, spoke without being acquainted, and those who were acquainted embraced each other. Alas! personal interest is much more frequently the source of transports such as these than any sincere attachment to those who seem to occasion them. In the birth of a legitimate heir to the sovereign power, every man beholds a pledge of prosperity and tranquillity.*

* On the evening of the very day on which the dauphin was born, Madame Billoni, an actress of the Italian theatre, who represented a fairy in the piece then performing, sang some pretty couplets, by Imbert, of which the following is the sense:—

On fairy pinions I advance,
Great tidings to impart;
An infant prince is born to France,
And cheers each loyal heart.
Long may this cherish'd dauphin wait,
Ere he the throne ascend;
And long with glory rule the state,
Before his reign shall end.

M. Merand de Saint Just made a quatrain on the same subject to the following effect:—

This infant prince our hopes are center'd in,
Will, doubtless, make us happy, rich and free;
And since with *somebody* he must begin,
My fervent pray'r is—that it may be me!

Note by the Editor.

The rejoicings were equally splendid and ingenious. The artificers and tradesmen of Paris spent considerable sums, in order to go to Versailles in a body, with their various insignia. Their new and elegant dresses formed a most agreeable sight. Almost every troop had music with it. When they arrived at the court of the palace, they there ranged themselves ingeniously and presented a most interesting moving picture. Chimney-sweepers, quite as well dressed as those that appear upon the stage, carried an ornamented chimney, at the top of which was perched one of the smallest of their fraternity. The chairmen carried a sedan highly gilt, in which were to be seen a handsome nurse and a little dauphin. The butchers made their appearance, graced with good fat beef. Cooks, masons, blacksmiths, all trades were on the alert. The smiths hammered away upon an anvil, the shoemakers finished off a little pair of boots for the dauphin, and the tailors a little suit of the uniform of his regiment. The King remained a long time upon a balcony to enjoy the sight. The whole court was delighted with it. So general was the enthusiasm, that (the police not having carefully examined the procession), the grave-diggers had the impudence to send their deputation also, with the emblematic devices of their ill-omened occupation. They were met by the princess Sophie, the King's aunt, who was thrilled with horror at the sight, and entreated the King to have the audacious fellows driven out of the procession, which was then drawing up on the terrace.

The market-women came to congratulate the Queen, and were received with the ceremonies due to that body of dealers. They appeared to the number of fifty, dressed in black silk gowns, the old established full dress of their order; and they almost all wore diamonds. The Princess de Chimay went to the door of the Queen's bed-room to receive three of these ladies, who were led up to the Queen's bed. One of them addressed her majesty in a speech written by M. de la Harpe. It was set down on the inside of a fan, to which the speaker repeatedly referred, but without any embarrassment. She was handsome,

and had a remarkably fine voice. The Queen was affected by the address, and answered it with great affability: making a distinction between these women and the poissardes, who always left a disagreeable impression on her mind.* The King ordered a substantial repast for all these women. One of his majesty's† maitres d'hotel, wearing his hat, sat as president, and did the honours of the table. The public were admitted, and numbers of people had the curiosity to go.

The Poissardes' songs were numerous, and some of them tolerably good. The King and Queen were much pleased with the following one, and sang it several times during the Queen's confinement:—

Ne craignez pas, cher papa,
D'voir augmenter vot' famille
Le bon Dieu z'y pourvoira:
Fait's-en tant que Versaille en fourmille
Yent il cent Bourbons cheu nous,
Y a du pain, du laurier pour tous.

* The poissardes spoke three addresses; one to the King, one to the Queen, and one to the dauphin. Possibly the reader may wish to see them. To the king they said:—

"Sire, if a son was due from heaven to a king who looks upon his people as his family, our prayers and our wishes have long interceded for one. At length they are heard. We are now certain that our children will be as happy as ourselves; for this child will be like you. You will teach him, Sire, to be as just and good as yourself. We will take upon ourselves to teach our children how to love and respect their King." To the Queen they said, among other things, "We have so long loved you, Madame, without daring to say so to yourself, that all our respect is necessary to prevent our mis-using the permission now given to us to express it." And to the dauphin they said: "You do not understand the wishes we express around your cradle—they will some day be explained to you. They are all reducible to this, namely, that in you we may behold the image of those who gave you life." *Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, Volume I.—*Note by the Editors.*

† Proofs of nobility, or at least of being noble in the third degree, were required for the office of maitre-d'hotel.

Note by Madame Campan.

The body-guards obtained the King's permission to give the Queen a dress-ball in the great room of the opera-house, at Versailles. Her majesty opened the ball in a minuet with a private, selected by the corps, to whom the King granted the baton of an exempt. The fête was most splendid. All was joy, happiness, and peace.

The dauphin was a year old, when the Prince de Guéménée's bankruptcy compelled the princess, his wife, who was governess to the children of France, to resign her situation.*

The Queen was at La Muette, where her daughter was undergoing inoculation. She sent for me, and condescended to say, she wished to converse with me about a scheme which delighted her, but in the execution of which she foresaw some inconveniences. Her plan was, to appoint the Duchess de Polignac to the office lately held by the Princess de Guéménée. She saw with ecstasy the facility which this appointment would give her to superintend the education of her children, without running any risk of hurting the pride of the governess; and that it would bring together, in one place, all the objects of her warmest affections, her children and her friend. "The friends of the Duchess de Polignac," continued the Queen, "will be gratified by the splendour and importance conferred by the employ-

* Le Brun had deposited all his savings with the Prince de Guéménée, whose bankruptcy ruined him. He revenged himself by the following epigrammatic lines; in which may be seen the bitterness of a satirical poet, and the resentment of a creditor:—

A prince full of titles—a sharper serene—
Eased our purses of millions a few;
See what troops of old men!—what despair in their mien!—
How humbly for justice they sue!
A kind rogue of a clerk (for like master like man),
Thus seeks to console him as well as he can:
"Take courage, old gentlemen, dry up your tears,
For princes of honour and conscience are made,
If you will but have patience, some odd fifty years,
Without loss or deduction you all will be paid."

Note by the Editor.

ment. As to the duchess, I know her: the place by no means suits her plain and quiet habits, nor the indolence (if I may use the expression) of her disposition. If she yields to my wish, then, she will give me the greatest possible proof of her devotion to me." The Queen also spoke of the Princess de Chimay and the Duchess de Duras, whom the public pointed out as fit to fill the place of governess; but she thought the Princess de Chimay's piety too rigid; and as to the Duchess de Duras, her wit and knowledge quite frightened her. What the Queen dreaded as the consequence of her selection of the Duchess de Polignac, was, principally, the jealousy of the courtiers, who would never fail to make her feel the mortifications inseparable from that elevation. The Queen showed so lively a desire to see the execution of her scheme, that I had no doubt she would soon set at nought the obstacles she discovered; I was not mistaken. A few days afterwards, the duchess was invested with the office of governess.

The Queen's object in sending for me to converse about her scheme, was, no doubt, to furnish me with the means of explaining the feelings which induced her to prefer a governess disposed by friendship to suffer her to enjoy all the privileges of a mother. Her majesty knew that I saw a great deal of company.

The Queen frequently dined at the duchess's, after having been present at the King's private dinner. Sixty-one thousand francs were therefore added to the salary of the latter as governess, as a compensation for this increase of expense.

The Queen was tired of the excursions to Marly, and had no great difficulty in setting the King against them. He did not like the expense of them, for everybody was entertained there *gratis*.—Louis XIV., established a kind of parade upon these excursions, differing from that of Versailles, but still more annoying.

Card and supper parties occurred perpetually and occasioned much expense in dress.

On Sundays and holidays, the fountains played, the people

were admitted into the gardens, and there was always as great a crowd as at the fête of Saint Cloud.

Every age has its peculiar complexion and that very decidedly. Marly showed the colour of that of Louis XIV. even more than Versailles. Everything in the former place appeared to have been produced by the magic power of a fairy's wand.

The palaces and gardens of that seat of pleasure might be also compared to the scenic decorations of the fifth act of an opera. Not the slightest trace of all this splendour remains: the revolutionary spoilers even tore up from the bosom of the earth, the pipes which served to supply the fountains.—Possibly a brief description of this palace and the usages established there by Louis XV. may be acceptable.

The very extensive garden of Marly rose, by an imperceptible ascent, up to the pavilion of the sun, which was occupied only by the King and his family. The pavilions of the twelve zodiacal signs bounded the two sides of the lawn. They were connected by elegant bowers impervious to the rays of the sun. The pavilions nearest to that of the sun, were reserved for the princes of the blood and the ministers, the rest were occupied by persons holding superior offices at court, or by persons invited to stay at Marly. Each pavilion was named after fresco paintings, which covered its walls, and which were executed by the most celebrated artists of the age of Louis XIV.*

Upon a line with the upper pavilion there was, on the left, the chapel; on the right a pavilion, called La Perspective, which concealed a long suite of offices, containing a hundred lodging-rooms, appropriated to the persons belonging to the service of the court, kitchens, and spacious dining-rooms, in which more than thirty tables were splendidly laid out.

During one half of Louis XV.'s reign, the ladies still wore *the Marly court dress*, so named by Louis XIV., and which

* Her royal highness the Duchess de Berry has, at Rosney, a painting, which exactly represents the mansion, pavilions, and gardens of Marly. This resemblance alone is now sufficient to make the picture very valuable.—*Note by the Editor.*

differed but little from that devised for Versailles. The French gown, puckered in the back, and great hoops, succeeded this dress, and maintained their ground to the end of the reign of Louis XVI.

The diamonds, feathers, rouge, and embroidered stuffs, spangled with gold, banished even the slightest traces of rural character from this spot; but the people loved to see the splendour of their sovereign and a brilliant court glittering in the shades of the woods.

After dinner, and before the hour for cards, the Queen, princesses, and their ladies, paraded among the clumps of trees, in little carriages, beneath canopies richly embroidered with gold, rolled forward by the King's livery servants. The trees were planted by Louis XIV., and were of prodigious height, which, however, was surpassed, in several of the groups, by fountains of the clearest water; while among others, cascades over white marble, the waters of which, being met by the sunbeams, looked like draperies of silver gauze, formed a contrast to the solemn darkness of the groves.

In the evening, nothing more was necessary for any well-dressed man, to procure admission to the Queen's card-parties, than to be named, and presented by some officer of the court, to the gentleman-usher of the card-room. This room, which was very large, and of octagonal shape, rose to the very top of the Italian roof, and terminated in a cupola, furnished with balconies, in which females who had not been presented, easily obtained leave to place themselves, and enjoy the sight of the brilliant assemblage.

Though not of the number of persons belonging to the court, gentlemen admitted into this saloon, were allowed to request one of the ladies seated with the Queen, at lansquenet or faro, to bet upon her cards, with such gold or notes as they presented to her.

Rich people, and the deep gamesters of Paris, did not miss one of the evenings at the Marly saloon, and there were always very considerable sums won and lost.

Louis XVI. hated high play, and very often showed displeasure, when the loss of large sums was mentioned.* The fashion of wearing a black coat without being in mourning, had not then been introduced, and the King gave a few raps on the knuckles to certain Chevaliers de Saint Louis, dressed in this manner, who came to venture two or three Louis, in the hope that fortune would favour the handsome duchesses, who deigned to play them on their cards.†

Singular contrasts are often seen amidst the grandeur of courts. In order to manage such high play at the Queen's faro table, it was necessary to have a banker provided with large sums of money, and this necessity placed at the table, to which none but the highest-titled persons were admitted in general, not only M. de Chalabre, who was the banker, but also a mere retired captain of foot; who officiated as his second. A low word, appropriated to express the manner in which the court was attended there, was often heard. Gentlemen presented at court, who had not been invited to stay at Marly, came there

* In 1790, an officer of the national guards, was walking in the apartments of he Tuileries, when the King, having observed him, asked him if he could play at back-gammon. Upon his answering in the affirmative, the King sat down with him to play, and won nine francs of him, at a *petit ecu*, or half a crown a game. The hour for attending the council being come, the King left him, promising him his revenge another time. (*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI. tome* 1.)

Note by the Editor.

† Bachaumont, in his Memoirs, which are often satirical and always somewhat questionable, speaks of the singular precautions taken at play at court.

"The bankers at the Queen's table," says he, "in order to prevent the *mistakes* (I soften the harshness of his expression), which daily happen, have obtained permission from her majesty, that before beginning to play, the table shall be bordered by a ribbon entirely round it, and that no other money than that upon the cards beyond the ribbon, shall be considered as staked." He adds several other particulars, which denote unaccountable errors, but we have too little faith in their truth to repeat them. (Bachaumont's Memoirs, tome 12.)

Note by the Editor.

notwithstanding as they did to Versailles, and returned again to Paris; under such circumstances, it was said such an one had been to Marly only *en polisson;* and nothing appeared to me more odd, than to hear an agreeable Marquis, in answer to the inquiry of one of his inmates, whether he was of the royal party at Marly, say, "No, I am only here *en polisson:*" meaning nothing more than, "I am here on the footing of all those whose nobility is of a later date than 1400." What powerful talents, how many persons of merit, who were unhappily destined too soon to attack the ancient monarchy, were in the class designated by the word *polisson.*

The Marly excursions were exceedingly expensive to the King. Besides the superior tables, those of the almoners, equerries, maitres d'hotel, &c. &c., were all supplied with such a degree of magnificence, as to allow of inviting strangers to them; and almost all the visitors from Paris were boarded at the expense of the court.

The personal frugality of the unfortunate prince, who sunk beneath the weight of the national debts, thus enabled the Queen to indulge her predilection for her Petit Trianon; and for five or six years preceding the revolution, the court very seldom visited Marly.

The King, always attentive to the comfort of his family, gave the princesses, his aunts, the enjoyment of the chateau of Bellevue, and afterwards purchased the Princess de Guéménée's house, at the entrance to Paris, for Madame Elizabeth.* The Countess de Provence bought a small house at Montreuil; Monsieur already had Brunoy; the Countess d'Artois built Bagatelle; Versailles became, in the estimation of all the members of the royal family, the least agreeable of residences. They only fancied themselves at home, in plainer houses, surrounded by English gardens. The taste for cascades and statues was entirely past.

* Madame Elizabeth enjoyed this house for several years; but the King arranged that she should not sleep there, until she was twenty-five years of age. The revolution broke out before that time.

Note by Madame Campan.

The Queen occasionally remained a whole month at Petit Trianon, and had adopted all the ways of a country life. She entered the sitting-room without driving the ladies from their pianoforte, or embroidery. The gentlemen continued their billiards or backgammon, without suffering her presence to interrupt them. There was but little room in the small chateau of Trianon. Madame Elizabeth accompanied the Queen there, but the ladies of honour, and ladies of the bedchamber, had no establishment at Trianon. When invited by the Queen, they came from Versailles to dinner. The King and princes came regularly to sup. A white gown, a gauze kerchief, and a straw hat, were the uniform dress of the princesses.* The pleasure of examining all the manufactories of the hamlet, seeing the cows milked, and fishing in the lake, delighted the Queen; and every year she showed increased aversion to the pompous excursions to Marly.

The Queen at first intended to live at Trianon, free from the trouble and display of all artificial amusements; but she changed her mind, and determined to act plays as it was then the fashion to do in most country houses. It was agreed that no other young man than the Count d'Artois should be admitted into the company of performers, and that the audience should consist only of the King, Monsieur, and the princesses, who did not play; but in order to stimulate the actors a little, the first boxes were to be occupied by the readers, the Queen's ladies, their sisters, and daughters, making altogether about forty persons.

The Queen laughed heartily at the voice of M. d'Adhemar, formerly a very fine one, but latterly become rather tremulous. His shepherd's dress, in Colin, in the *Devin de Village*, contrasted very ridiculously with his time of life, and the Queen repeatedly said it would be difficult for malevolence itself to find

* The historian of Marie Antoinette adds further points to this picture, and makes some judicious reflection, on the influence of a change of costume upon manners. See the Historical Illustrations, letter (R), the whole of which is by an intelligent observer.—*Note by the Editor.*

anything to criticise in the choice of such a lover. The King was highly amused with these plays.

Louis XVI. was present at every performance; he was often waited for before they were begun. Caillot, a celebrated actor, who had long quitted the stage, and Dazincourt, both of acknowledged good character, were selected to give lessons, the first in comic opera, which was preferred as easiest, and the second in comedy. The office of hearer of rehearsals, prompter, and stage manager, was given to my father-in-law. The Duke de Fronsac, first gentleman of the chamber, was much hurt at this appointment. He thought himself called upon to make serious remonstrances upon the subject, and wrote to the Queen, who contented herself with making him the following answer: "You cannot be first gentleman, when we are the actors. Besides, I have already intimated to you my determination respecting Trianon. I hold no court there, I live like a private person, and M. Campan shall be always employed to execute orders relative to the private fêtes I choose to give there." This not putting a stop to the duke's remonstrances, the King was obliged to interfere. The duke continued obstinate, and insisted that his rights, as first gentleman of the chamber, allowed him to decline being represented by any deputy; that he was entitled to manage the private amusements, as much as those which were public. It became absolutely necessary to end the argument in a positive manner.

The diminutive Duke de Fronsac never failed, whenever he came to pay his respects to the Queen at her toilet, to turn the conversation upon Trianon, in order to make some ironical remarks on my father-in-law, of whom, from the time of his appointment, he always spoke as "my colleague Campan." The Queen would shrug up her shoulders, and say, when he was gone, "It is quite shocking to find so little a man in the son of the Marshal de Richelieu."

La Gageure imprevue was one of the pieces performed at Trianon. The Queen played Gotte; the Countess Diana, Madame de Clainville; Madame Elizabeth, the young woman; and

the Count d'Artois one of the men's characters. Colette in the Devin de Village, was really very well played by the Queen. They performed also, in the course of the following seasons, *Le Roi et le Fermier; Rose et Colas; le Sorcier; l'Anglais à Bourdeaux; On ne s'avise jamais de tout; le Barbier de Seville,* &c.*

So long as no strangers were admitted to these performances, they were but little censured; but a profusion of praise enhanced the idea which the performers entertained of their talents, and made them look for a larger circle of admirers.

The Queen permitted the officers of the body guards, and the equerries of the King and princes, to be present at the play. Private boxes were provided for some of the people belonging to the court; a few more ladies were invited; and claims arose on all sides for the favour of admission.

* These performances, in which Marie Antoinette delighted in taking a part, have been repeatedly censured. Montjoie himself, as may be seen in the Historical Illustrations (S), reproaches the Queen almost with severity, and makes observations, which appear to us not to be quite correct. "Formerly," says he, "any private gentleman would have been disgraced, upon its being known that he had turned actor, even in a family party." We will not decide whether it would have been more disgraceful in a private gentleman to act in a play, or, for instance, like the Count de Grammont, to back with a detachment of cavalry a game of piquet, in which art had corrected fortune; but we will observe, that in 1701, J. B. Rousseau's Magic Girdle was played by the *princes of the blood* before the Duchess of Burgundy. (Memoirs for the history of Voltaire, Amsterdam, 1785) Voltaire gives still more minute particulars of these performances, in which *private gentlemen* would no doubt have been induced to figure. "There was," says he, (tome 21, p. 157) "a small theatre erected *in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon. The Duchess of Burgundy*, and *the Duke of Orleans*, with *such persons of the court* as were most conspicuous for talent, performed there. The eminent actor Baron, instructed them and played with them. The majority of Duché's tragedies were composed for this theatre." We shall add but one word to these positive facts, which is, that the young and lovely Marie Antoinette might well see nothing wrong in an amusement tolerated by Madame de Maintenon, in the sour, hypocritical, and bigoted court, of the latter years of Louis XIV.

Note by the Editor.

The Queen refused to admit the officers of the body guards of the princes, the officers of the King's hundred Swiss guards, and many other persons who were highly mortified at the refusal.

The company, for a private company, was good enough; and the acting was applauded to the skies; nevertheless, as the audience withdrew, criticisms were plainly heard, and a few of the visitors would observe, that the piece was *royally ill played.*

While delight at having given an heir to the throne of the Bourbons, and a succession of fêtes and amusements, filled up the happy days of Marie Antoinette, the community was solely engrossed with the Anglo-American war. Two kings, or rather their ministers, planted and propagated the love of liberty in the new world; the King of England, by shutting his ears and his heart against the continued and respectful representations of subjects at a distance from their native land, who had become numerous, rich, and powerful, through the resources of the soil they had fertilized; and the King of France, by giving support to a people in rebellion against their ancient sovereign. Many young soldiers, belonging to the first families of the country, followed La Fayette's example, and broke through all the illusions of grandeur, and all the charms of luxury, of amusements, and of love, to go and tender their courage and their information to the revolted Americans. Beaumarchais, secretly seconded by Messieurs de Maurepas and de Vergennes, obtained permission to send out to the Americans supplies of arms and clothing. Franklin appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator. His strait unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Doctor Franklin, who, to the reputation of a most skilful naturalist, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of

three hundred, was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks.* Even in the palace of Versailles, Franklin's medallion was sold under the King's eyes, in the exhibition of Sevres porcelain. The legend of this medallion was:

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

The King never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment, no doubt, led him to blame: however, the Countess Diana having, to keep up to her character as a woman of superior talent, entered with considerable warmth into the idolatry of the American delegate, a jest was played off upon her, which was kept secret enough, and may give us some idea of the private sentiments of Louis XVI. He had a *vase de nuit* made at the Sevres manufactory, at the bottom of which was the medallion with its fashionable legend, and he sent the utensil to the Countess Diana, as a new year's gift. The Queen spoke out more plainly about the part France was taking respecting the independence of the American colonies, and constantly opposed it. Far was she from foreseeing that a revolution at such a distance, could excite one in which the day would come, when a misguided populace would drag her from her palace to a death equally unjust and cruel. She only saw something ungenerous in the method which France adopted, of checking the power of England.

* Benjamin Franklin spent the earlier part of his life in the labour of the printing house. When the news of his death arrived in Paris, in 1790, a society of printers met in an apartment of the Cordeliers convent, to celebrate a funeral festival in honour of the American philosopher. His bust was elevated upon a column in the middle of the room. Upon the head was placed a civic crown; below the bust were compositor's cases, a press, and other emblems of the art, which the sage had cultivated. While one printer was pronouncing an eulogium upon Franklin, workmen were printing it, and the speech, composed and pulled off as fast as uttered, was copiously distributed among the spectators brought together by this entertainment. The Historical Illustrations contain some particulars respecting Benjamin Franklin, letter (T).—*Note by the Editor.*

However, as Queen of France, she enjoyed the sight of a whole people rendering homage to the prudence, courage, and good qualities of a young Frenchman; and she shared the enthusiasm inspired by the conduct and military success of the Marquis de la Fayette. The Queen granted him several audiences on his first return from America, and, until the 10th of August, on which day my house was plundered, I had preserved some lines from Gaston and Bayard, in which the friends of M. de la Fayette saw the exact outline of his character, written by her own hand:—

> ——————————why talk of youth,
> When all the ripe experience of the old
> Dwells with him? In his schemes profound and cool,
> He acts with wise precaution, and reserves
> For times of action his impetuous fire.
> To guard the camp, to scale the leaguer'd wall,
> Or dare the hottest of the fight, are toils
> That suit the impetuous bearing of his youth;
> Yet like the gray-haired veteran, he can shun
> The field of peril. Still before my eyes
> I place his bright example, for I love
> His lofty courage, and his prudent thought.
> Gifted like him a warrior has no age.*

* "During the American war, a general officer in the service of the United States, advanced with a score of men under the English batteries to reconnoitre their position. His aide-de-camp, struck by a ball, fell at his side; the officers and orderly dragoons fled precipitately. The general, though under the fire of the cannon, approached the wounded man to see whether he had any signs of life remaining, or whether any help could be afforded him. Finding the wound had been mortal, he turned his eyes away with emotion, and slowly rejoined the group which had got out of the reach of the pieces. This instance of courage and humanity took place at the battle of Monmouth. General Clinton, who commanded the English troops, knew that the Marquis de la Fayette generally rode a white horse; it was upon a white horse that the general officer who retired so slowly, was mounted: Clinton desired the gunners not to fire. This noble forbearance probably saved M. de la Fayette's life, for it was he himself. At that time he was but twenty-two years of age." *Historical Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*

 Note by the Editor.

These lines were applauded and encored at the French theatre: all was delirium. There was no class of persons that did not heartily approve of the support given openly by the French government to the cause of American independence. The constitution desired for the new nation was digested at Paris, and while liberty, equality, and the rights of man, were commented upon by the Condorcets, Baillys, Mirabeaus, &c., the minister Segur published the King's edict, which by repealing that of 1st November, 1750, declared all officers not noble by four generations, incapable of filling the rank of captain, and denied all military rank to those who were not gentlemen, excepting sons of the Chevaliers de Saint Louis.* The injustice and absurdity of this law, was, no doubt, a secondary cause of the revolution. To be aware of the extent of despair, nay of rage, with which this law inspired the third estate, we should form part of that honourable class. The provinces were full of plebeian families, who, for ages, had lived as people of property upon their own domains, and paid the subsidies. If these persons had several sons, they would place one in the King's service, one in the church, another in the order of Malta, as a *chevalier servant d'armes,* and one in the magistracy, while the eldest preserved the paternal manor. If the family were situated in a country celebrated for wine, they would, besides selling their own produce, add a kind of commission trade in the wines of the canton. I have seen an individual of this justly respected class, who had been long employed in diplomatic business, and even honoured with the title of minister plenipotentiary, the son-in-law and nephew of colonels, and *majors de*

* We read the following anecdote upon this subject, by Chamfort. He tells it with his usual caustic feeling. "M. de Segur having published an ordinance which prohibited the admission of any other than gentlemen into the artillery corps, and on the other hand, none but well educated persons being proper for admission, a curious scene took place: the Abbé Bossat, examiner of the pupils, gave certificates only to plebeians, while Cherin gave them only to gentlemen. Out of one hundred pupils, there were not above four or five who were qualified in both respects."—*Note by the Editor.*

place, and, on his mother's side, nephew of a lieutenant-general with a cordon rouge, unable to introduce his sons as junior lieutenants into a regiment of foot.

Another decision of the court, but which could not be announced by an edict, was that all ecclesiastical benefices, from the humblest priory up to the richest abbey, should in future be appendages to nobility. Being the son of a village surgeon, the Abbé de Vermond, who had great influence in the disposition of benefices, was particularly struck with the justice of this decree of the King.

During the absence of the abbé in an excursion he made for his health, I prevailed on the Queen to write a postcript to the petition of a curate, one of my friends, who was soliciting a priory near his curacy, with the intention of retiring to it. I obtained him his object. On the abbé's return, he heard of this, came to my house and told me very harshly, that I acted in a manner quite contrary to the King's wishes, in obtaining similar favours; that the wealth of the church was for the future to be invariably devoted to the support of the poorer nobility; that it was the interest of the state that it should be so; and a plebeian priest, happy in a good curacy, had only to remain curate.

Can we then wonder at the line of conduct shortly afterwards adopted by the deputies of the third estate, when called to the states general?

CHAPTER X.

Visit of the Grand Duke of Russia and his Duchess to France—Entertainment and supper at Trianon—Cardinal de Rohan—Cold reception given to Count d'Haga (Gustavus III. King of Sweden)—Peace with England—The English flock into France—Conduct to be observed at Court—Mission of the Chevalier de Bressac to the Queen—Court of Naples—Queen Caroline, the Minister Acton—Debates between the Courts of Naples and Madrid—Insolent reply of the Spanish Ambassador to Queen Caroline—Interference of France—M. M. de Segur and de Castries appointed Ministers through the Queen's influence—Treachery of M. de Maurepas towards M. Necker—Appointment of M. de Calonne—Judicious Reflections of Marie Antoinette.

About the close of the last century, several of the northern sovereigns took pleasure in travelling.—Christian III., King of Denmark, visited the court of France in 1763, under the reign of Louis XV. We saw the King of Sweden and Joseph II., at Versailles. The Grand Duke of Russia, son of Catherine II., (afterwards Paul I.) and the Princess of Wirtemberg, his wife, likewise resolved to visit France. They travelled under the titles of the Count and Countess du Nord. They were presented on the 20th of May, 1782. The Queen received them with infinite grace and dignity. On the day of their arrival at Versailles, they dined in private with the King and Queen.

The plain, unassuming appearance of Paul I., pleased Louis XVI. He spoke to him with more confidence and cheerfulness, than he had done to Joseph II. The Countess du Nord was not at first so successful with the Queen. This lady was of a fine height, very fat for her age, with all the stiffness of the German demeanour, well informed, and perhaps displayed her acquirements with rather too much confidence. At the moment

the Count and Countess du Nord were presented, the Queen was exceedingly intimidated. She withdrew into her closet before she went into the room where she was to dine with the illustrious travellers, and asked for a glass of water, confessing, "she had just experienced how much more difficult it was to play the part of a Queen in the presence of other sovereigns, or of princes born to become so, than before courtiers."

She soon recovered from her first confusion, and made her reappearance with ease and confidence. The dinner was tolerably cheerful, and the conversation very animated.

Brilliant entertainments were given at court in honour of the King of Sweden and the Count du Nord. They were received in private by the King and Queen; but they were treated with much more ceremony than the Emperor, and their majesties always appeared to me to be very cautious before these personages. However, the King one day asked the Grand Duke of Russia, if it were true that he could not rely on the fidelity of any one of those who accompanied him. The prince answered him without hesitation, and before a considerable number of persons, that he should be very sorry to have with him even a poodle dog that was much attached to him, because his mother would take care to have it thrown into the Seine, with a stone round its neck, before he should leave Paris. This reply, which I myself heard, quite thrilled me with horror, whether it depicted the disposition of Catherine, or expressed the prince's prejudice against her.

The Queen gave the grand duke a supper at Trianon, and had the gardens illuminated, as they had been for the Emperor. The Cardinal de Rohan very indiscreetly ventured to introduce himself there, without the Queen's knowledge. Having always been treated with the utmost coolness ever since his return from Vienna, he had not dared to ask her himself for permission to see the illumination; but he persuaded the porter of Trianon to admit him as soon as the Queen should have set off for Versailles, and his eminence engaged to remain in the porter's lodge until all the carriages should have left the chateau. He did not

keep his word, and while the porter was busy in the discharge of his duty, the cardinal, who had kept on his red stockings, and merely thrown a great coat over him, went down into the garden, and with an air of mystery, drew up in two different places to see the royal family and suite pass by.

Her majesty was highly offended at this piece of boldness, and the next day ordered the porter to be discharged. There was a general feeling of disgust at the cardinal's treachery to the unfortunate man, and of commiseration towards the latter for the loss of his place. Affected at the misfortune of the father of a family, I obtained his forgiveness; and since that time I have often regretted the feeling of the moment which induced me to interfere. The notoriety of the discharge of the porter of Trianon, and the odium that circumstance would have fixed upon the cardinal, would have made the Queen's dislike to him still more publicly known; and would probably have prevented the scandalous and too famous intrigue of the necklace.—But for the artful manner in which the cardinal introduced himself into the gardens of Trianon—but for the air of mystery which he affected whenever the Queen met him there, he would not have been able to say that he had been deceived by any emissary between the Queen and himself.

The Queen, who was much prejudiced against the King of Sweden, received him very coldly.* All that was said of the private character of that sovereign, his connection with the Count de Vergennes, from the time of the revolution of Sweden, in 1772, the character of his favourite Armsfeld, and the prejudices of the monarch himself against the Swedes, who were well received at the court of Versailles, formed the grounds of this dislike. He came one day uninvited and unexpected, and requested to dine with the Queen. The Queen received him in

* Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, travelled in France under the title of Count d'Haga. Upon his accession to the throne, he managed the revolution, which prostrated the authority of the senate, with equal skill, coolness, and courage. He was assassinated in 1792, at a masked ball, by Ankerstroem.—*Note by the Editor.*

the little closet, and sent for me immediately. She desired me to send for her clerk of the kitchen, that she might be informed whether there was a proper dinner to set before Count d'Haga, and to add to it if necessary. The King of Sweden assured her that there would be enough for him; and I could not help smiling at the idea of augmenting the dinner provided for the King and Queen, not even half of which would have made its appearance had they dined in private. The Queen looked significantly and seriously at me, and I withdrew. In the evening she asked me why I had looked so astonished, when she ordered me to add to her dinner; saying that I ought instantly to have seen, that she was giving the King of Sweden a lesson for his presumption. I owned to her that the scene had appeared to me so much in the city style, that I had involuntarily thought of the cutlets on the gridiron, and the omelette, which, in families in middling circumstances, serve to piece out short commons. She was highly diverted with my answer, and repeated it to the King, who also laughed heartily at it.

The peace with England gave great satisfaction to all classes of society, interested in the national honour. The departure of the English commissary from Dunkirk, who had been fixed at that place ever since the shameful peace of 1763, as inspector of our navy, occasioned an ecstasy of joy. The government prudently communicated to the Englishman the order for his departure, before the treaty was made public. But for that precaution the populace would have probably committed some excess or other, in order to make the agent of English power feel the effects of the resentment which was constantly increasing during his stay at that port. Those engaged in trade, were the only persons dissatisfied with the treaty of 1783. That article which provided for the free admission of English goods, annihilated at one blow the trade of Rouen, and the other manufacturing towns throughout the kingdom. French industry has since removed that superiority which secured to England the exclusive trade of the whole world. The English poured into Paris. A considerable number of them were presented at court. The Queen

paid them a marked attention; doubtless she wished them to distinguish between the esteem she had for their noble nation, and the political views of the government, in the support it had afforded to the Americans. Discontent was, however, strongly manifested at court, in consequence of the marks of favour bestowed by the Queen upon the English noblemen; these attentions were called infatuations. This was illiberal; and the Queen justly complained of such absurd jealousy.

The journey to Fontainebleau, and the winter at Paris and at court, were extremely brilliant. The spring brought back with it those amusements which the Queen began to prefer to the splendour of fêtes. The most perfect harmony subsisted between the King and Queen; I never saw but one difference between the august couple. It was soon dispelled; the cause of it is still perfectly unknown to me.

My father-in-law, whose penetration and experience I respected greatly, recommended me, when he saw me placed in the service of a young Queen, to shun all kinds of confidence. "It procures," said he, "but a very fleeting, and at the same time dangerous sort of favour: serve with zeal, to the best of your judgment, and never do more than obey. Instead of setting your wits to work, to discover why an order, or a commission which may appear of consequence, are given to you, use them to prevent the possibility of your knowing anything of the matter." I had occasion to avail myself of this wise and useful lesson. One morning at Trianon, I went into the Queen's chamber when she was in bed; there were letters lying upon the bed, and she was weeping bitterly. Her tears were mingled with sobs, which she occasionally interrupted by exclamations of, "*Ah! that I were dead!—wretches! monsters!—What have I done to them?*"—I offered her orange flower water and ether—"*Leave me,*" said she, "*if you love me: it would be better to kill me at once.*" At this moment she threw her arm over my shoulder and began weeping afresh. I saw that some weighty, but concealed trouble oppressed her heart, that she wanted a confidante, and that that confidante ought to be no

other than her friend. I told her so, and suggested sending for the Duchess de Polignac: this she strongly opposed. I renewed my arguments and solicitations, to procure her the consolation of a disclosure of which she stood in need, and her opposition grew weaker. I disengaged myself from her arms, and ran to the antechamber, where I knew that a horseman always waited, ready to mount, and start at a moment's warning for Versailles. I ordered him to go full speed, and tell the Duchess de Polignac, that the Queen was very uneasy, and desired to see her instantly. The duchess always had a carriage ready. In less than ten minutes she was at the Queen's door. I was the only person there, having been forbidden to send for the other women; Madame de Polignac came in; the Queen held out her arms to her, the duchess rushed towards her. I heard her sobs renewed, and withdrew.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the Queen, who was become calmer, rang to be dressed. I sent her woman in; she put on her gown and retired to her boudoir with the duchess. Very soon afterwards the Count d'Artois arrived from Compeigne, where he had been with the King. He hastily crossed the antechamber and the chamber, and eagerly inquired where the Queen was. He remained half an hour with her and the duchess; and on coming out told me the Queen asked for me. I found her seated on her couch by the side of her friend; her features had resumed their usual cheerful and gracious appearance. She held out her hand to me, and said to the duchess, "I know I have made her so uncomfortable this morning, that I must set her poor heart at ease." She then added, "You must have seen, on some fine summer's day, a black cloud suddenly appear, and threaten to pour down upon the country, and lay it in waste. The lightest wind drives it away, and the blue sky and serene weather are restored. This is just the image of what has happened to me this morning." She afterwards told me that the King would return from Compeigne after hunting there, and sup with her; that I must send for her purveyor, to select with him, from his bills of fare, all such dishes as the King liked best;

that she would have no others served up in the evening at her table; and that this was a mark of attention that she wished the King to observe. The Duchess de Polignac also took me by the hand, and told me how happy she was that she had been with the Queen at a moment when she stood in need of a friend. I never knew what could have created in the Queen so lively and so transient an alarm; but I guessed from the particular care she took respecting the King, that attempts had been made to irritate him against her; that the malice of her enemies had been promptly discovered and counteracted by the King's penetration and attachment; and that the Count d'Artois had hastened to bring her intelligence of it.

It was, I think, in the summer of 1787, during one of the Trianon excursions, that the Queen of Naples sent the Chevalier de Bressac to her majesty, on a secret mission relative to a projected marriage between the hereditary prince her son, and madame the King's daughter; in the absence of the lady of honour, he addressed himself to me. Notwithstanding he said a great deal to me about the close confidence with which the Queen of Naples honoured him, and about his letters of credit, I thought he had quite the air of an adventurer.* He had, indeed, private letters for the Queen, and his mission was not feigned; he talked to me very inconsiderately even before his admission, and entreated me to do all that lay in my power to dispose the Queen's mind in favour of his sovereign's wishes: I declined it; assuring him that it did not belong to me to meddle with state affairs. He endeavoured, but in vain, to prove to me that the union contemplated by the Queen of Naples ought not to be looked upon in that light.

I procured M. de Bressac the audience he desired, but without suffering myself even to seem acquainted with the object of his mission. The Queen told me what it was: she thought him a person ill chosen for the occasion; and yet she thought that the Queen, her sister, had done very well in not making use of

* I know that he afterwards spent several years shut up in the castle de l'Œuf.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

a man fit to be avowed; it being impossible that what she solicited should take place. I had an opportunity on this occasion, as indeed on many others, of judging to what extent the Queen valued and loved France and the dignity of our court. She then told me that Madame, in marrying her cousin, the Duke d'Angouleme, would not lose her rank as daughter of the Queen; and that her situation would be far more preferable to that of Queen of any other country; that there was nothing in Europe to be compared to the court of France; and that it would be necessary, in order to avoid exposing a French princess to feelings of deep regret, in case she should be married to a foreign prince, to take her from the palace of Versailles at seven years of age, and send her immediately to the court in which she was to dwell; and that at twelve it would be too late; for that recollections and comparisons would ruin the happiness of all the rest of her life. The Queen looked upon the fate of her sisters as far beneath her own; and frequently mentioned the mortifications inflicted by the court of Spain upon her sister, the Queen of Naples;* and of the necessity she was under of imploring the mediation of the King of France.

* The following extract may perhaps assist in pointing out the motive of these mortifications. It shows, at least, very plausibly, how the Empress Maria Theresa, hoped to promote her extensive schemes, by the alliance of the archduchess Caroline with the King of Naples, and what obstacles the Spanish branch of the Bourbons presented to designs, the depth of which did not pass unperceived by them.

The observations about to be given are from the *Historical Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by the Abbé Soulavie; but the testimony of Count d'Orloff, in the sensible, clear and instructive work, which he has published on the kingdom of Naples, gives them great weight. We quote a passage of some length from M. d'Orloff's work (see letter U), and we recommend the perusal of it, because it describes truly, and in an interesting manner, the empire which Queen Caroline had acquired over her husband, the character of the minister Acton, the just grounds of the resentment felt by the court of Madrid, and the part played by France among all these differences. This is what the Abbé Soulavie says on this subject:—

"Under the flourishing reigns of the house of Bourbon, France had

She showed me several letters that she had received from the Queen of Naples, relative to her differences with the court of Madrid, respecting the minister Acton. She thought him useful to her people, inasmuch as he was a man of considerable information, and great activity. In these letters she minutely acquainted her majesty with the nature of the affronts she had received, and represented Mr. Acton to her, as a man whom malevolence itself could not suppose capable of interesting her otherwise than by his services. She had had to suffer the impertinence of a Spaniard named Las Casas, who had been sent to

fixed one of its branches in Spain, which again had thrown out scions into Italy. Maria Theresa was jealous of this. Inheriting all the ambition of the house of Austria, and all its views upon Italy, she had promised herself, during a profound peace, to reconquer that beautiful country by stratagem, by giving to the court of Naples an archduchess brought up at Vienna, and never likely to forget, that she was the guardian of the interests of her family at Naples. Queen Caroline ably seconded the views of her mother: seeing in the city of Naples, nothing more than a property formerly Austrian, and particularly insecure in the hands of Ferdinand, and being remarkably apt at creating ministers submissive to her will, at retaining and defending them, and detaching them from the court of Madrid, where the stem of the Neapolitan branch of the Bourbons reigned, she succeeded in giving her husband a disinclination to the family compact, in which the principal strength of the decendants of Louis XIV. lay, so devoted was she to her brother Joseph, the only divinity she adored.

"This conduct of Caroline, Queen of Naples, and the precautions taken by the house of Austria, in all its treaties of peace with France, to preserve some hold over Italy, develope the views of the house of Austria, respecting that ancient inheritance of which it had been deprived by the courage and policy of the Bourbons. But for the firmness of Don Carlos, King of Naples, upon his accession to the throne of Spain, Austria would have repossessed that ancient domain, by virtue of the reversionary clauses which Maria Theresa had artfully introduced into the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, and which she had again procured to be inserted in the treaty of 1758: an evident proof, that Austria has not lost sight of the project of a new settlement in the bosom of Italy." Recent events add greatly to the weight of these conjectures, respecting the ambitious policy of the house of Austria.—*Note by the Editor.*

her by the King, her father-in-law, to persuade her to dismiss Mr. Acton from the business of the state, and from her intimacy. She complained bitterly to the Queen her sister, of the disgusting proceedings of this chargé d'affaires, whom she told, in order to convince him of the nature of the feelings which attached her to Mr. Acton, that she would have portraits and busts of him executed by the most eminent artist of Italy, and that she would then send them to the King of Spain, to prove that nothing but the desire to retain a man of superior capacity, had induced her to bestow on him the favour he enjoyed. This Las Casas dared to answer her that it would be an useless trouble; that the ugliness of a man did not always render him displeasing; and the King of Spain had too much experience not to know that there was no accounting for the caprices of a woman.

This audacious reply filled the Queen of Naples with indignation, and her emotion caused her to miscarry on the same day. Through the intermediation of Louis XVI., the Queen of Naples obtained complete satisfaction in this affair, and Mr. Acton was continued in his post of prime minister.*

Among the characteristics which denoted the great goodness of the Queen, her respect for personal liberty should have a place. I have seen her put up with the most troublesome importunities from people whose minds were deranged, rather than have them taken up. Her patient benignity was put to a very disagreeable trial by an old member of the Bordeaux parliament, named Castelnaux: this man declared himself a lover of the Queen, and was generally known by that appellation. For ten successive years did he follow the court in all its excursions. Pale and wan, as people who are out of their senses usually are, his sinister appearance occasioned the most uncomfortable sensations. During the two hours that the Queen's public card-parties lasted, he would remain fixed opposite her majesty. He placed himself in the same manner before her eyes at chapel, and never failed to be at the King's dinner, or

* See Historical Illustrations, letter (U), particulars respecting this minister, and his conduct towards France.—*Note by the Editor.*

the *grand couvert*. At the theatre, he invariably seated himself as near the Queen's box as possible. He always set off for Fontainebleau, or St. Cloud, the day before the court, and when her majesty arrived at her various residences, the first person she met on getting out of her carriage was this melancholy madman. He never spoke to any one. While the Queen was at Petit Trianon, the passion of this unhappy man became still more annoying. He would hastily swallow his morsel at some eating house, and spent all the rest of the day, even when it rained, in going round and round the garden, always walking at the edge of the moat. The Queen frequently met him when she was walking either alone or with her children; and yet she would not suffer any violence to be used to relieve her from this intolerable annoyance. Having one day given M. de Seze permission to enter Trianon, she sent to desire he would come to me, and directed me to inform that celebrated advocate of M. de Castelnaux's derangement, and then to send for him, that M. de Seze might have some conversation with him. He talked to him nearly an hour, and made considerable impression upon his mind: and at last M. de Castelnaux requested me to inform the Queen, that positively, since his presence was disagreeable to her, he would retire to his province. The Queen was very much rejoiced, and desired me to express her full satisfaction to M. de Seze. Half an hour after M. de Seze was gone, the unhappy madman was announced to me. He came to tell me that he withdrew his promise, that he had not sufficient command of himself to give up seeing the Queen as often as possible. This new determination was a disagreeable message to take to her majesty; but how was I affected at hearing her say: "Well, let him annoy me! but let him not be deprived of the blessing of freedom.*

* On the fatal arrest of the King and Queen at Varennes, this unfortunate Castelnaux attempted to starve himself to death. The people in whose house he lived, becoming uneasy at his absence, had the door of his room forced open, where he was found, stretched senseless on the floor. I do not know what became of him after the 10th of August.
Note by Madame Campan.

The direct influence of the Queen on affairs, during the earlier years of the reign, was only shown in her obliging exertions to obtain from the King a revision of the decrees in two celebrated causes.*

If the King did not inspire the Queen with a lively feeling of love, it is at least quite certain that she yielded him a mixed tribute of enthusiasm and affection, for the goodness of his disposition and the equity of which he gave so many accumulated proofs throughout his reign. One evening she returned very late: she came out of the King's closet, and said to M. de Mizery and myself, drying her eyes, which were filled with tears, "You see me weeping, but do not be uneasy at it: these are the sweetest tears that a wife can shed; they are caused by the impression which the justice and goodness of the King have made upon me; he has just complied with my request for a revision of the proceedings against Messieurs de Bellegarde and Moutier, victims of the Duke d'Aiguillon's hatred to the Duke de Choiseul. He has been equally just to the Duke de Guines, in his affair with Le Tort. It is a happy thing for a Queen to be able to admire and esteem him who has admitted her to a participation of his throne; and as to you, I congratulate you upon your having to live under the sceptre of so virtuous a sovereign." Our tears of affection mingled with those of the Queen; she condescended to suffer us to kiss her charming hands. This affecting scene is not yet effaced from my recollection—and was it under the sway of sovereigns so merciful and so feeling that

* The Queen did not venture to meddle with those two causes further than to solicit a revision of them; for it was contrary to her principles to interfere in matters of justice, and never did she avail herself of her influence, to bias the tribunals. The Duchess de Praslin, through a criminal caprice, carried her enmity to her husband so far, as to disinherit her children in favour of the family of M. de Guéménée. The Duchess de Choiseul, who was warmly interested in this affair, one day entreated the Queen in my presence, at least to condescend to ask the first president when the cause would be called on; the Queen replied, that she could not even do that, for it would manifest an interest which it was her duty not to show.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

we endured horrors for which the most cruel tyranny would have been no excuse? And were these the beings, so august, so formed by Divine Providence for the happiness of the people, whom we had the anguish of seeing sacrificed to a rage equally senseless and barbarous?

The Queen laid before the King all the memorials of the Duke de Guines, who, during his embassy to England, was involved in difficulties by a secretary, who speculated in the public funds in London on his own account, but in such a manner, as to throw a suspicion of it on the ambassador. Messieurs de Vergennes and Turgot, bearing but little good will to the Duke de Guines, who was the friend of the Duke de Choiseul, were not disposed to render the ambassador any service. The Queen succeeded in fixing the King's particular attention on this affair, and the innocence of the Duke de Guines triumphed through the equity of Louis XVI.

An incessant underhand war was carried on between the friends and partisans of M. de Choiseul, who were called the Austrians, and those who sided with Messieurs d'Aiguillon, de Maurepas, and de Vergennes, who, for the same reason, kept up the intrigues carried on at court, and in Paris, against the Queen. Marie Antoinette on her part supported those who had suffered in this political quarrel, and it was this feeling which led her to ask for a revision of the proceedings against Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier. The first, a colonel and inspector of artillery, and the second a proprietor of a foundry at Saint Etienne, were, under the ministry of the Duke d'Aiguillon, condemned to imprisonment for twenty years and a day, for having withdrawn from the arsenals of France, by order of the Duke de Choiseul, a vast number of muskets, which were thrown out as being of no value except as old iron, while in point of fact, the greater part of those muskets were immediately embarked, and sold to the Americans. It appears that the Duke de Choiseul imparted to the Queen, as grounds of defence for the accused, the political views which led him to authorize that reduction and sale in the manner in which it had

been executed. What rendered the case of Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier more unfavourable was, that the artillery officer who made the reduction in the capacity of inspector, was, through a clandestine marriage, brother-in-law of the owner of the foundry, who became the purchaser of the rejected arms. The innocence of the two prisoners was nevertheless made apparent; and they came to Versailles with their wives and children, to throw themselves at the feet of their benefactress. This affecting scene took place in the grand gallery, at the entrance to the Queen's apartment. She wished to restrain the women from kneeling, saying, that *they had only had justice done them; and that she ought at that very moment to be congratulated upon the most substantial happiness attendant upon her station, that of laying just appeals before the King.**

Whenever she had to express her thoughts in public, the Queen always used the most appropriate, elegant, and striking language, notwithstanding the difficulty a foreigner might be expected to experience. She answered all addresses herself, and persevered in that custom, which she first learned at the court of Maria Theresa. The princesses of the house of Bourbon had long ceased to take the trouble of pronouncing their answers in such cases. Madame Adelaide blamed the Queen for not doing as they did, assuring her, that it was quite sufficient to mutter a few words, that might sound like an answer, while the addressers, solely occupied with what they themselves had just been saying, would always take it for granted, that a proper answer had been returned. The Queen saw that idleness alone had pointed out such a course of proceeding, and that as the practice even of muttering a few words, showed the necessity of answering in some way, it must be more proper to reply plainly,

* There is an engraving of the time, which represents this scene of gratitude and kindness tolerably well. This piece has the merit of representing the places, costumes, and the personal likeness of the principal personages with accuracy. Among the latter, we recognize M. the Count de Provence, (his Majesty Louis XVIII.), Madame the Countess de Provence, M. the Count and Madame the Countess d'Artois, and the Emperor Joseph II.—*Note by the Editor.*

distinctly, and in the best style possible. Sometimes, indeed, when apprised of the subject of the address, she would write down her answer in the morning, not to learn it by heart, but in order to settle the ideas or sentiments she wished to introduce into it.

The influence of the Countess de Polignac increased daily; and her friends availed themselves of it, to effect changes in the ministry. The dismissal of M. de Montbarrey, a man without talents or character, was generally approved of. It was justly attributed to the Queen. He had been placed in administration by M. de Maurepas, and backed by his aged wife: both of course became more inveterate than ever against the Queen and the Polignac circle.

The appointment of M. de Segur to the place of minister at war, and of M. de Castries to that of minister of marine, were wholly the work of that circle. The Queen always dreaded making ministers; her favourite often wept, when the men of her circle compelled her to interfere. Men blame women for meddling in business, and yet in courts it is continually the men themselves, who make use of the influence of the women, in matters with which the latter ought to have nothing to do.

On the day when M. de Segur was presented to the Queen on his new appointment, she said to me: "You have just seen a minister of my making. I am very glad as far as regards the King's service, that he is appointed, for I think the selection a very good one; but I almost regret the part I have taken in this appointment. I take a responsibility upon myself. I was fortunate in being free from any; and, in order to relieve myself from this as much as possible, I have just promised M. de Segur, and that upon my word of honour, not to back any petition, nor to clog any of his operations, by solicitations on behalf of my protégés."

During the first administration of M. Necker, whose ambition had not then drawn him into schemes repugnant to his better judgment, and whose views appeared to the Queen to be very judicious, she indulged in hopes of the restoration of the

finances. Knowing that M. de Maurepas wished to drive M. Necker to give in his resignation, she urged him to have patience, until the death of an old man, whom the King kept about him, from a fondness for his first choice, and out of respect for his advanced age. She even went so far as to tell him that M. de Maurepas was always ill, and that his end could not be very distant. M. Necker would not wait for that event. The Queen's prediction was fulfilled. M. de Maurepas ended his days immediately after a journey to Fontainebleau, in 1781.*

M. Necker had retired. He had been exasperated by a piece of treachery in the old minister, for which he could not forgive him. I knew something of this intrigue, at the time it took place; it has since been fully explained to me, by Madame la Marechale de Beauvau. M. Necker saw that his credit at court was drooping, and fearing lest that circumstance should injure his financial operations, he wrote to the King requesting his majesty would grant him some favour, which might show the public that he had not lost the confidence of his sovereign. He concluded his letter by pointing out five different requests—such an office, *or* such a mark of distinction, *or* such a badge of honour, and so on, and handed it to M. de Maurepas. The *ors* were changed into *ands;* and the King was displeased at M. Necker's ambition, and the assurance with which he displayed it.

Madame the Marechale de Beauvau assures me, that Marshal de Castries saw the minute of M. Necker's letter perfectly in accordance with what he had told him, and that he likewise saw the altered copy.*

The interest which the Queen took in M. Necker, decreased

* "Louis XVI.," says the Biographie Universelle, "deeply regretted Maurepas. During his last illness, he went himself to inform him of the birth of the dauphin *to announce it to his friend, and rejoice with him:* these were his very expressions. The day after his funeral, he said with an air of great affliction: "Ah! I shall no longer hear my friend over head every morning."—A simple and affecting eulogy, though little merited by him who was the object of it.—*Note by the Editor.*

† I have this anecdote under that lady's hand.

Note by Madame Campan.

during his retirement, and at last changed into strong prejudice against him. He wrote too much about the measures he would have pursued, and the benefits that would have resulted to the state from them. The ministers who succeeded him thought their operations embarrassed by the care that M. Necker and his partisans incessantly took to occupy the public with his plans; his friends were too ardent. The Queen discerned a party spirit in these combinations, and sided wholly with his enemies.

After those inefficient comptrollers-general, Messieurs Joly de Fleury, and d'Ormesson, it became necessary to resort to a man of more acknowledged talent, and the Queen's friends at that time combining with the Count d'Artois, and, from I know not what motive, with M. de Vergennes, got M. de Calonne appointed. The Queen was highly displeased at this, and her close intimacy with the Duchess de Polignac thenceforth began gradually to dissolve. It was at this period she said, that when sovereigns chose favourites, they raised powers about them, which, being flattered, at first for their master's sake, were afterwards flattered for their own; formed a party in the state, acted alone, and caused the odium of their actions to fall upon the sovereigns to whom they owed their influence.

The inconveniences attendant on the private life of a sovereign, then struck the Queen in all their bearings. She talked to me about it in confidence, and often told me that I was the only person aware of the vexations that her social habits brought upon her; but that she must bear the anxieties of which she herself was the sole author; that the appearance of fickleness in a friendship such as that which she had contracted with the duchess, or a total rupture, would be attended with still greater evils, and could only produce fresh calamities. It was not that she had to reproach Madame de Polignac with a single fault, which could make her regret the choice she had made of her for a friend, but she had not foreseen the inconvenience of having to support the friends of our friends, which society obliges one to do.

Her majesty continuing to converse with me upon the difficulties she had met with in private life, told me that ambitious men, without merit, sometimes found means to gain their ends by dint of importunity, and that she had to blame herself for having procured M. d'Adhemar to be appointed to the London embassy, merely because he teased her into it at the duchess's house. She added, however, to this avowal, that it was at a time of perfect peace with the English; that the minister knew the inefficiency of M. d'Adhemar as well as she did, and that he could do neither harm nor good.

Often, in conversations of unreserved frankness, the Queen owned that she had purchased rather dearly a piece of experience which would make her carefully watch over the conduct of her daughters-in-law; and that she would be particularly scrupulous about the qualifications of the ladies who might be their attendants: that no consideration of rank or favour should bias her in so important a choice. She attributed several of her youthful actions to a lady of great levity, whom she found in her palace on her arrival in France. She also determined to forbid the princesses whom she could control, the practice of singing with professors, and said sincerely, and with as much severity as her slanderers could have done, "I ought to have heard Garat sing, and not to have sung duets with him." Thus impartially did she speak of her youth. What was not to be expected from her maturer age!

CHAPTER XI.

The Queen is dissatisfied with the Appointment of M. de Calonne—Acts of Benevolence—Purchase of Saint Cloud—Regulations of Internal Police: *in the Queen's Name*—State of France—Beaumarchais—Marriage of Figaro—Character of M. de Vaudreuil.

The Queen did not sufficiently conceal the dissatisfaction she felt at having been unable to prevent the appointment of M. de Calonne; she even one day went so far as to say at the duchess's, in the midst of the partisans and protectors of that minister, that the finances of France passed alternately from the hands of an honest man without talent, into those of a skilful knave. M. de Calonne was, therefore, far from acting in concert with the Queen all the time that he continued in place; and, while dull verses were circulated about Paris, describing the Queen and her favourite dipping at pleasure into the coffers of the comptroller-general, the Queen was avoiding all communication with him.

During the long and severe winter of 1783–4, the King gave three millions of livres for the relief of the indigent. M. de Calonne, who felt the necessity of making advances to the Queen, caught at this opportunity of showing her his respect and devotion, but in vain. He came and offered to place in her hands one million of the three, to be distributed in her name and under her direction. His proposal was rejected; the Queen answered, that the charity ought to be wholly distributed in the King's name, and that she would this year debar herself of even the slightest enjoyments, in order to contribute to the relief of the unfortunate all that her savings would enable her to give.

The moment M. de Calonne left the closet, the Queen sent

for me: "Congratulate me, my dear," said she; "I have just escaped a snare, or at least a matter which eventually might have caused me much regret." She related the conversation which had taken place, word for word, to me, adding, "that man will complete the ruin of the national finances. It is said that I placed him in his situation. The people are made to believe that I am extravagant; yet I have refused to suffer a sum of money from the royal treasury, although destined for the most laudable purpose, to pass through my hands."

The Queen, making monthly retrenchments from the expenditure of her privy purse, and not having spent the gifts customary at the period of her confinement, was in possession of from five to six hundred thousand francs, her own savings. She made use of from two to three hundred thousand francs of this, which her principal women sent to M. Lenoir, to the curates of Paris and Versailles, and to the sœurs hospitalières, and so distributed them among families in need.

Desirous to implant in the breast of her daughter, not only a desire to succour the unfortunate, but those qualities necessary for the due discharge of that sacred duty, the Queen incessantly talked to her, though she was yet very young, about the sufferings of the poor during a season so inclement. The princess already had a sum of from eight to ten thousand francs for charitable purposes, and the Queen made her distribute a part of it herself.

Wishing to give her children another lesson of beneficence, she desired me, on the new year's eve, to get from Paris, as in other years, all the fashionable playthings, and have them spread out in her closet. Then taking her children by the hand, she showed them all the dolls and toys which were ranged there, and told them, that she had intended to give them some handsome new year's gifts, but that the cold made the poor so wretched, that all her money was spent in blankets and clothes, to protect them from the rigour of the season, and in supplying them with bread; so that this year they would only have the pleasure of looking at the new playthings. When she returned

with her children into her sitting-room, she said there was still an unavoidable expense to be incurred; that assuredly many mothers would at that season think as she did; that the toyman must lose by it; and therefore, she gave him fifty louis to repay him for the cost of his journey, and console him for having sold nothing.

The purchase of Saint Cloud, a matter very simple in itself, had, on account of the prevailing spirit, very unfavourable consequences to the Queen.

The palace of Versailles, pulled to pieces in the interior by a variety of new arrangements, and mutilated in point of uniformity, partly by the removal of the ambassador's staircase, and partly by that of the peristyle of columns placed at the bottom of the marble court, was equally in want of substantial and ornamental repair. The King, therefore, desired M. Micque to lay before him several plans for the repairs of the palace. He consulted me on certain arrangements analogous to some of those adopted in the Queen's establishment, and, in my presence, asked M. Micque, how much money would be wanted for the execution of the whole work, and how many years he would be in completing it. I forget how many millions of livres were mentioned; but I remember M. Micque replied, that six years would be sufficient time for performing the whole undertaking, if the treasury made the necessary advances from time to time without any delay. "And how many years shall you require," said the King, "if the advances are not punctually made?" "Ten, sire," replied the architect. "We must then reckon upon ten years," said his majesty, "and put off this great undertaking until the year 1790; *it will occupy the rest of the century.*" The King afterwards talked of the depreciation of property which took place at Versailles, whilst the regent kept the court of Louis XV., at the Tuileries, and said that he must consider of means to prevent that inconvenience; it was the desire to do this that promoted the purchase of Saint Cloud. The Queen first conceived the idea of it, one day when she was riding out with the Duchess de Polignac, and the Countess Diana; she men-

tioned it to the King, who was much pleased with the thought; the purchase confirming him in the intention of quitting Versailles, which he had entertained for ten years.

The King determined to continue the ministers, public officers, pages, and a considerable part of his stabling, at Versailles. Messieurs de Breteuil and de Calonne were instructed to treat with the Duke d'Orleans, for the purchase of Saint Cloud; at first they hoped to be able to conclude the business by a mere exchange. The value of Choisy, La Muette, and one forest, was equivalent to the sum demanded by the house of Orleans; and in the exchange which the Queen expected, she saw there was a saving to be made, instead of an increase of expense. By this arrangement, the government of Choisy, in the hands of the Duke de Coigny, and that of La Muette, in the hands of the Marshal de Soubise, would be suppressed. At the same time, the two conciergeries, and all the servants employed in these two royal houses, would be reduced; but while the treaty was going forward, Messieurs de Breteuil and de Calonne gave up the point of exchange, and some millions in specie were substituted for Choisy and La Muette.

The Queen advised the King to give her Saint Cloud, as a means of avoiding the establishment of a governor, her plan being to have merely a housekeeper there; by which means the governor's expenses would be saved. The King agreed, and Saint Cloud was purchased for the Queen. She provided the same liveries for the porters at the gates, and servants of the castle, as for those at Trianon. The housekeeper at the latter place had put up some regulations of internal police, with these words: "*By order of the Queen.*" The same thing was done at Saint Cloud. The Queen's livery at the door of a palace, where it was expected none but that of the King would be seen, and the words, "By order of the Queen," at the head of the printed papers pasted near the iron gates, caused a great sensation and produced a very unfortunate effect, not only among the common people, but also among persons of a superior class. They saw in it an attack upon the customs of monarchy, and

customs are nearly equal to laws. The Queen heard of this, but she thought that her dignity would be compromised if she made any change in the form of these regulations, though they might have been altogether superseded without any inconvenience. "My name is not misplaced," said she, "in gardens belonging to myself; surely I may give orders there, without infringing on the rights of the state." This was the only answer she made to the representations which a few faithful servants ventured to make to her on the subject. The discontent of the Parisians on this occasion, probably induced M. de Espremenil, upon the first troubles about the parliament, to say that it was *impolitic* and *immoral* in a Queen of France to possess palaces of her own :* thus a change, effected through an economical motive, assumed a very different character in the eyes of the public.

The Queen was very much dissatisfied with the manner in which M. de Calonne had managed this matter. The Abbé de Vermond, the most active and persevering of that minister's enemies, saw with delight, that the expedients of those, from whom alone new resources might be expected, were gradually exhausting, because the period when the Archbishop of Toulouse would be placed over the finances was thereby hastened.

The royal navy had resumed an imposing attitude during the war for the independence of America; a glorious peace with England had compensated for the former attacks of our enemies upon the fame of France; and the throne was surrounded by

* The Queen never forgot this affront of M. d'Espremenil's; she said, that as it was offered at a time when social order had not been disturbed, she had felt the severest mortification at it. Shortly before the downfall of the throne, M. d'Espremenil, having openly espoused the King's side, was insulted in the garden of the Tuileries, by the Jacobins, and so ill treated, that he was carried home very ill. Somebody recommended the Queen, on account of the royalist principles he then professed, to send and inquire after him. She replied that she was truly grieved at what had happened to M. d'Espremenil, but that mere policy should never induce her to show any particular solicitude about the man who had been the first to make so insulting an attack upon her character.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

numerous heirs. The sole ground of uneasiness was in the finances, but that uneasiness related only to the manner in which they were administered. In a word, France felt confidence in its own strength and resources, when two events, which seem scarcely worthy of a place in history, but which have nevertheless an important one in that of the French revolution, introduced a spirit of sarcasm and contempt, not only against the highest ranks, but even against the most august personages. I allude to a comedy and a great swindling transaction.

Beaumarchais had long possessed a brilliant reputation in certain circles in Paris, for his wit and musical talents, and at the theatres for dramas more or less indifferent, when his comedy of "The Barber of Seville" procured him a more decided reputation upon the French stage. His memoirs against M. Goëzman had amused Paris, by the ridicule they threw upon a parliament which was disliked; and his admission to an intimacy with M. de Maurepas, procured him a degree of influence over important affairs. Thus honourably situated, he became ambitious of the dangerous reputation of giving a general impulse to the minds of the people of the capital, by a kind of drama, in which the most respected manners and customs were held up to popular derision, and the ridicule of the new philosophers. After several years of prosperity, the minds of the French had become more generally turned to criticism and ridicule; and when Beaumarchais had finished his monstrous but diverting Marriage of Figaro, all people of any consequence, were eager for the gratification of hearing it read, for the censors of the police had decided that the piece should not be performed. These readings of Figaro grew so numerous through the author's politic complaisance, that people were daily heard to say: I have been, or I am going to be, at the reading of Beaumarchais' play. The desire to see it performed became universal: an expression that he had the art to insert in his work, compelled, as it were, the approbation of the superior nobility, or of persons in power, who aimed at the honour of being ranked among the magnanimous; he made his Figaro say,

that *none but little minds dreaded little books.* The Baron de Breteuil, and all the men of Madame de Polignac's circle, entered the lists as the warmest protectors of the comedy. Solicitations to the King became so pressing, that his majesty determined to judge for himself of a work which so much engrossed the public attention, and desired me to ask M. Le Noir, lieutenant of police, for the manuscript of the Marriage of Figaro. One morning I received a note from the Queen, ordering me to be with her at three o'clock, and not to come without having dined, for that she should detain me some time. When I got to the Queen's inner closet, I found her alone with the King; a chair and a small table were ready placed, opposite to them, and upon the table lay an enormous manuscript in several books. The King said to me, "That is Beaumarchais' comedy; you must read it to us. You will find several parts troublesome, on account of the erasures and references. I have already run it over, but I wish the Queen to be acquainted with the work. You will not mention this reading to any one."

I began. The King frequently interrupted me by remarks which were always just, either of praise or censure. He frequently exclaimed, "That's in bad taste; this man continually brings the Italian *concetti* on the stage." At that soliloquy of Figaro, in which he attacks various points of government, but aims most particularly at state-prisons, the King rose up, and said indignantly, "That's detestable; that shall never be played: the Bastile must be destroyed, before the license to act this play can be any other than the act of the most dangerous folly. This man scoffs at everything that is to be respected in a government." Surely, the King here gave a decision, to which experience must have reconciled all the enthusiastic admirers of the whimsical production in question. "It will not be played, then?" said the Queen. "No, certainly," replied Louis XVI.; "you may rely upon that."

Still it was constantly reported in company, that Figaro was about to be performed; there were even many wagers laid upon the subject: I never should have laid any myself, fancying

myself much better informed as to the probability than anybody else; if I had, however, I should have been completely deceived. The protectors of Beaumarchais, or rather of his work, persuading themselves that they should certainly succeed in their scheme of rendering it popular, in spite of the King's prohibition, distributed the parts in the "Marriage of Figaro" among the actors of the Theatre Français. Beaumarchais had made them enter into the spirit of his characters, and they determined to enjoy at least one performance of this pretended chef-d'œuvre of the drama. The first gentleman of the chamber agreed that M. de la Ferte should lend the theatre of the hotel des Menus-plaisirs, at Paris, which was used for rehearsals of the Opera; tickets were distributed to a vast number of persons of the first rank in society; and the day for the performance was fixed. The King heard of these arrangements only on the very morning of that day, and signed a *lettre de cachet*,* which prohibited the performance. When the messenger who brought the order arrived, he found a part of the theatre already filled with spectators, and the streets leading to the hotel des Menus-plaisirs were filled with carriages; the piece was not performed. This prohibition of the King's was looked upon as an attack on public liberty.

The disappointment produced so strong a discontent, that the words *oppression* and *tyranny* were uttered with no less passion and bitterness at that time, than during the time which immediately preceded the downfall of the throne. Beaumarchais was so far put off his guard by rage, as to exclaim: "Well! gentlemen, he won't suffer it to be played here; now I swear it shall be played—perhaps in the very choir of Notre-Dame!" There was something prophetic in these words.† It was generally

* A *lettre de cachet*, was any written order proceeding from the King's will. The term was not confined merely to orders for arrest.

Note by Madame Campan.

† The keeper of the seals had constantly opposed the performance of this play. The King said in his presence one day, "You will see that Beaumarchais will have more weight than the keeper of the seals." Did that prince imagine he was speaking the truth so accurately?

Note by the Editor.

insinuated, shortly afterwards, that Beaumarchais had at length determined to suppress all those parts of his work which could be obnoxious to government, and on pretence of judging of the sacrifices made by the author, M. de Vaudreuil obtained permission to have this far-famed "Marriage of Figaro" performed at his country house. M. Campan was asked there; he had frequently heard the work read, and did not now find the alterations that had been announced; this he observed to several persons belonging to the court, who maintained that the author had made all the prescribed suppressions. Everybody came to talk to him about it. M. Campan was so astonished at these assertions in favour of an obvious falsehood, that he replied by a quotation from Beaumarchais himself, and assuming the tone of Basil, in the "Barber of Seville," he said: "Faith, gentlemen, I don't know who is deceived here; you all seem to be in the secret." They then came to the point, and earnestly begged him to tell the Queen positively, that all which had been pronounced reprehensible in M. de Beaumarchais' play, had been cut out. My father-in-law contented himself with replying, that his situation at court not allowing of his giving an opinion, except in case the Queen should first speak of the piece to him, he could not say what he thought of it unless she should ask him. The Queen said nothing to him about the matter. Permission to perform this play was at length obtained. The Queen thought the people of Paris would be finely tricked when they saw merely an ill-conceived piece, devoid of interest, as it must appear since it was deprived of its satire.* Under the persuasion that there was not a passage left, capable of malicious or dangerous application, Monsieur attended the first performance in a public box. The mad enthusiasm of

* This was the opinion of Louis XVI. also. "The King," says Grimm, "made sure that the public would judge unfavourably of the work. He said to the Marquis de Montesquiou, who was going to see the first representation, "Well, what do you augur of its success?" "Sire, I hope the piece will fail." "And so do I," replied the King.

Note by the Editor.

the public in favour of the piece, and Monsieur's just displeasure, are well known. The author was sent to prison soon afterwards, though his work was extolled to the skies, and though the court durst not suspend its performance.*

* "There is something still more ridiculous than my piece," said Beaumarchais himself; "that is, its success." Mademoiselle Arnould foresaw it the first day, and exclaimed, "It is a production that will fail fifty nights successively."

There was as crowded an audience on the seventy-second night, as on the first. A circumstance related by Grimm enhanced the public curiosity. The following is extracted from his correspondence:

"*Answer of M. de Beaumarchais to the Duke de Villequier, who requested the use of his private box for some ladies, who wished to see Figaro, without being seen.*

"I have no respect, M. le duc, for women who indulge themselves in seeing any play, which they think indecorous, provided they can do so in secret. I lend myself to no such fancies. I have given my piece to the public, to amuse, and not to instruct, not to give any compounding prudes the pleasure of going to admire it in a private box, and balancing their account with conscience by slandering it in company. To indulge in the pleasure of vice, and assume the credit of virtue, is the hypocrisy of the age. My piece is not of a doubtful nature; it must be patronized in good earnest, or avoided altogether; therefore, with my respects to you, M. le duc, I shall keep my box."

"This letter," adds Grimm, "was circulated all over Paris for a week. At first it was said to be addressed to the Duke de Villequier, and afterwards to the Duke d'Aumont. It got, in this form, as far as Versailles, where it was pronounced, as it deserved to be, an extraordinary piece of impertinence. It seemed the more insolent, inasmuch as it was well known, that certain very great ladies had declared that if they did go to see the "Marriage of Figaro," it should be only in a private box. The most zealous partisans of M. de Beaumarchais, did not dare even to attempt to vindicate him. After having enjoyed this new flash of celebrity, owing either to his own consideration or to the threats of his enemies, M. de Beaumarchais was compelled to announce publicly, that his famous letter never was written to a duke or peer, but to one of his own friends, and that upon the first spur of dissatisfaction.

It was proved that the letter was written to a president of one of the parliaments, whereupon indignation subsided; for that which appeared impertinent, when addressed to men of the court, was deemed so no longer, when addressed to one of the long robe.—*Note by the Editor.*

The Queen testified her displeasure against all who had assisted the author of the "Marriage of Figaro" to deceive the King into giving his consent that it should be represented. Her reproaches were more particularly directed against M. de Vaudreuil, for having had it performed at his house. The violent and domineering disposition of her favourite's friend, at last became disagreeable to her.

One evening, on the Queen's return from the duchess's, she desired her valet de chambre to bring her billiard cue into her closet, and ordered me to open the box that contained it. I was surprised at not finding the padlock belonging to it, the key of which the Queen wore on her watch chain. I opened the box and took out the cue, broken in two. It was of ivory, and formed of a single elephant's tooth; the butt was of gold, and very tastefully wrought. "There," said she, "that is the way M. de Vaudreuil has treated a thing I valued so highly. I had laid it upon the couch while I was talking to the duchess in the saloon; he had the assurance to make use of it, and in a fit of passion about a blocked ball, he struck the cue so violently against the table, that he broke it in two. The noise brought me back into the billiard room; I did not say a word to him, but my looks showed him how angry I was. He was the more hurt at the accident, inasmuch as he aspires to the post of governor to the dauphin, and with that object in view, it is not wise to expose such a fault as passion. I never thought of him for the place. It is quite enough to have consulted my heart only in the choice of a governess; and I will not suffer that of governor to the dauphin to be at all affected by the influence of my friends. I should be responsible for it to the nation.

"The poor man," continued the Queen, "does not know that my determination is made; for I have never explained upon the subject to the duchess. Therefore, judge of the sort of evening he must have passed. Besides, this is not the first occurrence that has shown me, that however Queens may be wearied with formality at home, they cannot amuse themselves elsewhere, without lessening their dignity."

RECOLLECTIONS, SKETCHES, AND ANECDOTES,

BY

MADAME CAMPAN.

PREFACE.

THERE are already so many books, that ordinary talents for writing are by no means a sufficient excuse for increasing the number. Convinced as I am, that the mania for publishing is both censurable and ridiculous, I am far from being weak enough to suffer it to affect me: but destiny having formerly placed me near crowned heads, I now amuse my solitude with recording a variety of facts which may prove interesting to my family when I shall be no more. I have already collected all that concerned the domestic life of an unfortunate princess, whose reputation is not yet cleared of the stains it suffered from the attacks of calumny, and who justly merited a different lot in life, a different place in the opinion of mankind after her fall. These Memoirs, which were finished ten years since, have met with the approbation of some persons; and my son may, perhaps, think proper to print them after my decease.* I know not whether my Recollections will be thought worthy to see the light; but whilst I am occupied in writing them, my mind is diverted: I pass calmer hours; and I seem removed from the melancholy scenes by which I am now surrounded, as far as the sensibility of my heart will permit me to forget the present. The idea of collecting all the interesting materials which my memory affords,

* When Madame Campan wrote these lines, she little thought that the death of her son would precede her own. See the Biographical Notice of Madame Campan.—*Note by the Editor.*

occurred to me from reading the work, entitled, *Paris, Versailles, and the Provinces, in the Eighteenth Century.* That work, composed by a man accustomed to the best society, is full of piquant anecdotes, nearly all of which have been recognised as true by the contemporaries of the author. Such compilations are at least as valuable as those magazines of *bons mots* and puns which were in vogue fifty years ago. They afford facts; they introduce personages who have performed distinguished parts. They are also, in some degree, capable of affording experience, that most valuable acquisition, which we gain only by our errors, which age renders almost useless, and which can be transmitted but very imperfectly.

ANECDOTES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

Previously to the Revolution, there were customs and even words in use at Versailles, with which few people were acquainted. The King's dinner was called *the King's meat.* Two of the body-guard accompanied the attendants who carried the dinner; every one rose as they passed through the halls, saying, "There is the King's *meat.*" All precautionary duties were distinguished by the words—*in case.* Some chemises and handkerchiefs, kept in readiness in a basket in the King's or Queen's apartments, in case their majesties should wish to change their linen without sending to the wardrobe, constituted the packet *in case.* Their clothes, brought in great baskets, or clothes of green taffety, were called the King's or Queen's *ready.* Thus the attendants would ask—"Is the King's *ready* come?" One of the guards might be heard to say, "I am *in case,* in the forest of St. Germain." In the evening, they always brought the Queen a large bowl of broth, a cold roast fowl, one bottle of wine, one of orgeat, one of lemonade, and some other articles, which were called the *in case* for the night. An old medical gentleman, who had been physician in ordinary to Louis XIV., and was still living at the time of the marriage of Louis XV., told M. Campan's father an anecdote which seems too remarkable to have remained unknown; nevertheless, he was an intelligent, honourable man, and incapable of inventing this story. His name was Lafosse. He said, that Louis XIV. was informed that the officers of his table evinced, in the most disdainful and offensive manner, the mortification they felt at being obliged to eat at the table of the comptroller of the kitchen along with Moliere, valet de chambre to his majesty, because Moliere had performed on the stage; and that this celebrated author conse-

quently declined appearing at that table. Louis XIV., determined to put an end to insults which ought never to have been offered to one of the greatest geniuses of the age, said one morning to Moliere, at the hour of his private levee, "They say you live very poorly here, Moliere; and that the officers of my chamber do not find you good enough to eat with them. Perhaps you are hungry; for my part, I awoke with a very good appetite this morning: sit down at this table. Serve up my *in case* for the night there." The King then cutting up his fowl, and ordering Moliere to sit down, helped him to a wing, at the same time taking one for himself, and ordered the persons entitled to familiar entrance, that is to say, the most distinguished and favourite people at court to be admitted. "You see me," said the King to them, "engaged in entertaining Moliere, whom my valets de chambre do not consider sufficiently good company for them." From that time Moliere never had occasion to appear at the valets' table; the whole court was forward enough to send him invitations.*

* This anecdote is, perhaps, one of the most honourable to the character of Louis XIV. that is extant. It is pleasing to see this haughty monarch behaving thus graciously to the player Moliere, as the author of Tartuffe and the Misanthrope.—These are the acts by which a truly great prince knows how to avenge injured genius on malignant dulness, and to reward the labours of talent.

Louis XV. was also desirous of encouraging literature; but he was only capable of affording it a cold and supercilious protection, unaccompanied by any demonstration of grace, affability, or kindness, and more humiliating than obliging.

In the entertaining Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, one of Madame de Pompadour's femmes de chambre, we meet with the following passage:—

"The King, who admired all that was connected with the age of Louis XIV., recollecting that the Boileaus and Racines had been protected by him, and that part of the splendour of that reign was attributed to his own, was flattered with the idea that a Voltaire flourished in his own court; but he feared that author, and did not esteem him. He could not, however, help saying, 'I have treated him as well as Louis XIV. behaved to Racine and Boileau; I gave him the place of gentle-

The same M. de Lafosse used also to relate, that a brigade-major of the body guard, being ordered to place the company in the little theatre at the palace of Versailles, very roughly turned out one of the King's comptrollers, who had taken his seat on one of the benches, a place to which his newly acquired office entitled him. In vain he insisted on his quality and his right. The altercation was ended by the brigade-major in these words: "Gentlemen body guards, do your duty." In this case their duty was to take the party, and turn him out at the door. This comptroller, who had paid sixty or eighty thousand francs for his place, was a man of a good family, and had had the honour of serving his majesty five-and-twenty years in one of his regiments. Thus disgracefully driven out of the hall, he placed himself in the King's way, in the great hall of the guards, and bowing to his majesty, requested him to repair the honour of an old soldier, who had wished to end his days in his prince's civil employment, now that age had obliged him to relinquish his military service. The King stopped, heard the tale he told in accents of grief and truth, and then ordered him to follow him. His majesty attended the representation in a sort of amphitheatre, in which his arm-chair was placed; behind him was a row of stools for the captain of the guards, the first gentlemen of the chamber, and other great officers. The brigade-major

man in ordinary, and a pension, as Louis XIV. did to Racine. If he is presumptuous enough to aim at being a chamberlain, wearing a cross, and supping with the King, it is not my fault. It is not the fashion in France; and as there are more wits and great lords here, than in Prussia, I should have occasion for an immense table to entertain them all together.' He then counted on his fingers, 'Maupertuis, Fontenelle, La Motte, Voltaire, Piron, Destouches, Montesquieu, Cardinal Polignac.'—'Your majesty forgets,' said some one, 'D'Alembert and Clairault.' 'And Crebillon,' said he, 'and La Chaussée.' 'Crebillon, the son,' said another, 'who must be more agreeable than his father; and there is the Abbé Prevôt, and the Abbé Olivet.' 'Very well,' said the King, 'all these people would have dined or supped with me for the last five-and-twenty years.'"

was entitled to one of these places; the King stopped opposite the seat which ought to have been occupied by that officer, and said to the comptroller: "Take, sir, for this evening, the place near my person, of him who has offended you; and let the expression of my displeasure at this unjust affront, satisfy you instead of any other reparation."

During the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., he never went out but in a chair carried by porters, and he showed much partiality for a man of the name of D'Aigremont, one of these porters, who always went in front, and opened the door of the chair. The slightest preference shown by sovereigns, even to the meanest of their servants, never fails to excite observation.* The King had done something for this man's numerous family, and frequently talked to him. An abbé belonging to the chapel, thought proper to request D'Aigremont to present a memorial to the King, in which he petitioned his majesty to grant him a benefice. Louis XIV. did not approve of the liberty thus taken by his chairman, and said to him, in a very angry tone: "D'Aigremont, you have been made to do a very unbecoming act, and I am sure there must be *simony* in the case." "No, Sire, there is not the least *ceremony* in the case, I asure you," answered the poor man, in great consternation: "the abbé only said he would give me a hundred louis." "D'Aigremont," said the King, "I forgive you on account of your ignorance and candour; I will give you the hundred louis out of my privy purse;

* This reflection is justified by an anecdote, which was probably unknown to the author. People of the very first rank did not disdain to descend to the level of D'Aigremont. "Lauzun," says the Duchess d'Orleans, in her Memoirs, "sometimes affects stupidity, in order to tell the people their own with impunity; for he is very malicious. In order to make Marshal Tessé feel the impropriety of his familiarity with people of the common sort, he called out, in the drawing-room at Marly, 'Marshal, give me a pinch of snuff; some of your best; such as you take in a morning with Monsieur d'Aigrement, the chairman.'"

Note by the Editor.

but I will discharge you the very next time you venture to present a memorial to me."

Louis XIV. was very kind to those of his servants who were nearest his person; but the moment he assumed his royal deportment, those who were most accustomed to see him in his domestic character, were as much intimidated, as if they were appearing in his presence for the first time in their lives. Some of the members of his majesty's civil household, then called *commensalité*, enjoying the title of equerry, and the privileges attached to officers of the King's household, had occasion to claim some prerogatives, the exercise of which the municipal body of St. Germain, where they resided, disputed with them. Being assembled in considerable numbers in that town, they obtained the consent of the minister of the household, to allow them to send a deputation to the King; and for that purpose, chose from amongst themselves, two of his majesty's valets de chambre, named Bazire, and Soulaigre. The King's levee being over, the deputation of the inhabitants of the town of St. Germain was called in; they entered with confidence; the King looked at them, and assumed his imposing attitude. Bazire, one of these valets de chambre, was about to speak; but Louis the Great was looking on him. He no longer saw the prince he was accustomed to attend at home: he was intimidated, and could not find words; he recovered, however, and began, as usual, with the word *Sire*. But timidity again overpowered him, and finding himself unable to recollect the slightest particle of what he came to say, he repeated the word *Sire* several times over, and at length concluded by saying, "*Sire*, here is Soulaigre." Soulaigre, who was very angry with Bazire, and expected to acquit himself much better, then began to speak. But he, also, after repeating *Sire* several times, found his embarrassment increase upon him, until his confusion equalled that of his colleague; he therefore ended with, "*Sire*, here is Bazire." The King smiled, and answered: "Gentlemen, I have been informed of the business upon which you have been deputed to wait on me, and I will

take care, that what is right shall be done. I am highly satisfied with the manner in which you have fulfilled your functions as deputies."*

* In this pleasantry there is nothing bitter or harsh, as in most of those of Louis XV.; it leaves only the impression of an agreeable piece of wit. Louis XIV. never indulged in an expression capable of offending any one, and his repartees, which were almost always full of meaning, often discover a refined and delicate tact. Generally speaking, wit, either poignant and caustic, or pleasant and lively, has never been wanting in the descendants of Henry IV. In the Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, there is a striking observation by Duclos on this subject.

"M. Duclos was at Doctor Quesnay's, haranguing with his usual warmth. I heard him say to two or three persons, 'The world is always unjust towards great men, ministers, and princes; nothing is more common than to deny them all claims to wit. A few days ago I surprised one of these gentlemen of the *infallible brigade*, by telling him that there has been more wit in the house of Bourbon than in any other.'—'Did you prove that'? said some one with a sneer.—'Yes,' said Duclos, 'and I will prove it to you. I presume you allow that the great Condé was no fool, and the Duchess de Longueville is celebrated as one of the most brilliant of women. The regent was unrivalled for wit of every kind. The Prince de Conti, who was elected King of Poland, was distinguished for this quality, and his verses are equal to those of La Fare and Saint Aulaire. The Duke of Burgundy was learned and enlightened. The Duchess, Madame, daughter of Louis XV., was an eminent wit, and made epigrams and couplets. The Duke de Maine is in general known only by his weakness; but no one could have more agreeable talents for conversation. His wife was a giddy creature, but she was fond of literature, understood poetry, and possessed a brilliant and inexhaustible imagination. I have now mentioned enough of them,' continued he; 'and, as I am not given to flattery, and hate even the appearance of it, I shall say nothing of the living.'—This list excited astonishment, and every one subscribed to the truth of his assertions."

ANECDOTES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

THE first event which made any impression on me in my earliest childhood, was the attempt of Damiens to assassinate Louis XV. This occurrence struck me so forcibly, that the most minute details relating to the confusion and grief which prevailed at Versailles on that day, seem as completely present to my imagination, as the most recent events. I had dined with my father and mother, in company with one of their friends. The drawing-room was lighted up with a number of tapers, and four card tables were already occupied, when a friend of the gentleman of the house came in with a pale and terrified countenance, and said, in a voice scarcely audible, "I bring you terrible news. The King has been assassinated!" Two ladies in company instantly fainted; a brigadier of the body-guards threw down his cards, and cried out, "I do not wonder at it; it is those rascally Jesuits."—"What are you saying, brother," cried a lady, flying to him; "would you get yourself arrested?" —"Arrested! for what? for unmasking those wretches who want a bigot for a King?" My father came in: he recommended circumspection, saying that the blow was not mortal, and that all meetings ought to be suspended at so critical a moment. He had brought a chaise for my mother, who placed me on her knees. We lived in the avenue of Paris, and throughout our drive I heard incessant cries and sobs from the foot-paths. At last I saw a man arrested; he was an usher of the King's chamber, who had gone mad, and was crying out, "Yes, I know them, the wretches, the villains!" Our chaise was stopped by this bustle; my mother recognised the unfortunate man who had been seized; she named him to the marshalsea trooper who had stopped him. This faithful servant was merely conducted to

the gendarmes' hotel, which was then in the avenue. In times of public calamities, or national events, the slightest acts of imprudence may be fatal. When the people take part in an opinion or occurrence, we ought to avoid coming in contact with them, and even alarming them. Informations are no longer the result of an organized police, and punishments cease to emanate from impartial justice. At the period of which I am speaking, the love of the sovereign was a sort of religion, and this attempt against the life of Louis XV. brought on a multitude of groundless arrests.* M. de la Serre, then governor of the *Invalides*, his wife, his daughter, and some of his domestics, were taken up, because Mademoiselle de la Serre, who was that very day come from her convent to pass the holiday of the King's birth-day with her family, said, in her father's drawing-room, on hearing this news from Versailles, "That it is not to be wondered at; I have often heard Mother N—— say, that it would certainly happen, because the King is not sufficiently attached to religion." Mother N——, the director, and several of the nuns of this convent, were interrogated by the lieutenant of police. The public animosity against the Jesuits, kept up by the partisans of Port Royal and the adepts of the new philosophy, did not conceal the suspicions which they directed against the Jesuits; and, although there was not the slightest proof against that order, the attempt to assassinate the King was certainly made use of against it, a few years afterwards, by the party which effected the destruction of the company of Jesus. The wretch Damiens avenged himself on several persons whom he had served in several provinces, by getting them arrested; and when they were confronted with him, he said to some of them, "It was out of revenge to your ill-treatment of me, that I put

* At this period Louis XV. was still beloved. In the Historical Illustrations (letter V) will be found a notice relative to this attempt to assassinate the King, together with some curious facts related by Madame de Hausset, on the momentary disgrace of Madame de Pompadour, and her subsequent triumph on the King's recovery.

Note by the Editor.

you into this fright." To some women, he said, "That he had amused himself in his prison, with the thoughts of the terror they would feel." This monster confessed, that he had murdered the virtuous La Bourdonnaye, by giving him a *lavement* of aqua-fortis. He had also committed several other crimes. People are too careless about those whom they take into their service; such examples prove, that too many precautions cannot be used in ascertaining the character of strangers, before we admit them into our houses.

I have often heard M. de Landsmath, equerry and master of the hounds, who used to come frequently to my father's, say, that on the news of the attempt on the King's life, he instantly repaired to his majesty. I cannot repeat the coarse expressions he made use of to encourage his majesty: but his account of the affair, long afterwards, used to entertain the parties in which he was prevailed on to relate it, when all apprehensions respecting the consequences of this event had subsided. This M. de Landsmath was an old soldier, who had given proofs of an extraordinary valour: nothing had been able to soften his manners or subdue his excessive bluntness to the respectful customs of the court. The King was very fond of him. He possessed prodigious strength, and had often contended with Marshal Saxe, renowned for his great bodily power, in trying the strength of their respective wrists.* M. de Landsmath had a thundering voice. When he came into the King's apartment, he found the dauphin, and mesdames, his majesty's daughters, there; the princesses, in tears, surrounded the King's bed. "Send out all these weeping ladies, Sire," said the old equerry; "I want to speak to you alone." The King made a sign to the princesses

* One day, when the King was hunting in the forest of St. Germain, Landsmath, riding before him, wanted a cart, filled with mud from a pond that had just been cleansed, to draw up out of the way. The carter resisted, and even answered with impertinence. Landsmath, without dismounting, seized him by the breast of his coat, lifted him up, and threw him into his cart.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

to withdraw. "Come," said Landsmath, "your wound is nothing; you had plenty of waistcoats and flannel on." Then uncovering his breast, "Look here," said he, showing four or five great scars; "these are something like wounds: I received them thirty years ago; now cough as loud as you can." The King did so. Then taking up a *vase de nuit,* he desired his majesty, in the most unceremonious way, to make use of it, which he did. "'Tis nothing at all," said Landsmath; "you must laugh at it; we shall hunt a stag together in four days." "But suppose the blade was poisoned," said the King. "Old grandam's tales," replied Landsmath; "if it had been so, the waistcoats and flannels would have rubbed the poison off." The King was tranquillized, and passed a very good night.

This same M. Landsmath, who, by his military and familiar language, thus calmed the fears of Louis XV. on the day of Damiens' horrible crime, was one of those people, who, in the most haughty courts, often tell the truth bluntly. It is remarkable, that there is a person of this description to be found in almost every court, who seems to supply the place of the ancient King's jester, and to claim the right of saying whatever he pleases.

His majesty one day asked M. de Landsmath, how old he was? He was aged, and by no means fond of thinking of his age; he evaded the question. A fortnight after, Louis XV. took a paper out of his pocket, and read aloud, "On such a day in the month of * * *, one thousand six hundred and eighty * * *, was baptized by me, rector of * * *, the son of the high and mighty lord, &c." "What's that?" said Landsmath, angrily; "has your majesty been procuring the certificate of my baptism?" "There it is, you see, Landsmath," said the King. "Well, Sire, hide it as fast as you can; a prince intrusted with the happiness of twenty-five millions of men, ought not to hurt the feelings of one individual at pleasure."

The King learned that Landsmath had lost his confessor, a missionary priest of the parish of Notre Dame; it was the

custom of the lazarists to expose their dead, with the face uncovered. Louis XV. wished to try his equerry's firmness. "You have lost your confessor, I hear," said the King. "Yes, Sire."—"He will be exposed with his face bare?"—"Such is the custom."—"I command you to go and see him."—"Sire, my confessor was my friend; it would be very painful to me."—"No matter; I command you."—"Are you really in earnest, Sire?"—"Quite so."—"It would be the first time in my life that I had disobeyed my sovereign's order. I will go." The next day, the King, at his levee, as soon as he perceived Landsmath, said: "Have you done as I desired you, Landsmath?" "Undoubtedly, Sire."—"Well, what did you see?"—"Faith, I saw that your majesty and I are no great things!"*

At the death of Queen Maria Leckzinska, M. Campan, who was afterwards secretary of the closet to Marie Antoinette, and at that time an officer of the chamber, having performed several confidential duties at the time of that Queen's decease, the King asked Madame Adelaide, how he should reward him. She requested him to create an office in his household, of master of the wardrobe, with a salary of a thousand crowns, for M. Campan. "I will do so," said the King; "it will be an honourable title; but tell Campan not to add a single crown to his expenses, for you will see they will never pay him."

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* "The King often talked about death, burials, and cemeteries," says Madame de Hausset: "nobody could be more melancholy by nature. Madame de Pompadour has often told me, that he felt a painful sensation whenever he was forced to laugh, and that he often requested her to put an end to a diverting story. He smiled, and that was all. He had, in general, the most gloomy ideas on all events. When a new minister came into office, the King would say, 'He spread out his goods, like the rest, and promised the finest things in the world, none of which will ever happen. He does not know how the land lies: he will see.' When schemes for increasing the naval force were proposed to him, he used to say, 'I have heard it talked of continually, for the last twenty years; France will never have a navy, I believe.' I had this from M. de Marigny."—*Note by the Editor.*

The manner in which Mademoiselle de Romans, mistress to Louis XV. and mother of the Abbé Bourbon, was presented to him, deserves, I think, to be related. The King had gone, with a grand cavalcade, to Paris, to hold a bed of justice. As he passed the terrace of the Tuileries, he observed a chevalier de St. Louis, dressed in a faded lustring coat, and a woman of a pretty good figure, holding on the parapet of the terrace a young girl strikingly beautiful, much adorned, and dressed in a rose-coloured taffety frock. The King's notice was involuntarily attracted by the marked manner in which he was pointed out to the girl. On returning to Versailles, he called Le Bel, the minister and confidant of his secret pleasures, and ordered him to seek in Paris a young female about twelve or thirteen years of age, describing her as I have just done. Le Bel assured him he saw no probability of the success of such a commission. "Pardon me," said Louis XV. "this family must live in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries, on the side of the faubourg Saint Honoré, or at the entrance of the faubourg St. Germain. These people certainly go on foot; they did not make the girl, of whom they seemed so fond, cross all Paris. They are poor; the clothes of the child were so new, that I have no doubt they were made for the very day I was to go to Paris. She will wear that dress all the summer; they will walk in the Tuileries on Sundays and holidays. Apply to the man who sells lemonade at the terrace of the Feuillans; children take refreshment there; you will discover her by these means."

Le Bel fulfilled his master's orders; and within a month discovered the dwelling of the girl; he found that Louis XV. was not in the least mistaken with respect to the intentions which he supposed to exist. All conditions were easily agreed on; the King contributed, by considerable presents, to the education of Mademoiselle de Romans, for the space of two years. She was kept totally ignorant of her future destiny; and, when she had completed her fifteenth year, she was taken to Versailles, on pretence of going to see the palace. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, she was conducted into the mirror gal-

lery. All the grand apartments were usually deserted at that hour. Le Bel, who waited for them, opened the glass door which led from the gallery into the King's closet, and invited Mademoiselle de Romans to go in and examine its beauties. Encouraged by the sight of a man whom she knew, and excited by the curiosity so excusable at her age, she eagerly accepted the offer, but insisted on Le Bel's procuring the same pleasure for her parents. He assured her that it was impossible; that they were going to sit down in one of the windows of the gallery and wait for her, and that, when she had seen the inner apartments, he would bring her back to them. She consented; the glass door closed on her. Le Bel showed her the chamber, the council room, and talked with enthusiasm of the monarch who possessed the magnificence with which she was surrounded; and, at length, conducted her to the private apartments, where Mademoiselle de Romans found the King himself, awaiting her arrival with all the impatience and eagerness of a prince, who had been two years engaged in bringing about the moment of this interview.

What painful reflections are excited by all this immorality! the art with which this intrigue had been carried on, and the genuine innocence of the youthful De Romans, were doubtless the motives of the King's particular attachment to this mistress. She was the only one who prevailed on him to allow her son to bear the name of Bourbon. At the moment of his birth, she received a note in the King's handwriting, containing the following words: "The rector of Chaillot, when he baptizes the child of Mademoiselle de Romans, will give him the following names: Louis N. de Bourbon." A few years afterwards, the King, being dissatisfied at the importance which Mademoiselle de Romans assumed, on account of her good fortune in having given birth to an acknowledged son, and seeing, by the splendid way in which she was bringing him up, that she entertained the idea of causing him to be legitimatized, had him taken out of his mother's hand. This commission was executed with great severity. Louis XV. had vowed never to legitimatize a natural

child; the great number of princes of this description which Louis XIV. had left, was burthensome to the state, and made this determination of Louis XV. truly laudable. The Abbé Bourbon was very handsome, and exactly resembled his father; he was much beloved by the princesses, the King's daughters; and his ecclesiastical elevation would have been carried by Louis XV. to the highest degree. A cardinal's hat was intended for him, as well as the abbey of St. Germain des Prés and the bishopric of Bayeux. Without being considered one of the princes of the blood, he would have enjoyed a most happy lot. He died at Rome, of the confluent small-pox; he was generally regretted there; but the unfortunate events by which his family have since been afflicted, afford reason to regard his death as a merciful dispensation of providence. Mademoiselle de Romans married a gentleman named Cavanac; the King was displeased at it, and she was universally blamed for having, in some degree, abandoned, by this alliance, the plain title of mother of the Abbé de Bourbon.*

* This anecdote is calculated to excite mournful reflections; but its impression is heightened by the fact, that many similar adventures took place. In the Historical Illustrations (letter W), will be found two anecdotes, the one related by Soulavie, the other by Madame de Hausset, which, although the names of the parties differ, are but too similar to this of Mademoiselle de Romans.

The following article, written with extraordinary impartiality by M. de Lacretelle, leaves no possible doubt as to the origin and extent of these scandalous practices:—

"Louis, satiated with the conquests which the court offered him, was led, by a depraved imagination, to form an establishment for his pleasures, of such an infamous description, that after having depicted the debaucheries of the regency, it is difficult to find terms appropriate to an excess of this kind. Several elegant houses, built in an enclosure called the *Parc-aux-cerfs*, were used for the reception of women, who there awaited the pleasure of their master. Hither were brought young girls, sold by their parents, and sometimes forced from them. They left this place loaded with gifts, but almost certain of never more beholding the King who had dishonoured them, even when they bore with them a pledge of his base passion. Hence corruption found its way

The monotonous habits of royal greatness too frequently inspire princes with the desire of procuring for themselves the enjoyments of private individuals; and then they vainly flatter themselves with the hope of remaining concealed in mysterious obscurity; they ought to be warned of these transitory errors, and accustomed to support the tediousness of greatness, as well as to enjoy its extensive advantages, which they well know how to do. Louis XV., by his noble carriage, and the mild yet majestic expression of his features, was perfectly worthy to succeed to Louis the Great. But he too frequently indulged in secret pleasures, which at last were sure to become known. During several winters, he was passionately fond of *candles' end balls*, as he called those parties amongst the very lowest classes of society. He got intelligence of the *pic-nics* given by little dealers, milliners, and seamstresses of Versailles, whither he repaired in a black domino, and masked, accompanied by the captain of his guards, masked like himself. His great delight was to go *en brouette*.* Care was always taken to give notice

into the most peaceful and obscure habitations. It was skilfully and patiently fostered, by those who ministered to the debaucheries of Louis. Whole years were occupied in the seduction of girls, not yet of marriageable age, and in undermining the principles of modesty and fidelity in young women. Some of these victims were so unhappy as to feel a true affection and sincere attachment to the King. For a few minutes he would seem moved by their fidelity, but he quickly repressed such feelings, and persuaded himself that it was all artifice, intended to govern him; and he himself became the informer against them to the marchioness, who soon forced her rivals back into their original obscurity. Mademoiselle de Romans was the only one who procured her son to be acknowledged as the King's child. Madame de Pompadour succeeded in removing a rival, who seemed to have made so profound an impression on the King's heart. Mademoiselle de Romans had her son taken from her; he was brought up by a peasant, and his mother durst not protest against this outrage, until after the King's death. Louis XVI. restored her her son, and took him under his protection; he was afterwards known under the name of the Abbé de Bourbon. (History of France, by Lacretelle, vol. iii.)—*Note by the Editor.*

* In a kind of sedan chair, running on two wheels, and drawn by a chairman.

to five or six officers of the King's or Queen's chamber to be there, in order that his majesty might be surrounded by safe people, without perceiving it or finding it troublesome. Probably the captain of the guards also took other precautions of this description, on his part. My father-in-law, when the King and he were both young, has often made one amongst the servants desired to attend masked at these parties, assembled in some garret, or parlour of a public house. In those times, during the carnival, masked companies had a right to join the citizens' balls; it was sufficient that one of the party should unmask and name himself.

These secret excursions, and his too habitual intercourse with ladies more distinguished for their personal charms than the advantages of education, were no doubt the means by which the King acquired many vulgar expressions, which otherwise would never have reached his ears.

Yet amidst the most shameful excesses, the King sometimes resumed suddenly the dignity of his rank, in a very noble manner. The familiar courtiers of Louis XV. had one day abandoned themselves to the unrestrained gayety of a supper, after returning from the chase. Each boasted and described the beauty of his mistress. Some of them amused themselves with giving a particular account of their wife's personal defects, and in claiming extraordinary merit for their performance of marital duties. An imprudent word, addressed to Louis XV., and applicable only to the Queen, instantly dispelled all the mirth of the entertainment. The King assumed his regal air, and, knocking with his knife on the table twice or thrice; "Gentlemen," said he, "here is the King."*

Three young men of the college of St. Germain, who had just

* No anecdote could more completely expose the excessive corruption of the times, than this shameful conduct of married men; although that of their wives was probably no better. According to facts mentioned by Soulavie, there were women audacious enough to demand evidence of their own infamy, in order to effect a separation from their husbands.

Note by the Editor.

completed their course of studies, knowing no person about the court, and having heard that strangers were always well treated there, resolved to dress themselves completely in the Armenian costume, and, thus clad, to present themselves to see the grand ceremony of the reception of several knights of the order of the Holy Ghost. The stratagem met with all the success with which they had flattered themselves. While the procession was passing through the long mirror gallery, the Swiss of the apartments placed them in the first row of spectators, recommending every one to pay all possible attention to the strangers. The latter, however, were imprudent enough to enter the bull's eye, where were Messieurs Cardonne and Ruffin, interpreters of oriental languages, and the first clerk of the consul's department, whose business it was to attend to everything which related to the natives of the east, who were in France. The three scholars were immediately surrounded and questioned by these gentlemen; at first in modern Greek. Without being disconcerted, they made signs that they did not understand it. They were then addressed in Turkish and Arabic: at length, one of the interpreters, losing all patience, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, you certainly must understand some of the languages in which you have been addressed: what country can you possibly come from, then?" "From St. Germain-en-Laye, Sir," replied the boldest amongst them; "this is the first time you have put the question to us in French." They then confessed the motive of their disguise; the eldest of them was not more than eighteen years of age. Louis XV. was informed of the affair. He laughed heartily; ordered them a few hours confinement, and a good admonition; after which they were to be set at liberty.

Louis XV. liked to talk about death, though he was extremely apprehensive of it; but his excellent health and his royal dignity probably made him imagine himself invulnerable: he often said to people, who had very bad colds, "You've a churchyard cough there." Hunting one day in the forest of Senard, in a year in which bread was extremely dear, he met a man on

horseback, carrying a coffin. "Whither are you carrying that coffin?" "To the village of ***," answered the peasant. "Is it for a man or a woman?"—"For a man."—"What did he die of?"—"Hunger," bluntly replied the villager. The King spurred his horse, and asked no more questions.

When I was young, I often met with Madame de Marchais, the wife of the King's first valet de chambre, in company. She was a very well informed woman, and had enjoyed the favour of Louis XV., being a relation of Madame de Pompadour. M. de Marchais was rich and much respected; had served in the army, was a chevalier de St. Louis, and, besides being principal valet de chambre, was governor of the Louvre. Madame de Marchais was visited by the whole court; the captains of the guards came there constantly, and many officers of the body guard. Eminent officers of every kind used to get introduced to her, as to Madame Geoffrin: she possessed some influence, particularly in soliciting votes for the candidates for the academicians' chairs. I have seen all the celebrated men of the age at her house; La Harpe, Diderot, D'Alembert, Duclos, Thomas, &c. She was remarkable for her wit and studious display, as her husband for his good-nature and simplicity; he was fond of spoiling her most innnocent schemes for obtaining admiration. No one could describe an academical speech, a sermon, or the subject of a new piece, with so much precision and grace, as Madame de Marchais. She had, also, the art of turning the conversation, at pleasure, upon any ancient or modern work; and her husband often delighted in saying to those who sat near him: "My wife read that this morning." Count Angiviller, charmed with the graces of her mind, paid assiduous court to her, and, when she became the widow of M. de Marchais, married her. She was still living at Versailles, in the early part of the reign of Napoleon, but never left her bed. She had retained her fondness for dress, and although unable to rise, always had her hair dressed, as people used to wear it twenty years before that period. She disguised the ravages of time, under a prodigious quantity of

white and red paint, and seemed, by the feeble light which penetrated through her closed blinds and drawn curtains, nothing but a kind of doll; but a doll which spoke in a charming and most spirited manner. She had retained a very beautiful head of hair to an advanced age; it was said that the celebrated Count St. Germain, who had appeared at the court of Louis XV., as one of the most famous alchemists of the day, had given her a liquor which preserved the hair, and prevented it from turning white through age.

Louis XV. had, as it is well known, adopted the whimsical system of separating Louis de Bourbon from the King of France. As a private individual, he had his personal fortune, his own distinct financial interests. He used to deal as an individual, in all the contracts and bargains he engaged in; he had bought a tolerably handsome house at the *Parc-aux-cerfs* at Versailles, where he used to keep one of those obscure mistresses, whom the indulgence or the policy of Madame de Pompadour tolerated, so long as she herself retained the title of his declared mistress. After the King had relinquished this custom, he wished to sell the house. Sevin, first clerk of the war office, offered to purchase it; the notary instructed to effect the sale, informed the King of his proposals. The contract for the sale was made out between Louis de Bourbon and Pierre Sevin; and the King sent word to the purchaser, to bring him the money himself, in gold. The first clerk collected 40,000 francs in louis d'or, and being introduced by the notary of the King's private cabinet, delivered the purchase-money of the house into his majesty's own hands.

Out of his private funds, the King paid the household expenses of his mistresses, those of the education of his illegitimate daughters, who were brought up in convents at Paris, and their dowries when they married.

Men of the most dissolute manners, are not, on that account, insensible to virtue in women. The Countess de Perigord was as beautiful as virtuous. During some excursions she made to

Choisy, whither she had been invited, she perceived that the King took great notice of her. Her demeanour of chilling respect, her cautious perseverance in shunning all serious conversation with the monarch, were insufficient to extinguish this rising flame; and he at length addressed a letter to her, worded in the most passionate terms. This excellent woman instantly formed her resolution: honour forbade her returning the King's passion, whilst her profound respect for the sovereign made her unwilling to disturb his tranquillity. She, therefore, voluntarily banished herself to an estate she possessed, called Chalais, near Barbezieux, the mansion of which had been uninhabited nearly a century: the porter's lodge was the only place in a condition to receive her. From this seat she wrote to his majesty, explaining her motives for leaving court; and she remained there several years, without visiting Paris. Louis XV. was speedily attracted by other objects, and regained the composure to which Madame de Perigord had thought it her duty to make so great a sacrifice. Some years afterwards the princesses' lady of honour died; many great families solicited the place: the King, without answering any of their applications, wrote to the Countess de Perigord. "My daughters have just lost their lady of honour; this place, madame, is your due, no less on account of your eminent virtues, than of the illustrious name of your family."

Count d'Halville, sprung from a very ancient Swiss house, commenced his career at Versailles, in the humble rank of ensign in the regiment of Swiss guards. His name and distinguished qualities gained him the patronage of some powerful friends, who, in order to support the honour of the ancient name he bore, by a handsome fortune, obtained for him in marriage the daughter of a very rich financier, named M. de la Garde. The offspring of this union was an only daughter, who married Count Esterhazy. Amongst the estates which belonged to Mademoiselle de la Garde, was the Chateau des Trous, situate four leagues from Versailles, where the Count was visited by many people attached to the court. A young ensign of the body guards, who had ob-

tained that rank on account of his name, and of the favour which his family enjoyed, and possessed all the confidence which usually accompanies unmerited success, but of which the progress of time fortunately relieves young people, was one day taking upon him to give his opinion of the Swiss nobility, although he knew nothing of the great families of Switzerland. Without the least delicacy or consideration for the count, his host, he asserted boldly that there were no ancient families in Switzerland. "Excuse me," said the count very coolly; "there are several of great antiquity." "Can you name them, sir?" answered the youth. "Yes," said M. de Halville; "for instance, there is my house, and that of Hapsburg, which now reigns in Germany." "Of course you have your reasons for naming your own family first?" replied the imprudent ensign.—"Yes, sir," said M. de Halville, sternly; "because the house of Hapsburg dates from the period when its founder was page to my ancestors. Read history, study the antiquities of nations and families; and, in future, be more circumspect in your assertions."

Weak as Louis XV. was, the parliaments would never have obtained his consent to the convocation of the States-general. I heard an anecdote on this subject from two officers attached to that prince's household. It was at the period when the remonstrances of the parliaments and the refusals to register the decrees for levying the taxes, produced alarm with respect to the state of the finances. This became the subject of conversation one evening at the *coucher* of Louis XV.; "You will see, Sire," said a courtier, whose office placed him in close communication with the King, "that all this will make it absolutely necessary to assemble the States-general." The King, roused by this speech from his habitual apathy, seized the courtier by the arm, and said to him, in a passion,—"Never repeat those words: I am not sanguinary; but had I a brother, and he were to dare to give me such advice, I would sacrifice him, within twenty-four hours, to the duration of the monarchy, and the tranquillity of the kingdom."

*Natural causes of the death of the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., and of the Dauphiness, Princess of Saxony, in answer to all the reports spread by Soulavie, about poison.**

Several years prior to his death, the dauphin had a confluent small-pox, which endangered his life; and after his convalescence, he was long troubled with a malignant ulcer under the nose. He was injudiciously advised to get rid of it by the use of extract of lead, which proved effectual; but, from that time, the dauphin, who was corpulent, insensibly grew thin; and a short, dry cough evinced, that the humour, driven in, had fallen on the lungs. Some persons also suspected him of having taken acids in too great a quantity, for the purpose of reducing his bulk. The state of his health was not, however, such as to excite alarm, at the time of the camp at Compiègne, in July, 1764. The dauphin reviewed the troops, and exerted much activity in the performance of his duties; it was even observed, that he was seeking to gain the attachment of the army. He presented the dauphiness to the soldiers, saying, with a simplicity which at that time made a great sensation, "My children, here is my wife." Returning late on horseback to Compiègne, he found himself cold: the heat of the day had been excessive: the prince's clothes had been wet with perspiration. An illness

* We leave the title of this piece as it stands; but it is proper to remark, that the reproach here applied to Soulavie, is not perfectly well founded. He has only done that which is the duty of every impartial annalist. He has, indeed, stated the odious accusations which were made against the Duke de Choiseul, and which we believe to be unfounded; but at the same time, he brings forward testimony in defence of the memory of M. de Choiseul, which seems to us sufficiently protected by his character. The Duke de Choiseul disliked the dauphin; he even defied him, which was wrong. His violent rage was undoubtedly reprehensible, when he forgot himself so far as to say, "I may one day be condemned to the misfortune of being your subject, but I will never be your slave." But there is a wide interval between this audacious fury of the moment, and the blackest of crimes: an interval which M. de Choiseul was incapable of passing.

followed this accident: the prince began to spit blood. His principal physician wished to have him bled; the consulting physicians insisted on purgation, and their advice was followed. The pleurisy being ill-cured, assumed and retained all the symptoms of consumption; the dauphin languished from that period until December, 1765, and died at Fontainebleau, where the court, on account of his condition, had prolonged its stay, which usually ended on the 2d of November.

The dauphiness, his widow, was excessively afflicted; but the immoderate despair which characterized her grief, induced many to suspect that the loss of the crown was an important part of the calamity she lamented. She long refused to eat enough to support life; she encouraged her tears to flow, by placing portraits of the dauphin in every retired part of her apartments. She had him represented pale, and ready to expire, in a picture placed at the foot of her bed, under draperies of gray cloth, with which the chambers of the princesses were always hung in court mournings. Their grand cabinet was hung with black cloth, with an alcove, a canopy, and a throne, on which they received compliments of condolence after the first period of the deep mourning. The dauphiness, some months before the end of her life, regretted her conduct in abridging it; but it was too late; the fatal blow had been struck. It may also be presumed, that living with a consumptive man had contributed to her complaint. This princess had no opportunity of displaying her qualities; living in a court in which she was eclipsed by the King and Queen, the only characteristics that could be remarked in her, were her extreme attachment to her husband; and her great piety.

The dauphin was little known, and his character has been much mistaken. He himself, as he confessed to his intimate friends, sought to disguise it. He one day asked one of his most familiar servants, "What do they say in Paris of that great fool of a dauphin?" The person interrogated seeming confused, the dauphin urged him to express himself sincerely, saying, "Speak freely: that is positively the idea which I wish people to form of me."

As he died of a disease which allows the last moment to be anticipated long beforehand, he wrote much, and transmitted his affections and his prejudices to his son, by secret notes.* This was really what prevented the Queen from recalling M. de Choiseul at the death of Louis XV., and what promoted M. de Muy, the intimate friend of the dauphin, to the place of minister at war. The destruction of the Jesuits, effected by M. de Choiseul, had given the dauphin's hatred of him that character of party spirit, which induced him to transmit it to his son. Had he ascended the throne, he would have supported the Jesuits and priests in general, and kept down the philosophers. Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XV., placed her highest merit in abstaining from public affairs, and in the strict observance of her religious duties; never asking for anything for herself, and sending all she possessed to the poor. Such a life ought to secure a person against all danger of poison, but has not preserved the memory of this princess from that venom which Soulavie makes the Duke de Choiseul deal around him indiscriminately.

ANECDOTES RELATIVE TO MARIA LECKZINSKA.†

Maria Leckzinska, wife of Louis XV. often spoke of the situation, even below mediocrity, in which she stood at the time when the policy of the court of Versailles caused the marriage

* The Historical Illustrations (letter X) contain some particulars of the disposition and manners of Louis XVI. in his youth.

† "In some esteemed Memoirs of the Reign of Maria Leckzinska, it is said, that she was to have been married to the Duke de Bourbon. I know not whether this be certain: but I can affirm that she has often conversed with Madame Campan, my mother-in-law, on the project of her marriage with the Duke d'Estrées."—*Note by Madame Campan.*

of the King with the young infanta to be broken off, and raised a Polish princess, daughter of a dethroned monarch, to the rank of Queen of France. Before this unhoped-for event changed the destiny of this virtuous princess, there had been some idea of marrying her to the Duke d'Estrées; and, when the duchess of that name came to pay her court to her at Versailles, she said to those who surrounded her, "I might have been in that lady's place myself, and curtsying to the Queen of France." She used to relate, that the King, her father, informed her of her elevation in a manner which might have made too strong an impression on her mind; that he had taken care, to avoid disturbing her tranquillity, to leave her in total ignorance of the first negotiations set on foot relative to her marriage; and that when all was definitively arranged, and the ambassador arrived, her father went to her apartment, placed an arm-chair for her, had her set in it, and addressed her thus: "Allow me, madame, to enjoy a happiness which far overbalances all I have suffered; I wish to be the first to pay my respects to the Queen of France."

Maria Leckzinska was not handsome; but she possessed much intelligence, an expressive countenance, and a simplicity of manners, set off by the gracefulness of the Polish ladies. She loved the King, and found his first infidelities very grievous to endure. Nevertheless, the death of Madame de Chateauroux, whom she had known very young, and who had even been honoured by her kindness, made a painful impression on her. This good Queen still suffered from the bad effects of an early superstitious education. She was fearful of ghosts. The first night after she heard of this almost sudden death, she could not sleep, and made one of her women sit up, who endeavoured to calm her restlessness, by telling her stories, which she would, in such cases, call for, as children do with their nurses. This night, nothing could overcome her wakefulness; her femme de chambre, thinking she was asleep, was leaving her bed on tip-toe; the slightest noise on the floor roused the Queen, who cried, "Whither are you going? Stay, go on with your story."

As it was past two in the morning, this woman, whose name was Boirot, and who was somewhat unceremonious, said, "What can be the matter with your majesty to-night? Are you feverish? Shall I call up the physician?" "Oh! no, no, my good Boirot, I am not ill; but that poor Madame de Chateauroux,—if she were to come again!" "Jesus, madame," cried the woman, who had lost all patience, "if Madame de Chateauroux should come again, it certainly will not be your majesty that she will look for." The Queen burst into a fit of laughter at this observation; her agitation subsided, and she soon fell asleep.

The nomination of Madame Le Normand d'Etioles, Marchioness de Pompadour, to the place of lady of the bedchamber to the Queen, offended the dignity, as well as the sensibility of this princess. Nevertheless, the respectful homage paid by the marchioness, the interest which certain great personages, who were candidates for her favour, had in procuring her an indulgent reception from her majesty, the respect of Maria Leckzinska for all the King's wishes, all conspired to secure her the Queen's favourable notice. Madame de Pompadour's brother received letters of high birth from his majesty, and was appointed superintendent of the buildings and gardens. He often presented to her majesty, through the medium of his sister, the rarest flowers, pine-apples, and early vegetables from the gardens of Trianon and Choisy. One day, when the marchioness came in, at the Queen's, carrying a large basket of flowers, which she held in her two beautiful arms, without gloves, as a mark of respect, the Queen loudly declared her admiration of her beauty; and seemed as if she wished to defend the King's choice, by praising her various charms in detail, in a manner that would have been as suitable to a production of the fine arts as to a living being. After applauding the complexion, eyes, and fine arms of the favourite, with that haughty condescension which renders approbation more offensive than flattering, the Queen, at length, requested her to sing, in the attitude in which she stood, being desirous of hearing the voice and musical talent by which the King's court had been charmed in the performances

of the private apartments, and thus to combine the gratification of the ears with that of the eyes. The marchioness, who still held her enormous basket, was perfectly sensible of something offensive in this request, and tried to excuse herself from singing. The Queen at last commanded her; she then exerted her fine voice in the *solo* of Armida—"*At length he is in my power.*" The change in her majesty's countenance was so obvious, that the ladies present at this scene had the greatest difficulty to keep theirs.

The Queen received visitors with much grace and dignity; but it is very common with the great to reiterate the same questions; a sterility of ideas is very excusable on public occasions, when there is so little to say. The lady of an ambassador, however, made her majesty feel that she did not choose to give way to her forgetfulness in matters concerning herself. This lady was pregnant, but nevertheless constantly appeared at the Queen's drawing-rooms, who never failed to ask her whether she was in the state alluded to, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, always inquired how many months of her time had elapsed. At length the lady, weary of the eternal repetition of the same question, and of the total forgetfulness which betrayed the insincerity of the Queen in pretending to take interest in her affairs, replied to the usual inquiry, "No, madame." This answer instantly recalled to her majesty's recollection, those which the lady had so often given before. "How, madame," said she, "it appears to me that you have several times answered me that you were so; have you been brought to bed?"—"No, madame; but I was apprehensive of fatiguing your majesty, by constantly repeating the same thing." This lady was, from that day, very coldly received by Maria Leckzinska, and had her majesty possessed more influence, the ambassador might have suffered for his wife's indiscretion. The Queen was affable and modest; but the more thankful she was in her heart to heaven, for having placed her on the first throne in Europe, the more unwilling she was to be reminded of her elevation. This sentiment induced

her to insist on the observation of all the forms of respect due to royal birth; whereas in other princes, the consciousness of that birth often induces them to disdain the ceremonies of etiquette, and to prefer habits of ease and simplicity. There was a striking contrast in this respect, between Maria Leckzinska and Marie Antoinette, as has been justly and generally thought. The latter unfortunate Queen carried her disregard of everything belonging to the strict forms of etiquette too far.* One day,

* Marie Antoinette has been so often reproached for having derogated from the strictness of old custom, that it is extremely necessary to answer this accusation, once for all, by facts. No prince was ever more jealously observant of the laws of etiquette than Louis XIV.; in whose latter years the prudery of Madame de Maintenon rather tended to increase than to weaken this inclination. Let those, therefore, who cannot excuse the slightest infraction of ceremony in Marie Antoinette, compare her conduct with that of the Duchess of Burgundy.

"This princess," says the Duchess d'Orleans, in her Memoirs, "was often entirely alone in her chateau, unattended by any of her people; she would take the arm of one of the young ladies, and walk out without equerries, lady of honour, or tire-woman. At Marly and Versailles, she went on foot without a corset; would go into the church, and sit down by the femmes de chambre. At Madame de Maintenon's, no distinction of rank was observed, and the whole company seated themselves indiscriminately; she contrived this purposely, that her own rank might not be remarked. At Marly, the dauphiness walked in the garden all night, with the young people, until three or four in the morning. The King knew nothing of these nocturnal excursions."

Is not this clear and positive enough? Whence then the blame so unjustly thrown on Marie Antoinette, whilst a profound silence is maintained respecting the imprudence, to say no worse, of the Duchess of Burgundy? It is because the excessive mildness of Louis XVI. encouraged audacity and calumny amongst the courtiers, whilst under Louis XIV., on the contrary, the most prompt chastisement would have been the lot of any daring individual who had ventured to point his malignant slanders at a personage placed near the throne. The Duchess d'Orleans makes this sufficiently evident. "Madame de Maintenon," she adds, "had prohibited the Duchess du Lude from annoying the Duchess of Burgundy, that she might not put her in an ill-humour; because, when out of temper, the dauphiness could not divert the King. She had also threatened, with her eternal anger, whomsoever should dare to accuse the dauphiness to his majesty."—*Note by the Editor.*

when the Marechale de Mouchy was teasing her with questions relative to the extent to which she would allow the ladies the option of taking off or wearing their cloaks, and of pinning up the lappets of their caps, or letting them hang down, the Queen replied to her, in my presence: "Arrange all those matters, madame, just as you please; but do not imagine that a Queen, born Archduchess of Austria, can attach that importance to them which might be felt by a Polish princess, who had become Queen of France."

The Polish princess, in truth, never forgave the slightest deviation from the respect due to her person, and to all belonging to her. The Duchess of * * *, a lady of her bed-chamber, who was of an imperious and irritable temper, often drew upon herself such petty slights, as are constantly shown towards haughty and ill-natured people, by the servants of princes, when they can justify those affronts by the plea of their duty, or of the customs of the court. Etiquette, or indeed I might say, a sense of propriety, prohibited all persons from laying things belonging to them on the seats of the Queen's chamber. At Versailles, one had to cross this chamber to reach the play-room. The Duchess de * * * laid her cloak on one of the folding-stools, which stood before the balustrade of the bed; the usher of the chamber, whose duty it was to attend to whatever occurred in this room, whilst they were at play, saw this cloak, took it and carried it into the footman's antechamber. The Queen had a large favourite cat, which was constantly running about the apartments. This satin cloak, lined with fur, appeared very convenient to the cat, who took possession of it accordingly. Unfortunately, he left very unpleasant marks of his preference, which remained but too evident on the white satin of the pelisse, in spite of all the pains that were taken to efface them, before it was given to the duchess. She perceived them, took the cloak in her hand, and returned in a violent passion to the Queen's chamber, where her majesty remained surrounded by almost all the court: "Only see, madame," said she, "the impertinence of *your people*, who have thrown my pelisse on a

bench in the antechamber, where your majesty's cat has served it in this manner." The Queen, displeased at her complaints and familiar expressions, said to her, with the coldest look imaginable: "Know, madam, that it is you, not I, who keep *people;* I have officers of my chamber, who have purchased the honour of serving me, and are persons of good-breeding and education; they know the dignity which ought to belong to a lady of the bedchamber; they are not ignorant that you, who have been chosen from amongst the first ladies of the kingdom, ought to be accompanied by a gentleman, or at least a valet de chambre as his substitute, to receive your cloak; and that had you observed the forms suitable to your rank, you would not have been exposed to the mortification of seeing your things thrown on the benches of the antechamber."

I have read in several works written on the life of Queen Maria Leckzinska, that she possessed great talents. Her religious, noble, and resigned conduct, and the refinement and judiciousness of her understanding, sufficiently prove that her august father had promoted, with the most tender care, the developement of all those excellent qualities, with which heaven had endowed her.

The virtues and information of the great, are always evinced by their conduct; their accomplishments, coming within the scope of flattery, are never to be ascertained by any authentic proofs, and those who have lived near them, may be excused for some degree of scepticism, with regard to their attainments of this kind. If they draw or paint, there is always an able artist present, who, if he does not absolutely guide the pencil with his own hand, directs it by his advice; he sets the palette, and mixes the colours, on which the tones depend. If a princess attempt a piece of embroidery in colours, of that description which ranks amongst the productions of the arts, a skilful embroideress is employed to undo and repair whatever has been spoilt, and to cover the neglected tints with new threads. If a princess be a musician, there are no ears that will discover when

she is out of tune; at least there is no tongue that will tell her so. This imperfection in the accomplishments of the great, is but a slight misfortune. It is sufficiently meritorious in them to engage in such pursuits, even with indifferent success, because this taste, and the protection it extends, produce abundance of talent on every side. The Queen delighted in the art of painting, and imagined she herself could draw and paint; she had a drawing-master, who passed all his time in her cabinet. She undertook to paint four large Chinese pictures, with which she wished to ornament her private drawing-room, which was richly furnished with rare porcelain and the finest marbles. This painter was intrusted with the landscape, and background of the pictures; he drew the figures with a pencil, the faces and arms were also left by the Queen to his execution; she reserved to herself nothing but the draperies, and the least important accessories. The Queen every morning filled up the outline marked out for her, with a little red blue, or green colour, which the master prepared on the palette, and even filled her pencil with, constantly repeating, "Higher up, madame—lower down, madame —a little to the right—more to the left."—After an hour's work, the time for hearing mass, or some other family or pious duty, would interrupt her majesty; and the painter, putting the shadows into the draperies she had painted, softening off the colour, where she had laid too much, &c., finished the small figures. When the work was completed, the private drawing-room was decorated with her majesty's work: and the firm persuasion of this good Queen, that she had painted it herself, was so entire, that she left this cabinet, with all its furniture and paintings, to the Countess de Noailles, her lady of honour. She added to the bequest, "The pictures in my cabinet being my own work, I hope the Countess de Noailles will preserve them for my sake." Madame de Noailles, afterwards Marechale de Mouchy, had a new additional pavilion constructed in her hotel in the faubourg St. Germain, in order to form a suitable receptacle for the Queen's legacy; and had the following inscription

placed over the door, in letters of gold: "The innocent falsehood of a good princess."

The Queen had selected, as her intimate friends, the duke, the duchess, and the worthy Cardinal de Luynes. She called them her good folks: she often did the duchess the honour to spend the evening and sup with her; the president Henault was the charm of this pious and virtuous society. This magistrate combined the weighty qualifications of his functions in society, with the attainments of a man of letters, and the polish of a courtier. The Queen one day surprised the duchess writing to the president, who had just published his Chronological Abridgment of the History of France; she took the pen from Madame de Luynes, and wrote at the bottom of the letter, this postscript: "I think that M. de Henault, who says a great deal in few words, cannot be very partial to the language of women, who use a vast number of words to say very little." Instead of signing this, she added, "Guess who." The president answered this anonymous epistle, by these ingenious lines:*

"This sentence, written by a heavenly hand,
Fills with perplexing doubts my conscious mind:
Presumptuous, if I dare to understand;
Ungrateful, if I fail the truth to find."

One evening, the Queen having entered the cabinet of the Duke de Luynes, took down several books successively, to read the titles; a translation of Ovid's Art of Love having fallen into her hands, she replaced it hastily, exclaiming, "Oh, fie!"—"How, madame," said the president, "is that the way in which your majesty treats the art of pleasing?"—"No, Monsieur Henault," answered the Queen, "I should esteem the art of pleasing; it is the art of seducing, that I throw from me."

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* Ces mots, tracés par une main divine,
Ne peuvent me causer que trouble et qu'embarras:
C'est trop oser, si mon cœur les divine;
C'est être ingrat, s'il ne les divine pas.

Madame de Civrac, daughter of the Duke d'Aumont, lady of honour to the princesses, belonged to this intimate circle of the Queen's. Her virtues and amiable character procured her equal esteem and affection in that connection, and in her family, from which a premature death removed her. The president Henault paid her a respectful homage, or rather, delighted in being the medium of that which this distinguished circle eagerly rendered to her talents, her virtues, and her sufferings. Some time before the death of Madame de Civrac, she was ordered to try the mineral waters; she left Versailles much debilitated and in very bad health. The wish to amuse her, during a journey which removed her to a distance from all that was dear to her, inspired the president with the idea of an entertainment, which was given to her at every place she stopped to rest at. Her friends set out before her, in order to be a few posts in advance, and prepare their disguises. When she stopped at Bernis, the interesting traveller found a group of lords dressed in the costume of ancient French knights, accompanied by the best musicians of the King's chapel. They sang Madame de Civrac some stanzas composed by the president, the first of which began thus:*

Can nought your cruel flight impede?
Must distant climes your charms adore?
Why thus to other conquests speed,
And leave our hearts, enslaved before?

At Nemours, the same persons, dressed as village swains and nymphs, presented her with a rural scene, in which they invited her to enjoy the simple pleasures of the country. Elsewhere they appeared as burgesses and their wives, with the bailly and town clerk; and these disguises, continually varied and enlivened by the amiable ingenuity of the president, followed Madame de Civrac as far as the watering-place to which she was going. I

* Quoi! vous partez sans que rien vous arrête!
Vous allez plaire en de nouveaux climats!
Pourquoi voler de conquête en conquête?
Nos cœurs soumis ne suffisent-ils pas?

have read this ingenious and affecting entertainment when I was young; I know not whether the manuscript has been preserved by the heirs of the president Henault. The candour and religious simplicity of the good cardinal, formed a striking contrast to the gallant and agreeable character of the president; and people would sometimes divert themselves with his simplicity, without forgetting the respect due to him. One of these instances, however, produced such happy results, as to justify the good cardinal in a singular misapplication of his well-meant piety. Unwilling to forget the homilies which he had composed in his youth, and as jealous of his works as the archbishop of Granada, who discharged Gil Blas, the cardinal used to rise at five in the morning, every Sunday, during the residence of the court at Fontainebleau (which town was in his diocese), and go to officiate at the parish church; where, mounting the pulpit, he repeated one of his homilies, all of which had been composed to exhort people of rank and fashion to return to the primitive simplicity suitable to true Christians. A few hundred peasants sitting on their sabots, surrounded by the baskets in which they had carried vegetables or fruit to market, listened to his eminence without understanding a single word of what he was saying to them. Some people belonging to the court, happening to go to mass previously to setting out for Paris, heard his eminence exclaiming, with truly pastoral vehemence, "My dear brethren, why do you carry luxury even to the foot of the sanctuary? Wherefore are these velvet cushions, these bags covered with laces and fringe, carried before you into the temple of the Lord? Abandon these sumptuous and magnificent customs, which you ought to regard as a cumbrous appendage to your rank, and to put away from you when you enter the presence of your divine Saviour." The fashionable hearers of these homilies, mentioned them at court; every one wished to hear them: ladies of the highest rank would be awakened at break of day, to hear the cardinal say mass; and thus his eminence was speedily surrounded by a congregation to which his homilies were perfectly adapted.

Maria Leckzinska could never look with cordiality on the Princess of Saxony, who married the dauphin; but the attention, respect, and cautious behaviour of the dauphiness, at length made her majesty forget that the princess was daughter to a King, who wore her father's crown. Nevertheless, when the great entertain a deep resentment, some marks of it will occasionally be observed by those who constantly surround them; and, although the Queen now saw in the Princess of Saxony, only a wife beloved by her son, and the mother of the prince destined to succeed to the throne; she never could forget that Augustus wore the crown of Stanislaus. One day, an officer of her chamber having undertaken to ask a private audience of her for the Saxon minister, and the Queen being unwilling to grant it, he persisted in his request, and ventured to add, that he should not have ventured to ask this favour of the Queen, had not the minister been the ambassador of a member of the family. "Say of an *enemy* of the family," replied the Queen, angrily; "and let him come in."

The Queen was very partial to the Princess de Tallard, governess of the children of France. This lady, having attained an advanced age, came to take leave of her majesty, and to acquaint her with the resolution she had taken to quit the world, and to place an interval between her life and dissolution. The Queen expressed much regret, endeavoured to dissuade her from this scheme, and, much affected at the thoughts of the sacrifice on which the princess had determined, asked her whither she intended to retire: "To the *entresols* of my hotel, madame," answered Madame de Tallard.

Count Tessé, father of the last count of that name, who left no children, was first equerry to Queen Maria Leckzinska. She esteemed his virtues, but often diverted herself at the expense of his simplicity. One day, when the conversation turned on the noble military actions by which the French nobility was distinguished, the Queen said to the count: "And your family,

M. de Tessé, has been famous, too, in the field."—"Ah! madame, we have all been killed in our masters' service!"—"How rejoiced I am," replied the Queen, "that you are left to tell me of it."—The son of this worthy M. de Tessé was married to the amiable and highly-gifted daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, afterwards Marshal de Noailles; he was excessively fond of his daughter-in-law, and never could speak of her without emotion. The Queen, to please him, often talked to him about the young countess; and one day asked him, which of her good qualities seemed to him most conspicuous. "Her gentleness, madame; her gentleness," said he, with tears in his eyes: "she is so mild, so soft—as soft as a good carriage."—"Well," said her majesty, "that's an excellent comparison for a first equerry."

In 1730, Queen Maria Leckzinska, going to mass, met old Marshal Villars, leaning on a wooden crutch, not worth fifteenpence; she rallied him about it; and the marshal told her, that he had used it ever since he had received a wound which obliged him to add this article to the equipments of the army. Her majesty smiling, said, she thought this crutch so unworthy of him, that she hoped to induce him to give it up. On returning home, she despatched M. Campan to Paris, with orders to purchase at the celebrated Germain's, the handsomest cane, with a gold enamelled crutch, that he could find, and carry it without delay to Marshal Villars' hotel, and present it to him from her. He was announced accordingly, and fulfilled his commission; the marshal, in attending him to the door, requested him to express his gratitude to the Queen, and said, that he had nothing fit to offer to an officer who had the honour to belong to her majesty, but he begged him to accept of his old stick, and that his grandchildren would probably some day be glad to possess the cane with which he had commanded at Marchiennes and Denain. The known character of Marshal Villars appears in this anecdote; but he was not mistaken with respect to the estimation in which his stick would be held. It was thenceforth kept with veneration by M. Campan's family. On the 10th of

August, 1792, a house which I occupied on the Carrousel, at the entrance of the court of the Tuileries, was pillaged and nearly burnt down; the cane of Marshal Villars was thrown into the Carrousel, as of no value, and picked up by my servant. Had its old master been living at that period, we should not have witnessed such a deplorable day.

The Queen's father died in consequence of being severely burnt by his fire-side. Like almost all old men, he disliked those attentions which imply the decay of the faculties, and had ordered a valet de chambre, who wished to remain near him, to withdraw into the adjoining room; a spark set fire to a taffety dressing-gown, wadded with cotton, which his daughter had sent him. The poor old prince, who entertained hopes of recovering from the frightful state into which this accident reduced him, wished to inform the Queen of it himself, and wrote her a letter evincing the mild gayety of his disposition, as well as the courage of his soul, in which he said, "What consoles me is, the reflection that I am burning for you." To the last moment of her life, Maria Leckzinska never parted with this letter, and her women often surprised her kissing a paper, which they concluded to be this last farewell of Stanislaus.*

* This anecdote does honour to the heart and filial piety of Maria Leckzinska. That princess was equally gifted with wit and sensibility, if we may judge by many expressions which fell from her lips in conversation, and have been collected by the Abbé Proyart. Many of them are remarkable for the depth of thought they display, and frequently for an ingenious and lively turn of expression.

"We should not be great, but for the little. We ought to be so only for their good."—(Page 240.)

"To be vain of one's rank, is to declare one's self beneath it."—(*Ibid.*)

"A King, who enforces respect to God, has no occasion to command homage to be paid to himself."—(*Ibid.*)

"The mercy of Kings is to do justice; and the justice of Queens is to exercise mercy."—(241.)

"Good Kings are slaves, and their subjects are free."—(*Ibid.*)

"Content seldom travels with fortune, but follows virtue even in adversity."—(*Ibid.*)

"Solitude can be delightful only to the innocent."—(*Ibid.*)

"To consider one's self great, on account of rank and wealth, is to imagine that the pedestal makes the hero."—(*Ibid.*)

"Many princes, when dying, have lamented having made war: we hear of none who at that moment have regretted having loved peace."—(*Ibid.*)

"Sensible people judge of a head by what it contains; frivolous women by what is on the outside of it."—(245.)

Courtiers cry out to us, "*Give us, without reckoning!*—and the people, *Reckon what we give you!*"

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY MADAME CAMPAN.

Note No. 1, *Page* 111. 138.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

First office: the Superintendent.

Queen Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XVI., had Mademoiselle de Clermont, a princess of the blood, as the superintendent of her household. Mademoiselle de Clermont died, and the Queen requested the King not to have the vacancy filled up, the privileges of the office of superintendent being so extensive that they were felt as a restraint on the sovereign; they included a right to nominate to employments, to determine differences between the holders of offices, to dismiss,* or suspend the servants, &c. There was therefore no superintendent after Mademoiselle de Clermont; and Queen Marie Antoinette had none at the time of her accession. But shortly afterwards the Queen, interesting herself for the young Princess de Lamballe, who was left a widow and childless, determined to give her greater personal consideration, by fixing her at court, and therefore appointed her superintendent of her household. She constantly resided at Versailles, in the commencement of her service, and was very scrupulous in the punctual execution of all the duties of her place. The Queen checked her a little with respect to those which stood in the way of her inclinations, and the intimacy between the Queen and Madame de Polignac being afterwards formed, she attended the court with less assiduity. Her devoted attachment led her, at the moment when all the eminent persons in the kingdom were yielding to the system of emigration, to return to France, and not to leave the Queen, who was then deprived of all her friends, and of that intimate connection which had occasioned a kind of distance between the Queen and the superintendent. The tragic end of this interesting princess must heighten the feeling excited by her zeal and fidelity. The princess superintendent was, moreover, head of the Queen's council; but her functions in that capacity could only become important in case of a regency.

* The servants were suspended by order of the head of the household for a fortnight, a month, or more. Dismission was more common than suspension; but resignations were signed by the parties themselves. It must not be forgotten that all the offices were trusts, and that the holders of them had been sworn before the Queen, the superintendent, the lady of honour, or the first gentleman usher.

Lady of honour, the Princess de Chimay.

The place of lady of honour losing many of its advantages, in consequence of the appointment of a superintendent, Madame la Marechale de Mouchy gave in her resignation. When the Queen conferred that title upon the Princess de Lamballe, the lady of honour appointed to the offices, administered the oaths in the absence of the superintendent; made presentations, and sent invitations in the Queen's name for the excursions to Marly, Choisy, and the Fontainebleau; for balls, suppers, and hunting parties; all changes in the furniture, and the linen and the laces for the bed and toilette, were likewise made under her orders. The head woman of the Queen's wardrobe managed these matters jointly with the lady of honour. Up to the time when M. de Silhouette was appointed comptroller-general, cloths, napkins, chemises, and lace, had been renewed every three years; that minister prevailed on Louis XV. to decide that they should be renewed only once in five years. M. Necker, during his first administration, increased the interval of renewal by two years, so that it took place only every seven years. The whole of the old articles belonged to the lady of honour. When a foreign princess was married to the heir presumptive, or a son of France, it was the etiquette to go and meet her with her wedding clothes; the young princess was undressed in the pavilion usually built upon the frontiers for the occasion, and every article of her apparel, without exception, was changed; notwithstanding which, the foreign courts furnished their princesses also with rich wedding clothes, which were considered the lawful perquisites of the lady of honour and the tire-woman. It is to be observed, that emoluments and profits of all kinds generally belonged to the great offices. On the death of Maria Leckzinska, the whole of her chamber furniture was given up to the Countess de Noailles, afterwards Marechale de Mouchy, with the exception of two large rock crystal lustres which Louis XV. ordered should be preserved as appurtenances to the crown. The tire-woman was intrusted with the care of ordering materials, robes, and court dresses; and of checking, and paying bills; all accounts were submitted to her and were paid only on her signature and by her order; from shoes, up to Lyons embroidered dresses. I believe the fixed annual sum for this division of expenditure, was one hundred thousand francs; but there might be additional sums when the funds appropriated to this purpose were insufficient. The tire-woman sold the cast-off gowns and ornaments for her own benefit; the lace for head-dresses, ruffles, and gowns, was provided by her, and kept distinct from those of which the lady of honour had the direction. There was a secretary of the wardrobe, to whom the care of keeping the books, accounts of payments, and correspondence relating to this department was confided.

The tire-woman had, likewise, under her order a principal under-tire-woman, charged with the care and preservation of all the Queen's dresses; two women to fold and press such articles as required it; two valets, and one porter of the wardrobe. The latter brought every morning into the Queen's apartments, baskets covered with taffety, containing all that she was to wear during the day, and large cloths of green taffety covering the robes, and the full dresses. The valet of the wardrobes on duty presented every morning a large book to the first femme de chambre, containing patterns of the gowns, full dresses, undresses, &c. Every pattern was marked to show to which sort it be-

longed. The first femme de chambre presented this book to the Queen, on her awaking, with a pincushion; her majesty stuck pins in those articles which she chose for the day: one for the dress, one for the afternoon undress, and one for the full evening dress for card or supper parties, in the private apartments. The book was then taken back to the wardrobe, and all that was wanted for the day was soon after brought in, in large taffety wrappers. The wardrobe woman, who had the care of the linen, in her turn, brought in a covered basket containing two or three chemises, handkerchiefs, and napkins; the morning basket was called *prêt du jour:* in the evening she brought in one containing the night-gown, and night-cap, and the stockings for the next morning; this basket was called *prêt de la nuit:* they were in the department of the lady of honour, the tire-woman having nothing to do with the linen. Nothing was put in order or taken care of by the Queen's women. As soon as the toilet was over, the valets and porter belonging to the wardrobe were called in, and they carried all away in a heap, in the taffety wrappers, to the tire-woman's wardrobe, where all were folded up again, hung up, examined, and cleaned with so much regularity and care that even the cast-off clothes scarcely looked as if they had been worn. The tire-woman's wardrobe consisted of three large rooms surrounded with closets, some furnished with drawers and others with shelves; there were also large tables in each of these rooms, on which the gowns and dresses were spread out and folded up.

For the winter the Queen had generally twelve full dresses, twelve undresses called fancy dresses, and twelve rich hoop petticoats for the card and supper parties in the smaller apartments.

She had as many for the summer. Those for the spring served likewise for the autumn. All these dresses were discarded at the end of each season, unless indeed that she retained some that she particularly liked. I am not speaking of muslin or cambric muslin gowns, or others of the same kind; they were lately introduced; but such as these were not renewed at each returning season, they were kept several years. The chief women were charged with the keeping, care, and examination of the diamonds. This important duty was formerly confided to the tire-woman, but for many years had been included in the business of the first femmes de chambre.

The Queen's bedchamber.

There was formerly but one first femme de chambre. The large income derived from the place, and the favour by which it was generally accompanied, rendered a division of it necessary.

The Queen had two, and two reversioners:

The incumbents were Madame de Misery, a daughter of the Count de Chemant, and, by the side of her mother, who descended from a Montmorency, cousin to the Prince de Tingry, who always called her cousin, even before the Queen.

Madame Thibault, formerly femme de chambre of Queen Maria Leckzinska.

The reversioners were Madame Campan, and Madame Regnier de Jarjaye, whose husband was a staff officer with the rank of colonel.

The duty of the chief femmes de chambre was to attend to the performance of the whole service of the bedchamber; to receive the Queen's orders for her times of rising, dressing, going out, and making journeys.

They were moreover charged with the Queen's privy purse, and the payment of pensions and gratifications. The diamonds, too, were intrusted to them. They did the honours of the service when the ladies of honour, or tire-women, were absent, and in the same manner acted for them in making presentations to the Queen. Their appointments did not exceed twelve thousand francs; but all the wax candles of the bedchamber, closets, and card room, belonged to them daily, whether lighted or not, and this perquisite raised their income to more than fifty thousand francs each. The candles for the great closet of the saloon of the nobility, the room preceding the Queen's chamber, and those for the antechambers and corridors, belonged to the servants of the chamber. The undress gowns were, whenever left off, carried, by order of the tire-woman, to the chief femmes de chambre. The court and full dresses, with all other accessories of the Queen's toilet, belonged to the tire-woman herself.

The Queens were very circumspect in the choice of their principal women; they generally took care to select them from among the twelve ordinary women whom they knew well, in order to keep this confidential situation exempt from the intrigues of the court and capital. Queen Marie Antoinette, who knew Madame Campan when she was reader to the daughters of Louis XV., and wished to have her as first woman, made her a promise of that place; but for several years she filled the situation of ordinary woman. A lady of noble family, much beloved by the Queen, who distinguished her, upon her arrival in France, from among her women, and who flattered herself with the hopes of becoming first woman, was disappointed of the place, in consequence of her imprudence in taking advantage of the kindness of the young dauphiness, who twice paid her debts, at the time she was expecting to be appointed first woman. The dauphiness, when she became Queen, assigned as the reason for her refusal, that it was very imprudent to trust money to persons known to be extravagant and thoughtless, as it exposed the honour of families, as well as the deposit, to danger. The Queen, however, softened down her refusal, by placing the lady's children at St. Cyr, and the military school, and granting them pensions. At the period of the Constitution, when it was proposed to reform the household, by abolishing the titles of ladies of honour and gentlemen ushers, and the King determined to introduce the strictest economy into all parts of his own expenses and those of the Queen, it was decided that the daily renewal of the wax candles should be discontinued. The office of first woman was, by this reduction, deprived of its greatest revenue. The King, after consulting with M. de Laporte, fixed the income of the first women at twenty-four thousand livres each, with the addition of the functions and perquisites of the tire-women, whose office was suppressed. He observed, at the same time, that the first women ought to be selected from among persons of merit and good birth, and that their income ought to be sufficient to place them above intrigue or corruption. The plan of the household formed after the constitutional laws, was decreed, but the military part was the only one put in execution.

The Queen had twelve women in ordinary:—

Madame de Malherbe, the wife of the Queen's maître d'hotel, late commissary at war; she died since the revolution.

Madame de Fregal, daughter of M. Emengard de Beauval, mayor of Compiègne, and lieutenant of the hunt, wife of a cavalry captain; she is living at her own estate in Picardy, upon her property.

Madame Regnier de Jarjaye (first woman in reversion). Her husband has left the service. They are living at Paris in easy circumstances.

Madame Campan, also first woman in reversion, and reader to the princesses, daughters of Louis XV., had long discharged the duties of first woman only, Madame de Misery, her principal, having retired to her estate of Biache, near Peronne.

Madame Auguié, who fell a victim to the revolution, for lending the Queen twenty-five louis during the two days she passed at the Feuillans. M. Auguié was at that time receiver-general of the finances of the duchy of Lorraine and Bar, and commissioner of the subsistence tax.

Madame Terasse des Mareilles. Her husband has a place under government. Her daughter married the brother of M. Miot, a counsellor of state.

Mademoiselle de Marolles, one of the ladies of St. Cyr. She remains poor, and has retired to her own country, in the neighbourhood of Tours.

Madame Cardon, widow of the Mayor of Arras, has some fortune, and lives upon her estate.

Madame Arcambal. Her husband and father-in-law are in the war department.

Madame de Gougenot. Her husband, a gentleman and very rich, receiver-general of taxes, and the King's maître d'hotel, died a victim to the revolution. She lives at Paris in retirement and affluence. She would have been extremely rich if she had had any children.

Madame de Beauvast, wife of a commissary at war, formerly one of the King's musketeers, and a Chevalier de St. Louis; is very poor.

Madame Le Vacher, dead. Her husband is at present receiver of the tolls at Marseilles.

Madame Henri. Her husband is now in the war office. Her father had a principal charge in the liquidation of the civil list. They have a number of children.

The eight senior women of the Queen had incomes of three thousand six hundred francs.

The other four had two thousand four hundred livres.

They had three hundred livres less when they had lodgings in the castle of Versailles, or apartments assigned them. When the King went to Compiègne in July, and Fontainebleau in October, three hundred livres a journey were added to their appointments, to defray the expenses of moving. It must be observed that these journeys, even if economically performed, cost from a thousand to twelve hundred livres. But the husbands of these ladies had all honourable and lucrative situations, and the appointments of places of this description were not at all thought of!—the support and protection of the Queen were the only things that made them canvassed for. I remember, when the poorest among them had an income of from fifteen to twenty thousand francs; and some of them, from their husbands' circumstances, had from sixty to eighty thousand francs a year: but these fortunes came from financial employments, or places of hereditary property, and were no way drawn from the royal treasury, the pensions granted being few and inconsiderable.

There was no pension granted to the first women; when they retired, they retained the whole emoluments of their places, which was too

considerable to admit of their being indemnified for it. Those who had the places in reversion acted for them, and received a salary of six thousand livres.

The femmes de chambre in ordinary were allowed four thousand livres pension, after a series of thirty years; three thousand, after one of twenty-five years; and two thousand, after one of twenty years.

The twelve women served in turns, four every week; two of these every day alternatively; so that the four women who had served one week were the next fortnight at leisure, unless a substitute were wanted; and in the week of duty they had intervals of two or three days. There was no table appointed for the female service, except when the court left Versailles. The first women had their kitchen and cook. The others had their dinners taken to them in their apartment.

Wardrobe woman, the person named R——.

This woman was intrusted with all matters relating to her place, but as her service lasted all the year round, she was very useful in several particulars of internal domestic service, which would have been otherwise but ill performed by women of the class of those who served the Queen. Her utility, and the kindness of her mistress, had unfortunately made her services but too indispensable. Some particulars relative to the departure for Varennes could not be concealed from her; and it appears clear that she betrayed the Queen's secret to some of the deputies or members of the commune of Paris. She was under the immediate orders of the first femme de chambre, who frequently, in case of a vacancy, procured the place for her own femme de chambre. When the Queen, on her return from Varennes, dismissed this woman R——, she put the governess of Madame Campan's son in her place.

There were also two bathing-women, charged with all that belonged to the baths, who made it their peculiar care. The flowers, vases, porcelain, and all the ornaments of the apartment, were arranged every morning by a wardrobe woman, who had no other business.

Master of the wardrobe.

This office, important as it may be about a prince, was but a mere name about a princess; the tire-woman being charged with all that related to his department, and having under her orders a secretary of the wardrobe for correspondence and payment of demands. The income of the master of the wardrobe was, notwithstanding, sixty thousand francs. The office was held by the Count de la Mortiere, who died a general some years ago, and in reversion by M. Ponjaud, farmer-general. Its only prerogative was the right of entrance into the chamber.

First valet de chambre.

The functions of the first femme de chambre had in the same manner reduced this office to the mere title, and a right of entrance to the toilette. The salary was forty thousand francs.

Train bearer in ordinary.

This office had daily and assiduous duties attached to it. To hold it, it was necessary to be either noble, the son of an ennobled person,

or decorated with the cross of St. Louis; the first gentleman usher, being obliged to receive him into his carriage when attending the court *en suite*, would not otherwise have consented to sit with him. This officer suffered a continual mortification, being obliged by etiquette to give up the Queen's train to her page whenever her majesty entered the chapel or the inner apartments of the King; so that after having borne the train in the great apartment, and the mirror gallery, he gave it up to the page at the entrance to the chapel and the King's apartment. He kept the Queen's mantle or pelisse, but handed them to the first gentleman usher or the first equerry if the Queen wished to make use of them. This practice was called doing the honours of the service, and was always observed by the inferior officer to the superior.

Secretaries for orders: Messieurs Augeard and Beaugeard.

The business of these officers was to get orders for the payment of her household signed by the Queen; which she did punctually every three months at her dressing hour.

These secretaries were also to answer letters of etiquette, such as those from sovereigns upon births, deaths, &c. The Queen merely signed letters of this nature.

The private secretary of the secretaries for orders took every Sunday, from a table in the Queen's room, the whole of the memorials which had been presented to her in the course of the week. He made an abstract of them, and they were sent to the different ministers. Generally, the solicitors got very little by them, unless in some extraordinary cases of hardship; but they were, at all events, sure that the original certificates, and family documents, which are often imprudently annexed to memorials and petitions, would be faithfully returned. The Queen took into her private closet, all those memorials to which she intended to add postscripts, or which she wished to give to the ministers herself.

Superintendent of finances, demesnes, and affairs—M. Bertier, intendant of Paris.

This office was almost entirely a sinecure.

Intendant of the household and finances, M. Gabriel de Saint Charles.

A sinecure.

Reader, the Abbé de Vermond.

This modest title gives a very inadequate idea of the office and power of the man. Having been the Queen's tutor before her marriage, he retained an absolute power over her mind. He was her private secretary, confidant, and (unfortunately) her adviser.

Readers: the Countess de Neuilly; Madame de La Borde, in reversion.

A few years ago this lady married M. de Rohan Chabot; her first husband fell a victim to the revolution. He was first valet de chambre to Louis XV., and brother of the Countess d'Angiviller.

The office of female reader was a sinecure under the reign of Marie Antoinette, the Abbé de Vermond objecting to the female readers having the advantage of reading to the Queen. He did not, however,

object to the women, or first women, officiating for her. Madame Campan generally had that honour.

Secretary of the Closet, M. Campan.

He was intrusted with every part of the correspondence which did not belong to the secretaries for orders, or the Abbé de Vermond. He enjoyed the confidence of his mistress, and succeeded the Abbé de Vermond, who emigrated on the 17th of July, 1789, until his death in September, 1791. The Queen could not refrain from tears at his death, which was occasioned by the grief experienced by that faithful servant during the sanguinary scenes of the revolution. His blood underwent a complete revulsion in the night between the 5th and 6th of October, at Versailles, and the first symptoms of a dropsy in the chest showed themselves the very next day.

M. Campan was, besides, librarian to the Queen from the time of her arrival in France, though she suffered M. Moreau, historiographer of France, to retain the title. She came from Versailles strongly prepossessed against that literary man, whose political character had, in truth, suffered during the parliamentary troubles towards the close of the reign of Louis XV. She caused it to be intimated to him, that she wished him to give up the keys of her library to M. Campan, but that, out of respect to the King's appointment, she left him his title and the salary of his office.

It is to be presumed, that the Abbé de Vermond, while fulfilling his duties of tutor at Vienna, was startled at the appointment of a literary character to the situation of librarian to the young dauphiness, the more especially as M. Moreau, elated with his new honour, had printed a work, entitled "Library of Madame the Dauphiness," in which he traced out a course of history and general study for the princess. The Abbé de Vermond, determined to have the sole charge of duties of that kind, planned his fall so skilfully, long beforehand, that it took place on his very first step. M. Moreau died lately, at an advanced age, at his estate of Chambourcy, near Saint Germain. His disgrace, at which he was greatly hurt, probably preserved his life and fortune.

The Queen had—

Two valets de chambre, in ordinary.

An usher in ordinary.

(The duty of the offices, denominated *ordinary*, was to act as substitutes for those who could not perform their quarterly service.)

Four ushers for the chamber, serving by the quarter;

Two ushers of the closet;

Two ushers of the antechamber;

Eight valets de chambre, per quarter;

Six servants of the chamber, or rather, we may say (in order to convey a more accurate idea of this office), *valets de chambre of the sleeping room*. These six places about the King and Queen, were greatly preferred to those of valet de chambre, because they were much more in the inner apartments. Those of the King were raised gradually to eight thousand francs.

An ordinary valet of the wardrobe.

Two valets of the wardrobe, each serving six months.

A porter of the wardrobe, who carried the taffety wrappers, cloths, and baskets, from the chamber to the tiring wardrobe.

An ordinary keeper of the wardrobe of the chamber, M. Bonnefri du Plan.

He was also house steward of Petit Trianon. It was he who designed and executed the press, or rather the kind of secretary, appropriated to the Queen's jewels, and which is at this moment at Saint Cloud. His name and the year in which that piece of furniture, remarkable for its richness and the paintings with which it is ornamented, was made, are engraved upon a plate of copper, which is at the bottom of it. Boulard, an eminent upholsterer of Paris, was long a servant of the wardrobe under the orders of Bonnefri.

Four valets de chambre upholsterers.

They came to make the bed in the morning, and turn it down in the evening.

The Queen had two hairdressers attached to her person. They were the brother and cousin of Leonard, the celebrated hairdresser. The latter also held a place as hairdresser, but did not quit Paris, and came only on Sundays at noon to the Queen's toilet. He also came to Versailles on holidays and at balls. He is now at Petersburg.

His brother was guillotined at Paris; his cousin died in emigration. They were very good and faithful servants.

Medical Department.

A chief physician: M. Vicq d'Azyr, after the death of M. de Lassone;

A physician in ordinary: M. de Lassone, the son;

A chief surgeon: M. de Chairgnac;

A surgeon in ordinary officiating for the household;

Two common surgeons to attend to the livery servants, kitchen servants, and stable servants;

A body apothecary;

A common apothecary;

A well furnished dispensary, from which the inferior servants received the necessary drugs and remedies. All above the class of footmen, or kitchen servants, thought it beneath them to avail themselves of this right, but they had liberty to do so.

Officers of the mouth.

A chief maître d'hotel: the Marquis de Talaru;

A maître d'hotel, in ordinary: M. Chalut de Verin; M. de Guimps, in reversion.

Messieurs Dufour and Campan the son, in reversion;

Cosson de Guimps;

De Malherbe, in reversion;

Despriez, Moreau d'Olibois, in reversion;

Clement de Ris.

These places required nobility. The maîtres d'hotel officiated for the gentlemen ushers in case the Queen should happen to want them when going in grand procession. Quarterly at Versailles, as well as on journeys, they did the honours of a table to which were admitted the lieutenant and exempt of the guards upon duty, the gentleman usher in ordinary, as well as the one for the quarter, and the Queen's almoner.

The Queen had,
One gentleman serving in ordinary;
Twelve gentlemen serving by the quarter;
Their duty was to serve up at the dinners of the King and Queen, and at the *grand couvert*. Notwithstanding the title *gentleman*, this place did not require nobility.

A comptroller-general of the Queen's household, M. Mercier de la Source.

This officer inspected and regulated all the expenses of the mouth, being a kind of medium between the Queen's household and the royal treasury; he had power, upon the Queen's mere demand, in case of extraordinary expense, to draw for additional supplies; the Queen availed herself of this privilege but very seldom, and then only for things relative to the arts which she patronized. It was accordingly M. de la Source who fixed the sum granted for the quarto edition of Metastasio: a tribute which the Queen thought due from her to that celebrated author, her old Italian master at the court of Vienna.
Four comptrollers of the mouth serving by the quarter.
A comptroller in ordinary, specially charged with the Queen's table.

Stables.

Chief equerry, the Count de Tessé.
The Duke de Polignac, in reversion.
Processional equerry, M. de Salvost.
Governor of the pages, M. de Perdreauville.
A preceptor;
An almoner;
And all the masters employed in the education of the King's pages.
Twelve pages.
Chevalier d'honneur, the Count de Saulx Tavarmes.
An equerry in ordinary, M. Petit de Vievigne. Quarterly equerries;
Messieurs de Wallans;
de Billey;
Chevalier de Vaussay de Beauregard;
Count de Saint Angel.

Chapel.

A grand almoner, the Bishop Duke de Laon.
A first almoner, the Bishop de Meaux.
Almoner in ordinary, the Abbé de Beaufoil de Saint Aulaire.
Confessor, the Abbé Poupast.
Four quarterly almoners.
An almoner in ordinary.
Four quarterly chaplains.
A chaplain in ordinary.
Chapel boys.
Four quarterly chapel boys.
A chapel boy in ordinary.
Two chapel summoners.
There were besides a great number of offices, especially for the mouth, such as esquire of the mouth, chief butler, head of the butlery officers, &c. But they had no opportunity of serving directly about the Queen.

The Queen had twelve footmen.

The Versailles almanac, and old catalogues, enumerate all the inferior offices.

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PARTICULARS OF ETIQUETTE.

The Queen's manner of living and the Arrangement of her Time.

When the King slept in the Queen's apartment, he always rose before her; the exact hour was communicated to the head femme de chambre, who entered, preceded by a servant of the bedchamber bearing a taper; she crossed the room and unbolted the door which separated the Queen's apartment from that of the King. She there found the first valet de chambre for the quarter, and a servant of the chamber. They entered, opened the bed curtains on the King's side, and presented him slippers generally, as well as the dressing-gown, which he put on, of gold or silver stuff. The first valet de chambre took down a short sword, which was always laid within the railing on the King's side. When the King slept with the Queen, this sword was brought upon the arm-chair appropriated to the King, and which was placed near the Queen's bed, within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed. The first femme de chambre conducted the King to the door, bolted it again, and leaving the Queen's chamber, did not return until the hour appointed by her majesty the evening before. At night the Queen went to bed before the King; the first femme de chambre remained seated at the foot of her bed until the arrival of his majesty, in order, as in the morning, to see the King's attendants out, and bolt the door after them. The Queen awoke habitually at eight o'clock, and breakfasted at nine, frequently in bed, and sometimes after she had risen, at a small table placed opposite her couch.

In order to describe the Queen's private service intelligibly, it must be recollected that *service* of every kind was *honour*, and had not any other denomination. *To do the honours of the service*, was to present the service to an officer of superior rank, who happened to arrive at the moment it was about to be performed: thus, supposing the Queen asked for a glass of water, the servant of the chamber handed to the first woman a silver gilt waiter, upon which were placed a covered goblet and a small decanter; but should the lady of honour come in, the first woman was obliged to present the waiter to her, and if Madame or the Countess d'Artois came in at the moment, the waiter went again from the lady of honour into the hands of the princess, before it reached the Queen. It must be observed, however, that if a princess of the blood, instead of a princess of the family, entered, the service went directly from the first woman to the princess of the blood, the lady of honour being excused from transferring to any but princesses of the royal family. Nothing was presented directly to the Queen; her handkerchief or her gloves were placed upon a long salver of gold or silver gilt, which was placed as a piece of furniture of ceremony upon a side table, and was called *gantiere*. The first woman presented to her in this manner all that she asked for, unless the tire-woman, the lady of honour, or a princess, were present, and then the gradation, pointed out in the instance of the glass of water, was always observed.

Whether the Queen breakfasted in bed or up, those entitled to the *petites entrées* were equally admitted; this privilege belonged of right to

her chief physician, chief surgeon, physician in ordinary, reader, closet secretary, the King's four first valets de chambre and their reversioners, and the King's chief physicians and surgeons. There were frequently from ten to twelve persons at this first entrée. The lady of honour, or the superintendent, if present, placed the breakfast equipage upon the bed; the Princess de Lamballe frequently performed that office.

As soon as the Queen rose, the wardrobe woman was admitted to take away the pillows and put the bed into a fit state to be made by some of the valets de chambre. She undrew the curtains, and the bed was not generally made until the Queen was gone to mass. Generally, excepting at Saint Cloud, where the Queen bathed in an apartment below her own, a slipper bath was rolled into her room, and her bathers brought everything that was necessary for the bath. The Queen bathed in a large chemise of English flannel buttoned down to the bottom; its sleeves throughout, as well as the collar, were lined with linen. When she came out of the bath, the first woman held up a cloth to conceal her entirely from the sight of her women, and then threw it over her shoulders. The bathers wrapped her in it, and dried her completely; she then put on a long and wide open chemise, entirely trimmed with lace, and afterwards a white taffety bedgown. The wardrobe woman warmed the bed; the slippers were of dimity, trimmed with lace. Thus dressed, the Queen went to bed again, and the bathers and servants of the chamber took away the bathing apparatus. The Queen, replaced in bed, took a book or her tapestry work. On her bathing mornings she breakfasted in the bath. The tray was placed on the cover of the bath. These minute details are given here only to do justice to the Queen's scrupulous modesty. Her temperance was equally remarkable; she breakfasted on coffee or chocolate; at dinner ate nothing but white meat, drank water only, and supped on broth, a wing of a fowl, and small biscuits, which she soaked in a glass of water.

The public toilet took place at noon. The toilet table was drawn forward into the middle of the room. This piece of furniture was generally the richest and most ornamented of all in the apartment of the princesses. The Queen used it in the same manner and place for undressing herself in the evening. She went to bed laced in corsets trimmed with ribbon, and sleeves trimmed with lace, and wore a large neck handkerchief. The Queen's combing cloth was presented, by her first woman, if she was alone at the commencement of the toilet; or, as well as the other articles, by the ladies of honour if they were come. At noon the women who had been in attendance four-and-twenty hours, were relieved by two women in full dress; the first woman went also to dress herself. The *grandes entrées* were admitted during the toilet, sofas were placed in circles for the superintendent, the ladies of honour, and tire-woman, and the governess of the children of France when she came there; the duties of the ladies of the bedchamber having nothing to do with any kind of domestic or private functions, did not begin until the hour of going out to mass; they waited in the great closet, and entered when the toilet was over. The princes of the blood, captains of the guards, and all great officers, having the entry, paid their court at the hour of the toilet. The Queen saluted by nodding her head, or bending her body, or leaning upon her toilet table, as if moving to rise; the latter mode of salutation was for the princes of the blood. The King's brothers, also, came very generally to pay their respects to her majesty while her hair was dressing. In the earlier years of the

reign, the first part of the dressing was performed in the bedchamber and according to the laws of etiquette; that is to say, the lady of honour put on the chemise, and poured out the water for the hands; the tire-woman put on the skirt of the gown or full dress, adjusted the handkerchief, and tied on the necklace. But when the young Queen became more seriously devoted to fashion, and the head-dress attained so extravagant a height, that it became necessary to put on the chemise from below; when, in short, she determined to have her milliner, Mademoiselle Bertin, with her whilst she was dressing, whom the ladies would have refused to admit to any share in the honour of attending on the Queen, the dressing in the bedchamber was discontinued, and the Queen leaving her toilet, withdrew into her closet to dress.

On returning into her chamber, the Queen, standing about the middle of it, surrounded by the superintendent, the ladies of honour and tire-women, her ladies of the bedchamber, the first gentleman-usher, the chief equerry, her clergy ready to attend her to mass, the princesses of the royal family, who happened to come, accompanied by all their attendants, ladies, and tire-women, passed in order into the gallery, as in going to mass. The Queen's signatures were generally given at the moment of entry into the chamber. The secretary for orders presented the pen. Presentations of colonels, on taking leave, were usually made at this time. Those of ladies, and such as had a right to the tabouret, or sitting in the royal presence, were made on Sunday evenings, before card-playing began, on their coming in to pay their respects. Ambassadors were introduced to the Queen on Tuesday mornings, accompanied by the attendant of ambassadors on duty, and M. de Sequeville, the secretary for the ambassadors. The attendant in waiting usually came to the Queen at her toilet, to apprise her of the presentations which would be made of foreigners. The usher of the chamber, stationed at the entrance, opened the folding-doors to none but the princes and princesses of the royal family, and announced them aloud. Quitting his post, he came forward to name the lady of honour, the persons who came to be presented, or who came to take leave: that lady again named them to the Queen, at the moment they saluted her; if she and the tire-woman were absent, the first woman took the place, and did that duty. The ladies of the bedchamber, chosen solely as companions for the Queen, had no domestic duties to fulfil, however opinion might dignify such offices in a monarchical government. The King's letter in appointing them, among other instructions of etiquette, ran thus: "Having chosen you to bear the Queen company." There were hardly any emoluments accruing from this place, which was purely honorary.

The Queen heard mass with the King in the tribune, facing the grand altar and the music, with the exception of the days of high ceremony, when their chairs were placed below, upon velvet carpets fringed with gold. These days were marked by the name of *grand chapel days.*

The Queen named the collector beforehand, and informed her of it through her lady of honour, who was besides desired to send the purse to her. The collectors were almost always chosen from among those who had been recently presented. After returning from mass, the Queen dined every Sunday with the King only, in public, in the cabinet of the nobility, a room which preceded her chamber. Titled ladies, having the honours, sat during the dinner upon sofas placed on each

side of the table; ladies without titles stood around the table; the captain of the guards, and the first gentleman of the chamber, were behind the King's chair; behind that of the Queen were her first maître d'hotel, her first gentleman usher, and the chief equerry. The Queen's maître d'hotel was furnished with a large staff, six or seven feet in length, ornamented with golden fleurs de lis, and surmounted by fleurs de lis in the form of a crown. He entered the room with this badge of his office, to announce that the Queen was served. The comptroller put into his hands the card of the dinner; in the absence of the maître d'hotel, he presented it to the Queen himself, otherwise he only did him the honours of the service. The maître d'hotel did not leave his place, he merely gave the orders for serving up and removing; the comptroller and gentleman serving, placed the various dishes upon the table, receiving them from the inferior servants.

The prince nearest to the crown, presented water to wash the King's hands, at the moment he placed himself at table; and a princess did the same service to the Queen.

The table service was formerly performed for the Queen by the lady of honour, and four women in full dress; this part of the women's service was transferred to them on the suppression of the office of maids of honour. The Queen put an end to this etiquette in the first year of her reign. When the dinner was over, the Queen returned without the King to her apartment, with her women; and took off her hoop and train.

Note 3, *Page* 167.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVY PURSE.

Manner of managing the funds.

The first women served by the month, and gave the accounts of the privy purse to the Queen herself at the end of every month; after having examined them, the Queen wrote at the bottom of the last page: "*Approved—Marie Antoinette.*" Each of the first women carried home her account thus audited, leaving in the office of their apartments in the castle, the receipts for the pensions or other matters which she had paid during her month's service. In the same office was a statement of the pensions. It was taken away on the 10th of August, and probably mixed with a number of other things carried to the commune of Paris. The Assembly having decreed that charitable pensions should be continued, and not finding the statement of them, passed another decree, authorizing the pensioners to demand certificates from the officers or sub-officers of the Queen's chambers; as there was no longer in France either superintendent or lady of honour, the first femmes de chambre were, after the reduction, authorized to give these certificates. The supply of the privy purse was handed over on the first of every month to the Queen. M. Randon de la Tour presented her this sum at noon, the hour of her toilette; it was always in gold, and contained in a white leather purse lined with taffety and embroidered with silver. The funds of the privy purse amounted to three hundred thousand livres; the monthly divisions of them were not equal; the January purse was the richest; those which corresponded in point of time with the affairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent, were also richer than the others. This was an ancient etiquette, arising from a custom, which was formerly in use, for the

Kings to present the Queens with money, to enable them to make purchases at the fairs. This sum of three hundred thousand livres was merely play-money for the Queen, or for acts of beneficence, or any presents she might be desirous of making. Her toilette was furnished from other sources, even to her rouge and gloves. The Queen retained all the old pensioners of Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XV. She paid out of her three hundred thousand livres, to the amount of eighty thousand livres annually, in pensions or alms, and saved out of the rest. Every month the first woman put away two or three hundred louis, which had not been spent, in a strong chest in the Queen's inner closet. Out of these savings, the Queen, in the course of several years, paid for a pair of ear-rings, formed of pear-shaped diamonds of equal size, and a single diamond, which she bought of Bœhmer, the jeweller, in 1774. They were not completely paid for until 1780. Having seen that the young Queen took so much time to discharge, out of her savings, a debt she had contracted for an article that had tempted her, and which she did not like to make the public money pay for, Bœhmer ought never to have lent himself to the belief, that eight or ten years afterwards, she would, without the King's knowledge, have purchased an ornament at fifteen hundred thousand livres. But the desire to dispose of so expensive an article as the famous necklace, the history of which is so generally, and at the same time so imperfectly known, and the hope of being paid in some way or other, induced him to believe that which he ought not to have thought even probable. The Queen had more than one hundred and ten thousand livres in gold, in her apartment at the Tuileries, a few days before the 10th of August; deceived by an artful fellow, who called himself the friend of Petion, and promised to interest him for the King in case of any attack upon the Tuileries, she preserved but fifteen hundred louis in gold, which were taken to the Assembly on the taking of the Tuileries. She had changed eighty and some odd thousands into assignats, to make up a sum of one hundred thousand francs, which was to be remitted to the mayor. It was agreed that Petion should make a private signal on seeing the King on the 9th of August; but he did not make it, and this circumstance, and still more his conduct on the disastrous 10th, produced a conviction, that the mediator was nothing more than a mere thief.

The Queen's privy purse being thus prudently administered, and having always exceeded her wants, and as she had even made some investments of money, it is not difficult to give credit to an important truth, namely, that she never drew any extraordinary sum from the public treasury. She was, however, unjustly accused of having done so, in all the provinces, and even in Paris, where people most distinguished for rank and education adopt and promulgate opinions unfavourable to the great, with unaccountable levity.

END OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS COLLECTED BY MADAME CAMPAN.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

AND

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

Note (A), *Page* 67.

The Duke d'Aiguillon, grand-nephew of Cardinal de Richelieu, was the dauphin's intimate friend; and that which the prince, on account of the discretion necessary in the heir to the crown, could only contemplate, the duke executed. Choiseul, on the other hand, born in Lorraine, and the son of an ambassador of the husband of Maria Theresa, a foreigner in France, a subject and relative of the Emperor, was wholly devoted to the interests of the court of Vienna, and strong in the power of Madame de Pompadour, whom the Empress had intoxicated with pride and vanity, by calling her cousin, and making her suitable presents; he was supported by all the influence of the parliaments, of which he called himself the *protector*, and was the declared enemy of the Jesuits, ever since he had manifested his hatred to their general at Rome.

These circumstances, and his extraordinary vanity, rendered him careless as to making his court to the dauphin, who held opinions diametrically opposite to his own, respecting the King's authority over the parliaments, and the policy of France with respect to the house of Austria. Bold and vain, yet reflecting and profound, with a great deal of consistency and perseverance in his schemes, he possessed all the requisite qualities, for becoming with impunity the primary agent of the court of Vienna in France, at a time when the King appeared subdued by fear; for confirming the alliance of 1756, driving the Abbé de Bernis from an administration in which he had not done enough for the court of Vienna, and destroying, no matter by what means, every obstacle raised against his plans. Born to a fortune below mediocrity, and having but little to lose, his system presented to him the prospect of that pomp and power, which we have since seen him attain. To gain and to secure them, he had, in the legation from Vienna, in Madame de Grammont, his sister, a politic and intrepid woman, and in the King's favourite mistress, a council amply provided with powerful means of promoting his objects.

The Duke d'Aiguillon, his enemy, held very different principles. Constantly supported in secret by the dauphin, in all his opposition to the new policy, inheriting all the principles of his great uncle Richelieu, who established despotism in France, and was the founder of the hatred of the Bourbons against the house of Austria, he was incapable of conducting the business of the state otherwise than by following the

system of a military government: as a friend of the dauphin, he daily, but secretly lamented with him over the Austrian alliance; he loved the Jesuits, and was the secret foe of the parliaments, which showed a strong inclination in favour of liberty. He detested the new philosophers, and formed a powerful party against them, at the head of the Jesuits of St. Sulpice, and the bigots of the court. The Choiseul party had everything to fear, while the Aiguillon party had everything to hope, from a new reign, and the accession of the dauphin to the crown. Such were the two characters, and the two opposite systems of government, by which France was agitated towards the close of the reign of Louis XV.

On the one hand, the Duke de Choiseul, with his Austrian alliance, his Jansenists, parliaments and philosophers, attacks the Jesuits within, and sacrifices the glory and preponderance of France without, to the interests and the vanity of the house of Austria. On the other hand, the Duke d'Aiguillon, siding with the Jesuits, either to save them from falling, or to set them up again, after their fall, labours with them to ruin the parliaments, and establish absolute authority. While forging fetters for the nation, D'Aiguillon was desirous to free the second-rate powers in friendship with France, from the thraldom in which they were held by the monstrous union of the three great powers, France, Russia, and Austria. The Duke de Choiseul, in forming that union, was preparing for the subjection of Poland, Prussia, and Turkey, at some distant period. So that the Duke d'Choiseul, by his principles, became the tyrant of the inferior powers, frightened as they were by the grand alliance, and favoured liberty in the interior of France; while D'Aiguillon sought to relieve the inferior powers, and tyrannize over the interior. And thus with Choiseuls, Grammonts, and Pompadours, the Duke de Choiseul annihilated the system of Henry IV., of the Richelieus, Davauxs, Mazarins of Louis XIV., of the Serviens, of the Belle-Isles, and even of Cardinal Fleury, who twice made war upon Austria, and took from her, either by force or treaty, the kingdom of Naples and the two Sicilies, Lorraine and Barrois. And thus, on the other hand, D'Aiguillon laboured to strengthen the despotism established by his great uncle in the interior. (*Historical and Political Memoirs of the reign of Louis XVI.*, by Soulavie, vol. i.)

Note (B), *Page* 76.

"Some time before the ambassador's departure, there happened to me," says the Abbé Georgel, "an adventure which became the source of most important discoveries; and the happy consequences of which rank among the most valuable services rendered by the embassy of Prince Louis de Rohan.

"Returning one evening to the hotel, the porter gave me a note carefully sealed up, and addressed to me; I read as follows: *Be to-night, between eleven and twelve, at* (a particular place upon the ramparts)—*and you will be informed of matters of the very highest importance.*—An anonymous note of this tenor, sent so mysteriously, and the unseasonable hour appointed, might have appeared to some altogether dangerous and suspicious. But I was not aware that I had any enemies, and desirous not to have to reproach myself with having missed an opportunity that might never occur again, of promoting the King's service, I determined to attend at the appointed place. But I took some prudential precau-

tions, by placing within a certain distance, where they could not be seen, two persons on whom I could rely, to come to my assistance upon a signal agreed on. I found at the place of meeting, a man wrapped in a cloak and masked. He put some papers into my hands, and said in an under and feigned voice: "You have gained my confidence; I will therefore contribute to the success of M., the Prince de Rohan's embassy. These papers will inform you of the very essential services which it is in my power to render you. If you approve of them, come again to-morrow to"——another place which he mentioned, "and bring me a thousand ducats." On my return to the Hotel de France, I hastened to examine the papers confided to me. Their contents gave me the most agreeable surprise. I saw that we had it in our power to procure, twice a week, all the discoveries of the secret cabinet of Vienna, which was the best served cabinet of Europe. This secret cabinet possessed, in the highest degree, the art of deciphering quickly the despatches of ambassadors, and of the courts which correspond with its court. I was convinced by the deciphering of our own despatches, and those of our court to us; even those that were written in the most complicated and the newest ciphers; that this cabinet had found means to procure the despatches of several European courts, of their envoys and agents, through the infidelity and audacity of the frontier directors and postmasters, bribed for that purpose. In order to convince me of this, I received copies of the despatches of the Count de Vergennes, our ambassador at Stockholm; of the Marquis de Pons, at Berlin; of some private despatches from the King of Prussia, to his secret agents at Vienna and Paris, to whom alone he confided the true line of his policy, and of whose mission his avowed envoys were utterly ignorant. The same cabinet had discovered the most secret correspondence of the private policy of Louis XV., a correspondence wholly unknown to his council, and his minister for foreign affairs. Count Broglie, who had succeeded the late Prince de Conti, was the private and most carefully concealed minister of this extraordinary diplomacy. He had for his secretary, M. Favier, whose diplomatic works have procured him some reputation, and subsequently M. Dumouriez, a pupil of Favier. The mystery of this policy was not confided to all our ambassadors. Sometimes it was the secretary of the embassy, or any other Frenchman, who, travelling under various pretences, was found a proper person to act this part. Count Broglie gave the thread of this labyrinth to such persons alone, whose attachment and discretion he had proved. So marked a confidence, and relations so intimate with the King, who himself paid out of his privy purse for this mysterious duty, could not but flatter those who were thus honoured. Count Broglie, being hostile to the house of Rohan, had taken very good care not to let Prince Louis de Rohan or myself into such a correspondence. His distrust was apparently founded on a correct motive, and I will not blame him for it. Among the papers delivered to me at the nocturnal rendezvous, was the deciphered correspondence of Count Broglie with the Count de Vergennes, our ambassador at Stockholm. Furnished with these documents, and armed with unquestionable proofs of their authenticity, I instantly went post-haste to communicate them to the ambassador. I laid before him the samples of the political magazine from which we might supply ourselves. The prince felt the value of it, especially to himself personally, inasmuch as this important discovery must necessarily efface the unpleasant impressions, which the Duke d'Aiguillon had not failed

to make upon the king's mind, by representing to him, that Prince Louis, too light, and too much taken up with the pursuits of pleasure, was not so watchful at Vienna, as the good of the service required. This event restored him all that cheerfulness, which the underhand and unremitting persecution of that sullen and malicious minister had deprived him of. He looked upon the new part he was about to play, as a certain opening to that high reputation, which his conduct and industry merited.

"I met the masked man on the following night. I gave him the thousand ducats: he handed to me other papers of increasing interest, and during my whole stay at Vienna, he kept his word. Our meetings took place twice a week, and always about midnight. The ambassador wisely decided, that the occupation arising from this discovery should be confined to him and myself, with an old secretary, whose discretion we knew would stand any trial. The secretary copied for the court the papers of the masked man, to whom we were obliged to return them.

"A courier extraordinary was immediately despatched to Versailles with the first fruits of the newly-discovered treasure. He was ordered not to go to bed on his way, and to carry about his person the special packet of secret despatches to the very end of his journey. The courier was the bearer of two packets; the first was addressed to the King, in an envelope directed to the Prince de Soubise, a minister of state, a friend of Louis XV. and cousin of the ambassador. The Prince de Soubise was to hand it immediately and personally to his majesty. The King was entreated to transmit his orders, in consequence, through the same channel, which was safe against any imprudence. This first packet contained the proofs of Count Broglie's mysterious correspondence, authorized by his majesty. Louis XV. was assured, that in transmitting other discoveries to the Duke d'Aiguillon, the strictest precautions had been taken, in order that that minister might have no clue to the private correspondence, the knowledge of which the King had thought proper to conceal from him. The second packet was addressed to the minister direct. It contained copies of the intercepted Prussian despatches as well as of other private despatches from the Austrian ministry to the imperial ambassador at Paris. In the latter, the Count de Mercy was instructed as to the public and private conduct he should pursue, under such and such circumstances, either with respect to the King, or Madame the dauphiness, and our administration. A separate letter communicated the manner in which this disclosure was made: this letter informed the minister that I was the indirect agent in it. Our courier returned promptly. It is my duty here to speak the truth, and do complete justice to the Duke d'Aiguillon. The Prince de Soubise informed his cousin, that the minister had spoken at the council, in the warmest and most flattering terms, of the importance of this discovery, and the signal service rendered to the state by the ambassador. The official despatch of M. d'Aiguillon, and a letter in his own hand, of which I have the original, are couched in language which seems to efface even the slightest traces of the coolness and dislike till then shown.

"'I sincerely and feelingly share,' said he, 'both in the satisfaction with which the King acknowledges your service, and the credit which this discovery throws upon your mission.' The ambassador is afterwards recommended to preserve the thread of this secret and important communication at any price; and a carte blanche is given to both him and

myself, for the sums we should judge useful or necessary for that purpose.

"The King, who had put the Prince de Soubise in possession of the secret of his private policy, confessed to him that our discovery had created terror among the chief agents of the secret administration. Count Broglie, in particular, was very much alarmed at it. He dreaded, from the known disposition of Louis XV., all the consequences which might follow in case the Duke d'Aiguillon should happen to penetrate the veil, to him till then impenetrable. His majesty reassured him, by informing him of the precautions taken, and the formal order given by him to Prince Louis, to preserve the most inviolable secrecy on this subject. Such an order had in fact been transmitted by the Prince de Soubise, accompanied by the most flattering and honourable testimonies of the King's satisfaction and good-will.

"After this discovery, an extraordinary courier was sent off every fortnight with the new communications, with the same care and precautions as before. The absence and excursions of the ambassador, and even his return home, during a whole year that I remained alone charged with the King's business, neither interrupted nor opposed any obstacle to the departure of couriers thus important. The masked man even seemed to redouble his zeal at every succeeding interview."

Note (C), *Page* 76.

"To great distrust of his own powers," says the Abbé Georgel, "and a total surrender of will in the affairs of the government of his kingdom, Louis XV. added excessive curiosity to know the secret of the intrigues of his court, the reports circulated about Paris, the private lives of his ministers, and their conduct in the concerns of their offices. Besides the lieutenant of police, he had secret agents at Versailles and Paris. Laroche, one of his valets de chambre, was the medium of this clandestine inquisition. Jeannet, the inspector of the post, and after him the Baron d'Ogny, went every Sunday to the King, to give him an account of the discoveries they had made, by opening letters. These two confidants made extracts for the King, from such letters as they thought proper to unseal. The ministers themselves are subjected to this unaccountable inquisition. The danger of such a practice is sufficiently obvious, when we reflect on the possibility of either animosity or personal interest, or in short any private motives interfering with these extracts. Twenty clerks, unknown to the administration, were night and day secretly occupied in intercepting letters, and making extracts from them. It was by these means that Louis XV. discovered the correspondence of the Count d'Argenson with one of his favourite mistresses, in which that minister, so much distinguished by his master, expressed himself with very little reserve or respect, respecting the King's character. His sudden and unexpected disgrace followed very close upon the violation of the letters.

"In accordance with his mistrustful and inquisitive disposition, this monarch had likewise contrived for himself a secret administration in the European courts, absolutely unknown to the minister for foreign affairs. The King, to whom this mystery was a positive enjoyment, was desirous of judging by these means of the conduct of his ministers at the several courts, and comparing their reports with those transmitted to him by his secret administration: the agents and correspondents

of this dark policy were paid by the King himself, out of his private purse. They were selected by the secret minister, who transacted the business immediately with his majesty, and vouched to him for the prudence of the persons to whom, through his instrumentality, the King's instructions were intrusted. The thickest veil was spread over this concealed diplomacy. The secret minister attended the King by intricate ways known only to the confidential valet de chambre who introduced him, on appointed days and hours.

"For conducting this correspondence, the preference was given either to an ambassador, or to a secretary, when his discretion could be relied on; but if it was thought right to keep the knowledge of it from both of them, measures were taken for sending and keeping near them the instruments of this antiministerial league. Thus, during the embassy of the Prince de Rohan, Count Broglie sent the young Count de Guibert to travel in Germany, who, under various pretences, stayed at Venice for a long period of time.

"Having had opportunities of making inquiries respecting this strange policy of Louis XV., I have been assured, by well-informed persons, that it was suggested to him by the old Abbé de Broglie, the uncle of the marshal and the count."

To these interesting particulars must be added those which the Abbé Soulavie gives of the secret administration of Louis XV., of the espionage over the courts, and the violation of letters. From what we have just read, it will be seen that the Abbé Soulavie was often well informed, and sometimes veracious: the two testimonies support each other.

"The house of Austria succeeded in procuring a knowledge of the contents of our political despatches from the north and south; but Prince Louis de Rohan, our ambassador, availing himself of his influence amongst the ladies, got copies of the confidential letters from the Emperor to the King of Prussia, and of those from the Prince de Kaunitz to the Count de Mercy, the ambassador of Maria Theresa at Versailles. The two courts spent immense sums towards the close of the late King's reign, not to promote their union, but to spy, to sound, and to find out each other, especially with relation to the affairs of Poland.

"Prince Louis, since Cardinal de Rohan, succeeded in making important discoveries on that subject. He sent to his court the secret papers relative to the interviews of Frederick and Joseph II., at Neiss and Newstadt, having procured, by bribery, direct intelligence from his chancery. The Prince de Kaunitz, who had a similar insight himself into our cabinet at Versailles, got at the source of the treachery in his offices, and had one of the clerks drowned in the Danube. Prince Louis, undismayed at this, gained over others in the offices of the Prince de Kaunitz, and even penetrated into the interior apartments of the Empress and her son. He learnt that Austria was about to join Russia against the Porte and France, and had the good fortune to prevent the disasters that Austria might have brought on our ally. He also succeeded in intercepting the letters from Kaunitz to the Count de Mercy, the Austrian ambassador in France; he thereby learned that the court of Vienna had obtained copies of the despatches from the Prince de Rohan to the Duke d'Aiguillon. The Count de Mercy had traitors in his pay at court, about Louis XV., and in the offices of the Duke d'Aiguillon, who preferred the pecuniary rewards of the Prince de Kaunitz to the sentimental satisfaction felt by a good Frenchman in his fidelity. Louis XV. indignantly ordered each of his ministers,

separately. to give him *their suspicions* in writing, that he might unmask the Austrian courtier.

"Prince Louis, on his part, procured copies of the correspondence of the Prince de Kaunitz with the Austrian ambassador, at Petersburg. The policy of the house of Austria towards Catherine II., was again exposed in it. The Count de Mercy, who was informed of these letters being communicated by Rohan to Louis XV., informed Maria Theresa of it; and Rohan apprised his own court, that the Prince de Kaunitz, being on a wrong scent, had taken the precaution to have the locks of his closet changed, confiding the deposit of the most important despatches to none but his secretary. These diplomatic anecdotes demonstrate the mistrust and solicitude of the two courts of Vienna and Versailles, during the administration of the Duke d'Aiguillon, and explain the implacable anger of Marie Antoinette with respect to him, when she was become Queen of France.

"On the 10th of January, 1774, Prince Louis informed the court, that the Prince de Kaunitz had succeeded in purchasing the ciphers of his correspondence with the King, and with our ambassadors at Constantinople, Stockholm, Dantzic, and Petersburg. He did more; he proved to Louis XV. that the court of Vienna had deciphered copies of all the despatches between the Duke d'Aiguillon and the minister of every court in Europe. To prove this, he sent extracts from copies of letters from the Duke d'Aiguillon to Berlin, Munich, Dresden, and Petersburg. He learnt that the offices of interception were Liege, Brussels, Frankfort, and Ratisbon; and that the machinery of our ciphers was at that time such, that the Austrian decipherers were able, without much difficulty, to write out our despatches. 'From my closet,' said Prince Louis, 'I read all the correspondence of which I speak; I learn the secrets that the ministers think proper to withhold from me, in the letters they write to me. There it was that I learned, and stated in a private letter delivered to the King by the Prince de Soubise, that the Count de Broglie had, during his exile, and with his majesty's sanction, continued his secret correspondence with M. Durand, at Petersburg, and with other ministers. To this letter were annexed the ciphers they made use of.—Since this information, so fortunately acquired and eagerly communicated to our ministry, I have never ceased to dwell upon the necessity of a change of ciphers; I am still without any sure means for conveying the secret instructions I have to transmit to Constantinople, Stockholm, and Petersburg. All the despatches of Prince Kaunitz, and all those of foreign princes that are intercepted, pass through what is here called the *cabinet of decipherers*. Baron Pichler is at the head of it. He transacts business only with the Empress, and renders accounts of his proceedings to none but herself. Pichler delivers five copies to her, one for the Emperor, one for the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the eventual successor to the Austrian monarchy; one is sent to Brussels to Prince Stahremberg, intended to succeed the Prince de Kaunitz; and one to Count de Rosemberg, a confidant. Each returns his copy to the Empress, with marginal observations; and upon these observations, political projects and resolutions are founded. The Empress has sometimes *additions* or *omissions* made in the intercepted despatches, when she desires that certain counsels or information, which she does not wish to appear to emanate from her, should reach the Emperor."—(*Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by Soulavie, vol. iii.)

Note (D), *Page* 91.

This account of the characters of the court, discloses the party spirit which the Empress fomented in France. She charged the Count de Mercy to keep it up; she pointed out, without exception, all the Lorrainers, born in a province which was the cradle of her husband, Francis I., and in which the house of Austria carefully preserved a party which never forgot its ancient sovereigns. This was a foundation-stone in the policy of the house of Austria. Attachment, without too positive engagements, was suitable to the refined policy of a skilful woman, who knew how to colour and conceal her sentiments. The Duke de Choiseul is properly at the head of the list; he was the leader of the Lorraine and Austrian party; he first organized it in France. The Montazets were absolutely sold to the party, so that subsequently, the Abbé de Montazet became Archbishop of Lyons, through the interest of the Duke de Choiseul, for his Jansenistic opinions, and for the spirit of persecution which he displayed against the Sulpicians and the Jesuit party in general.

As to the Count de Broglie, the Empress must have been completely deceived by that skilful politician. He was the director of the famous secret correspondence, which incessantly laboured against the interest of Maria Theresa, by secretly thwarting the Austrian alliance of 1756.

Count de Broglie was not a man to sell his secret and his country. He was even persecuted by the Prince de Kaunitz: the recommendation, then, of the Count de Broglie, is the result of some of those incomprehensible acts of diplomatists who are skilled in the art of disguising their principles, when they have any, or affecting a great variety of them, according to circumstances. The profound secrecy constantly kept by the agents of the private correspondence, under the Count de Broglie, induces a belief, that he was among the number of the former. (*Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by Soulavie.)

Note (E), *Page* 92.

The Abbé Georgel, secretary to the embassy at Vienna, a man of talent, of whom we have before spoken, in page 91 of this volume, thus relates the recall of the cardinal in his memoirs. His narrative, in some respects, confirms that of Madame Campan. Nothing illustrates history so well as this accordance between different testimonies.

"On the departure of Prince Louis de Rohan for Compiègne, where the new King held his court, I remained at Vienna, charged with the transaction of the affairs of France with the Austrian ministry. I consequently received instructions to continue the negotiations as intrusted with the political correspondence with our ministry, and the King's ambassador at Constantinople. Upon his arrival, the Prince de Rohan heard of the complaints of Maria Theresa, and the steps already taken in her name by Marie Antoinette for his recall. He had an audience of the King: it was short, and far from satisfactory. Louis XVI. listened to him a few minutes, and then abruptly said, 'I will soon let you know my pleasure.'

"He never could obtain an audience of the Queen, and, without deigning to receive him, she sent for the letter which her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, had given him for her. His relations did not conceal from him that the prejudices of the King and Queen against him were very strong. They advised him not to make any attempts to

return to Vienna; saying they would be quite thrown away, and would only give more publicity to his disgrace. The new minister for foreign affairs was still at Stockholm, and he who held the office in the interim, had not sufficient influence to second any request of Prince Louis to return to Vienna with effect; he therefore remained in this state of perplexity and suspense more than two months, deeming his honour interested in his return to his embassy. He felt himself called upon to write a letter to the King, in which he described his situation, in terms calculated to interest the monarch's justice and feelings.* His letter remained unanswered; but Louis XVI. told the Countess de Marsan, a cousin of the ambassador, that the embassy to Vienna was intended for a man preferred by the Empress, and selected by the Queen, whom he had been unable to refuse. It was soon understood that the Baron de Breteuil was the person. On receiving this intelligence, Prince Louis could no longer retain any doubt of his complete disgrace, or of the mortifications he would have to endure under the new reign."

Note (F), *Page* 97.

Christopher de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, the ardent apostle of frequent communion, arrived at Paris with the intention of soliciting in public the administration of the sacrament to the King; and secretly retarding it as much as possible. The ceremony could not take place without the *previous* and *public expulsion of the concubine*, according to the canons of the church, and the Jesuitical party, of which Christopher was the leader. This party, which had made use of Madame Du Barry to suppress the parliaments, to support the Duke d'Aiguillon, and ruin the Choiseul faction, did not very willingly consent to disgrace her canonically, after such striking services. The Archbishop of Paris had always said openly, that she had rendered the most signal services to religion.* This monilist party was joined by the Dukes de Richelieu, de Fronsac, d'Aiguillon, Bertin, Maupeou, and Terray. Madame du Barry being their support with the weak and pusillanimous King, they were bound to defend her, and prevent a degradation and retaliation, such as the Duchess de Chateauroux had meditated in a similar case, in 1745.

The opposite party, the Choiseuls, which was active in every direction, sought, on the other hand, to accelerate a religious ceremony, which was to annihilate a favourite, who had driven their leader, the Duke de Choiseul, from court. It was amusing to see the latter party, which was the scourge of religion in France, calling it in to their aid, during the King's sickness, in order to revenge themselves on Madame du Barry; while the party of the archbishops and the bigots, in their turn, combined to prevent Louis XV. from receiving the sacrament. *At that time they were coolly jobbing and bargaining about the King's conscience and compunction*, said the Cardinal du Luynes to me.

There was consequently an absolute uproar at court. The question was, *whether the King should, or should not, receive the sacrament immediately. Must we*, said the Marechal de Richelieu, *must we suffer Madame du Barry to be sent away with ignominy, and can we forget her services, and expose ourselves to her vengeance in case of her return? or rather shall we await the extremity of the invalid to effect a mere separation, and proceed,*

* That the rigid Christopher de Beaumont should have said any such thing, we think very doubtful; for our parts, we do not believe a word of it.—*Note by the Editor.*

without noise or exposure, to a plain administration of the sacrament? Such was the ferment, and such the state of men's minds at court, when on the 1st of May, the Archbishop of Paris presented himself for the first time to the sick monarch, at half past eleven o'clock in the morning. He had scarcely reached the door of the King's antechamber, when Marshal Richelieu went to meet him, and conjured him not to kill the King by a *theological proposition*,* which had killed so many sick persons. "But if you are curious to hear some pretty little elegant sins," said he to the prelate, "place yourself there, Monsieur Archbishop, and I will confess, and teach you such as you have not heard since you became Archbishop of Paris. If, however, you will absolutely confess the King, and repeat here the scenes of the Archbishop of Soissons, at Metz; if you will send away Madame du Barry with disgrace, reflect on the consequences, and your own interests. You complete the triumph of the Duke de Choiseul, your inveterate enemy, from whom Madame du Barry has contributed so much to deliver you, and you persecute your friend for the benefit of your foe. Yes, sir; I repeat it, your friend; and so much is she your friend, that she said to me yesterday: 'Let the archbishop leave us alone; he shall have his cardinal's cap; I take it upon myself, and will answer for it.'"

The Archbishop of Paris readily understood that this business of the sacrament would meet with considerable opposition. He went into the King's bedchamber, and found there Madame Adelaide, the Duke d'Aumont, the Bishop of Senlis, and the Marshal Richelieu, in whose presence the archbishop resolved not to say one word about confession, for that day. This circumspection so pleased Louis XV., that on the archbishop's withdrawing, he had Madame du Barry called in, and kissed her beautiful hands again, with his wonted affection.

On the 2d of May, the King found himself a little better. Madame du Barry had brought him two confidential physicians, Lorry and Borden, who were enjoined to conceal the nature of his sickness from him, and remain silent as to his real situation, in order to keep off the priests, and save her from a humiliating dismissal. The King's improvement allowed of Madame du Barry's resuming her free manners with him, and diverting him by her usual playfulness and conversation. But La Martiniere, who was of the Choiseul party, and to whom they durst not refuse his right of entry, and who felt offended at the confidence placed in Lorry and Borden, did not conceal from the King either the nature or the danger of his sickness. He answered his questions as to the nature of the pustules, which multiplied all over him in a frightful manner: "Sire, these pimples are three days in forming, three in suppurating, and three in drying." The King, who had not forgotten that he had had the small-pox, being convinced of the malignity of the sickness, sent for Madame du Barry, and said to her: "My love, I have got the small-pox, and my illness is very dangerous on account of my age and other disorders. I ought not to forget that I am the *most Christian King, and the eldest son of the church*. I am sixty-four; the time is perhaps approaching when we must separate. I wish to prevent a scene like that of Metz. Apprise the Duke d'Aiguillon of what I say to you, that he may arrange with you, if my sickness grows worse; so that we may part without any publicity."

* The truth of these particulars is confirmed by Besenval's Memoirs, vol. i.—*Note by the Editor.*

The Jansenists and the Duke de Choiseul's party, triumphed in the archbishop's failure. They publicly said, that M. d'Aiguillon and the Archbishop of Paris, had resolved to let the King die without receiving the sacrament, rather than disturb Madame du Barry. Annoyed by their remarks, Beaumont determined to go and reside at the Lazaristes, his house at Versailles, to deceive the public, avail himself of the King's last moments, and sacrifice Madame du Barry, when the monarch's condition should become desperate. He arrived at Versailles on the 3d of May, but did not see the King. The prelate was no longer impelled by that impetuosity of zeal which we have known him to possess, nor had he his old affectation of contempt for all politeness, and the common observances of good society, when called upon to fulfil his duty. He had no other object, than under existing circumstances, to humble the enemies of his party, and to support the favourite who had assisted it to overcome them, to the utmost.

A contrary zeal animated the Bishop of Carcassonne, who was at daggers-drawn with Cardinal de la Roche-Aymon. The complaisant spirit of the latter had elevated him to his dignities and to his places at court. Less of the Christian than the courtier, he thought, with the Richelieus and the mistress, that the monarch ought not to be terrified by any remarks relative to the administration of the sacraments. He said, with them, that the mere mention of the sacraments might make a very dangerous impression upon the King's mind. The Bishop of Carcassonne (a second Fitz-James, Bishop of Soissons, who acted the same part at Metz), on the contrary, urged "that the King ought to receive the sacrament; and by expelling the concubine, to give an example of repentance to France and Christian Europe, which he had scandalized."

"By what right," said Cardinal de la Roche-Aymon, "do you instruct me?" "There is my authority," replied the Bishop of Carcassonne, holding up his pectoral cross. "Learn, Monseigneur, to respect this authority, and do not suffer your King to die without the sacraments of the church, of which he, the most Christian King, is the eldest son." Amidst this confusion, the disgraceful scenes of Metz were about to be renewed, when the Duke d'Aiguillon and the Archbishop of Paris, who witnessed the discussion, thought fit to put an end to it. D'Aiguillon went to receive the King's orders relative to Madame du Barry. "She must be taken quietly to your seat at Ruelle," said the King; "I shall be grateful for the care Madame d'Aiguillon may take of her."

Madame du Barry saw the King again for a moment on the evening of the 4th, and promised to return to court upon his recovery. Madame d'Aiguillon took with her Mademoiselle du Barry and Madame de Serre, in her carriage to Ruelle, to wait the event. She was scarcely gone, when the King asked for her—*She is gone*, was the answer. From that moment the disorder gained ground; he thought himself a dead man, without the possibility of recovery.

The 5th and 6th passed without a word of confession, viaticum, or extreme unction. The Duke de Fronsac threatened to throw the curate of Versailles out of the window, if he dared to utter them. It is from himself, I have the story. But on the 7th, at three in the morning, the King *imperatively* called for the Abbé Maudoux. Confession lasted seventeen minutes. The Dukes de la Vrilliere and D'Aiguillon wished to delay the viaticum; but La Martiniere, to complete the expulsion of Madame du Barry, said to the King: "Sire, I have seen your majesty

in very trying circumstances; but never admired you as I have done to-day. No doubt your majesty will immediately finish what you have so well begun." The King had his confessor Maudoux called back: this was a poor priest, who had been placed about him for some years before, because he was old and blind. He gave him absolution.

As to the formal renunciation desired by the Choiseul party, in order to humble and annihilate Madame du Barry with solemnity, it was no more mentioned. The grand almoner, in concert with the archbishop, composed a formula, which was thus proclaimed in presence of the viaticum: "Although the King owes an account of his conduct to none but God alone, he declares his repentance at having scandalized his subjects, and is desirous to live solely for the maintenance of religion and the happiness of his people." Descents and openings of the shrine of Saint Genevieve, were afterwards multiplied to obtain his recovery.

On the 8th and 9th the disorder grew worse; and the King beheld the whole surface of his body coming off piecemeal and corrupted. Deserted by his friends, and by that crowd of courtiers which had so long crowded before him, the only consolation presented to him, was the piety of his daughters.* (*Historical and Political Memoirs* by Soulavie, vol. i.)

Note (G), *Page* 100.

When the Duke de Choiseul's exclusion from administration was determined on, nothing remained but to choose among the three candidates who were dear to the late dauphin, and to the children of Louis XV., especially as they had been exiled through the intrigues of Madame de Pompadour, who was so much detested by the royal family. The dauphin had recommended them to his successor. The three ministers were, the Cardinal de Bernis, M. de Maurepas, and M. de Machault. The cardinal was at once set aside, although proposed by Madame Adelaide, who, however, observed, that the cardinal might have had, in the first treaty of 1756, with Austria, a claim to form a party with the Queen.

M. de Machault being found more impartial upon the question relative to foreign policy, Louis XVI. decided in his favour. He did so the rather, because M. de Machault had the very highest reputation for strict probity. Under these circumstances he wrote the former keeper of the seals a letter of invitation, in which he depicts the timid and hesitating character of his mind. He tells him, that he shares the grief of all France upon the death of Louis XV., whereas all France heard the news of it with ecstasy. He observes, that he has high duties to fulfil, that he is deficient in the knowledge necessary for governing, and he invokes the probity and talents of M. de Machault.

The Abbé de Radonvilliers, hovering about the young King under these circumstances, in order to put in a word to suit his own ends, alarmed at the idea of the return of the inflexible and severe Machault, the enemy of the priesthood, remarked to Madame Adelaide, that the principles of the old minister were very rigid and very Jansenistical,

* These notes relative to the last sickness of Louis XV., were furnished to me by M. de la Borde, his first valet de chambre, who has left some valuable memoirs of the court of Louis XV.; by the Abbé Dupinet, canon of Notre Dame, who had them from the Archbishop of Paris; by the Cardinal de Luynes, Madame d'Aiguillon, the Duke de Fronsac, and Marshal Richelieu. I have had recourse to both parties, for the account of the intrigues by which the expiring king was tormented.—*Note by Soulavie.*

and that he would be quite misplaced in a court, the character of which had changed very much during the latter years of Louis XV. He added, that violent and terrible measures must be expected if he returned, because he had grown rusty in his exile, while M. de Maurepas had, during his, preserved the ease, grace, and wit of a Frenchman. He also remarked, that the King's letter recalling M. de Machault, would do equally well for M. de Maurepas, and proposed to request the King merely to change the envelope.

The ex-jesuit Radonvilliers had a motive which he kept to himself. The Jesuits and Sulpicians could not endure M. de Machault, since, by the edict of 1748, he proscribed all donations of funded property to the clergy, in France. Maurepas, on the contrary, was the friend of M. d'Aiguillon, devoted to the Jesuits and detested by the parliaments. The young King, yielding to these observations, suffered the letter signed in favour of M. de Machault to be addressed to M. de Maurepas. Radonvilliers and D'Aiguillon, without being aware of it, prepared the downfall of the state. M. de Maurepas was much beneath his place, in all affairs relative to the preservation of a great empire. M. de Machault, on the other hand, was a deep and reflecting man, capable of preserving it as the empires of Russia, Turkey, England, and Austria, have been preserved. Machault had an anticipating mind, but Maurepas never appeared to care for the existence of the state beyond the duration of his own life. The Abbé de Radonvilliers, observing that the Duke d'Aiguillon was the last and only partisan the Jesuits had left in the cabinet of Versailles, imagined that M. de Maurepas, the duke's uncle, would keep him there. The esprit de corps at this conjuncture, favoured the most contemptible of the three candidates, and M. de Maurepas, who had neither genius, decision of character, nor views sufficiently elevated for a prime minister, was preferred. (*Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by Soulavie, vol. ii.)

Note (H), *Page* 102.

A list of several persons recommended by the dauphin to such one of his children as shall succeed Louis XV.; intrusted to the care of M. M. de Nicolai, with many other papers.

M. de Maurepas is an old minister, who has preserved, as far as I can learn, his attachment to the true principles of policy, which Madame de Pompadour mistook and betrayed.

The Duke d'Aiguillon belongs to a house which rendered itself illustrious by a political system, which France will sooner or later be compelled for its safety to adopt again. He will be matured by age, and will be useful in many respects. His principles, upon the subject of the royal authority, are as pure as those of his family, which have been without a flaw from the time of Cardinal de Richelieu.

My father has sent out of the way a man of unbending temper and some errors of judgment, but a man of worth, *M. de Machault.* The clergy detest him for his severities towards them; time has greatly moderated him.

M. de Trudaine enjoys a high reputation for probity and attachment, combined with great acquirements.

The Cardinal de Bernis is at length rewarded for the services he has rendered the house of Austria. But his political system, with relation to that power, was conceived with more moderation than that of the

Duke de Choiseul. He was sent away, because he did not do enough for the Empress, and remembered that he was a Frenchman. If he moderates his well-known resentment against the powerful party of the clergy, who are much attached to our house, he may become very useful.

M. de Nivernois has quickness, and is a man of polished manners; he may be sent on embassies where these qualities are indispensable. It is in that way that he must be employed.

M. de Castries is fit for military matters; he is honourable and well informed.

M. du Muy is virtue personified. He inherits all the good qualities that were possessed by M. de Montausier, as I understand from report. He will be found steadfast in virtue and honour.

Messieurs de Saint Priest rose through Madame de Pompadour, but they have capacity and inspiring dispositions. A distinction should be carefully made between the father, on the one hand, and the son and the chevalier, on the other. The chevalier may one day become very useful.

Count de Perigord is a prudent and worthy man.

Count de Broglie possesses activity and talent, and is capable of forming political combinations.

The Marshal de Broglie is qualified to command in war.

The Count d'Estaing is equal to his station.

The information of *M. de Boureet* may be relied on. The same of *Baron d'Espagnac*.

M. de Vergennes is fit for embassies; he has a well ordered mind, is wise, and is capable of carrying on a protracted affair on good principles.

There are in the parliament, in the families of the president, men very much attached to their duties; there are also some among the councillors.

M. the president *Ogier* is of a fit temperament for stormy and difficult negotiations; but there are among the magistracy some violent spirits, and men guided by others, who are unfit to be employed elsewhere than in parliament, on account of their restlessness.

As to the clergy, *M. de Jarente* has introduced into that body, many persons who deserve to remain unknown. He has taken the course directly contrary to that adopted by his predecessor, who wished to have an exemplary clergy, a clergy interested in the cause of religion. M. de Jarente chooses persons too much like himself.

The Bishop of Verdun is too well known to need recommendation; the same may be said of all his family, the attachment of which is undeniable.

M. Duke de la Vauguyon is equally too well known to require recommendation. He had it too much at heart to render his pupils polished, enlightened, and able princes, ever to be forgotten. I can say the same in favour of the persons intrusted with the education of the children of France.

As for M. the old Bishop of Limoges, his virtue, candour, and delicacy, speak for themselves.

There are other persons very worthy of recommendation; but, besides that they are in office, they are connected either by friendship

or relationship with those above mentioned. I shall therefore not speak of them.

The Archbishop of Paris (de Beaumont) is to be looked upon as one of the pillars of religion, whom the family is bound both in conscience, and for its own sake to maintain, *cost what it will*. The affectionate mother of my children will say more about it. She knows well how to distinguish between good and evil, and it is not necessary here to demonstrate how worthy she is of the tenderest attention.—(*Soulavie's Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. i.)

Note (I), *Page* 115.

"Before the time of Francis Stephen, the imperial court of Germany was the most magnificent and the most pompous of all Europe. Nowhere was what is called etiquette observed more rigorously, or more scrupulously. Francis suffered it to continue in high ceremonies, but banished it from the privacy of the court. The Empress Queen readily acceded to this alteration, which accorded perfectly well with her natural benevolence. They substituted, therefore, for the ancient etiquette, the ease and even the familiarity which they had so successfully indulged in at Luneville. They lived in the midst of those who came about them, just as private individuals live among their equals. Except on days of ceremony, their table was frugal, and they received at it persons of merit of both sexes, without distinction of birth. In their amusements they carefully discarded all restraint; and their dress in no way distinguished them from those who shared in the diversions. In short, they both received, with truly winning affability, all who had to approach them. Their mode of reception was even more prepossessing towards the humble than towards the great, the poor man than the rich.

It is impossible to help envying the happiness of sovereigns who can descend to such familiarity with impunity; for it must be delightful occasionally to forget the burthen of royalty, and taste the pleasures of private life. But Marie Antoinette deceived herself, in thinking, that she also could open her heart to these delicious emotions which are never felt by those who keep themselves at too great a distance from the rest of mankind. She did not know the disposition of our nation, which, as La Bruyere says, requires seriousness and severity in its masters, and, by the time she had learned that truth, the lesson came too late.—(*History of Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, Queen of France*, by Montjoie.)

Note (K), *Page* 122.

"A few days before the dauphin's marriage, it was reported, that Mademoiselle de Lorraine, daughter of the Countess de Brionne, and sister of the Prince de Lambese, grand ecuyer of France, was to dance her minuet at the dress ball immediately after the princes and princesses of the blood; and that the King had granted her that distinction just after an audience which his majesty had given to the Count de Mercy, the ambassador of the Emperor and Empress. Although the etiquette and forms of a dress ball are by no means the object of these pages, it must not be supposed, that they are quite unproductive of matter to the philosophic mind; besides, it is always interesting to remark whatever characterizes the spirit of a court, a

nation, or of the age. The intelligence about Mademoiselle de Lorraine's minuet caused the greatest fermentation among the dukes and peers, who, upon this occasion, enlisted all the superior nobility of the kingdom in their cause. They set it down for an incontrovertible principle, that there could not be any intermediate rank between the princes of the blood and the superior nobility; and that, consequently, Mademoiselle de Lorraine could have no rank distinct from that of the women of quality presented at court.

"The Archbishop of Rheims, the first ecclesiastical peer, being unwell, they met at the house of the Bishop of Noyon, the second ecclesiastical peer, brother of the Marechal de Broglie. They drew up a memorial to be presented to the King: the dukes and peers, in signing it, left intervals between their signatures, that the superior nobility might sign without any particular order, and without distinction of title or rank. The Bishop of Noyon presented this memorial about the minuet to his majesty.

"The request was hardly known, when the following parody on it was publicly circulated:—

Sire, the Great, one and all
See, with sorrow and pain,
A princess of Lorraine
Take the lead at the ball.
If your majesty mean
Such affronts to project,
Such marked disrespect,
They will quit the gay scene;
And leave fiddlers and all:
Then think what is said,
The agreement is made.
Signed Bishop of Noyon,
De Villette, Beaufremont, &c.

"In fact, it was openly said, that if the King's answer were unfavourable, all the women of quality would find themselves suddenly indisposed, and not one of them would dance at the ball. This versified petition is not without point in other respects. Independently of the absurdity of a prelate's presiding over deliberations, and guiding the measures and struggles of the French nobility, upon the subject of a minuet, the names of some ancient and illustrious houses are enclosed in it, between two grandees of the monarchy of very recent date. This may be taken for a joke, but it is a certain fact; and it is a positive truth, that the Marquis de Villette, the son of a treasurer of war extraordinary, who never distinguished himself, down to the present time, further than by a few trifling compositions, and some tolerably glaring slips of youth, was permitted to sign a petition, at the bottom of which we read the names of Beaufremont, Clermont, and Montmorency. No doubt his descendants will be grateful to him for this signature. They will say, 'one of our ancestors signed the famous minuet-petition on the marriage of the grandson of Louis XV., in concert with all the peers, and all the superior nobility of the kingdom; so that our name was thenceforward classed among the most illustrious in the kingdom.' They may also say: 'In 1770, at the dress ball on the marriage of the dauphin, a Villette disputed the point of precedence with the princess of the house of Lorraine. It is the great Villette,' one of his grandsons will add, 'who published, at his own expense, an eulogium upon *Charles V.*, and one upon Henry IV., which have not escaped the attacks of time either in the archives of literature, or in those of our house;'

and they will say the truth. There are plenty of historical proofs, which rest on no better foundation." (*Grimm's Correspondence*, tome 7, page 143.)

The following are particulars added by Soulavie to those we have just read:

"Maria Theresa knew the court of Versailles well; and yet she so far erred as to demand diplomatically, through M. de Mercy, her ambassador, that Mademoiselle de Lorraine, her relation, and the Prince de Lambese, should rank next after the princes of the blood, in the entertainments on the marriage of her daughter with the dauphin of France.

"Louis XV., in order to gratify the dauphiness, who desired it; and Maria Theresa, who demanded it, thought fit to make it an affair of state. He knew the jealousy of the grandees of his court, with relation to their rights of etiquette, and he desired them, by virtue of the submission and attachment which they owed him, and which they had manifested to him, as well as to his predecessors, not to contradict him on this occasion. He signified his desire to mark his gratitude to the Empress, for the present she made to France of her daughter; he had recourse to the language of friendship, and worked on the feelings on that occasion, to obtain this condescension from the grandees of the state.

"The docility of the nobles to Louis XV. had altered for some years, and the King did not calculate on the obstacles the dukes would throw in the way of this new assumption. The ladies of the court, from whom Louis XV. had a right to expect the most submission and deference, played an obstinate and haughty part, opposing an insurmountable resistance to the King's request, that Mademoiselle de Lorraine might be suffered to dance immediately after the princesses of the blood; they were firm in their resolution of depriving themselves of the pleasure of the ball, rather than suffer their right to dance first, to be infringed upon. Among all these ladies, Madame de Bouillon distinguished herself most by the asperity of her refusals and observations. Louis XV. showed himself so much offended at them, that she came no more to court. The dauphiness, on her part, was so vexed, that she procured one of the letters that Louis XV. had written to the peers, and shut it up in her desk saying, *I will remember it.* However, in order to put an end to the matter, Mademoiselle de Lorraine agreed to dance with the Duchess de Duras, whose situation kept her at court. This middle course diminished the scandal of the affair, and the eclat of the retreat and return to Paris of the titled ladies, who had refused to dance at the wedding of the young princess." (*Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. i.)

Note (L), *Page* 124.

"The dresses worn by the principal dignitaries at the consecration were, on account both of their richness and their ancient form, among the most interesting objects of that solemnity. The lay peers were clad in vests of gold stuff, which came down as far as the mid-leg; they had girdles of gold, silver, and violet-coloured silk mixed, and over the long vest a ducal mantle of violet cloth, lined and edged with ermine; the round collar was likewise of ermine; and every one wore a crown upon a cap of violet satin, and the collar of the order of the Holy Ghost over the mantle.

"The captain of the hundred Swiss of the King's guard was dressed in silver stuff, with an embroidered shoulder-belt of the same; a black mantle lined with cloth of silver, and, as well as his trunk hose, trimmed with lace, and a black cap surmounted with a plume of feathers. The grand master, and the master of the ceremonies, were dressed in silver stuff doublets, black velvet breeches intersected by bands, and cloaks of black velvet, trimmed with silver lace, with caps of black velvet surmounted with white feathers.

Everything being arranged for giving suitable pomp and splendour to the consecration, on Sunday, the 11th of June, as early as six in the morning, the canons in their copes arrived in the choir, and placed themselves in the upper stalls. They were soon followed by the archbishop, Duke de Rheims, the cardinals and prelates invited, the ministers, the marshals of France, the counsellors of state, and the deputies of the various companies: every one took the place appointed for him, without any confusion.

About half-past six, the lay peers arrived from the archiepiscopal palace. Monsieur represented the Duke of Burgundy; M. the Count d'Artois, the Duke of Normandy; and the Duke of Orleans represented the Duke of Aquitaine. The remainder of the ancient peers of France, the Counts of Thoulouse, Flanders, and Champagne, were represented by the Duke de Chartres, the Prince de Condé, and the Duke de Bourbon, who wore counts' coronets.

The ecclesiastical peers continued hooded and mitred during the whole ceremony.

At seven, the bishop, Duke de Laon, and the bishop, Count de Beauvais, set out to fetch the King. These two prelates, in their pontifical dresses, with their reliquaries suspended from their necks, were preceded by all the canons of the church of Rheims, among whom were the musicians. The chanter and sub-chanter walked after the clergy and before the Marquis de Dreux, grand master of the ceremonies, who immediately preceded the bishops, Duke de Laon, and Count de Beauvais; they passed through a covered gallery, and came to the King's door, which, according to custom from time immemorial, they found shut. The chanter strikes upon it with his baton; and the great chamberlain, without opening, says to him, *What is it you require? We ask for the King*, replies the principal ecclesiastical peer.—*The King sleeps*, returns the great chamberlain. Then the grand chanter begins striking again; the bishop asks for the King, and the same answer is given. At length, the chanter, having struck a third time, and the great chamberlain answered, *the King sleeps*, the ecclesiastical peer, who has already spoken, pronounces these words, which remove every obstacle: "*We demand Louis XVI., whom God has given us for our King;*" immediately the chamber doors open and another scene begins. The grand master of the ceremonies leads the bishops to his majesty, who is stretched upon a state bed: they salute him profoundly. The monarch is clothed in a long crimson waistcoat, trimmed with gold galoon, and, as well as the shirt, open at those places where he is to be anointed. Above the waistcoat he has a long robe of silver stuff, and upon his head a cap of black velvet, ornamented with a string of diamonds, a plume, and a white double aigrette. The ecclesiastical peer presents the holy water to the King, and repeats the following prayer:—"Almighty and everlasting God, who hast raised thy servant, Louis, to the regal dignity, grant him throughout his reign to seek the

good of his subjects, and that he may never wander from the paths of truth and justice." This prayer ended, the two bishops take his majesty, the one by the right arm, and the other by the left, and raising him from the bed, conduct him in pompous procession to the church through the covered gallery, chanting appropriate prayers.

About seven, the King, having reached the church, and every one having taken his proper place, the Holy Ampulla soon arrived at the principal door. It was brought from the abbey of Saint Remi by the grand prior, in a cover of cloth and gold, and mounted upon a white horse from the King's stable, covered with a housing of cloth of silver, richly embroidered, and led by the reins by two grooms of the state stable. The grand prior was under a canopy of similar materials, carried by four barons, called *knights of the Holy Ampulla*, clad in white satin, with a mantle of black silk, and a white velvet scarf, trimmed with silver fringe which his majesty had done them the honour to bestow upon them; they wore the knight's cross, suspended round the neck by a black ribbon. At the four corners of the canopy, the peers named by the King as hostages of the Holy Ampulla were seen, each preceded by his esquire, with a standard, bearing on one side the arms of France, and on the other those of the peer himself. The hostages took an oath upon the Holy Gospels, and solemnly swore between the hands of the prior, in presence of the officers of the abbey bailiwick, that no injury should be done to the Holy Ampulla, for the preservation of which, they promised to risk their lives if necessary; and at the same time, they made themselves *pledges*, responsible sureties, and declared that they would remain hostages until the return of the Holy Ampulla. According to the form followed on such occasions, however, they required to be permitted to accompany it, *for the greater safety and preservation of the aforesaid*, under the same responsibility; which was granted them. All these formalities are so superfluous that they become quite ridiculous. The Holy Ampulla, which is so conspicuous an article in the consecration of our Kings, is a sort of small bottle filled, as it is said, with a miraculous balm, which never diminishes, and which served to anoint Clovis. It is pretended, that it was sent from heaven and brought by a dove to Saint Remigius, who died about the year 533: it is treasured in the very tomb of the ancient archbishop, whose body remains entire in a shrine of the abbey bearing his name: and is enclosed in a silver gilt reliquary, enriched with diamonds and gems of various colours.*

The archbishop of Rheims being apprised, by the master of the ceremonies, of the arrival of the Holy Ampulla, went immediately to receive it at the gate of the church: upon placing it in his hands, the grand prior, according to the form, addressed these words to him: "To you, my lord, I intrust this precious treasure sent from heaven to the great Saint Remigius, for the consecration of Clovis and the Kings his successors; but I request you, according to ancient custom, to bind yourself to restore it into my hands, after the consecration of our King Louis XVI." The archbishop, conformably with the custom, takes the required oath in these terms: "I receive this Holy Ampulla with reverence, and promise you, upon the faith of a prelate, to restore it into your hands at the conclusion of the ceremony of the consecration." Having thus

* This phial was afterwards broken to pieces upon the pavement of the abbey by the conventionary Ruhl, deputed for that purpose; the shrine and reliquaries, broken by his direction, were sent to La Monnaie.—*Note by the Editors.*

said, the Cardinal de la Roche-Aymon took the marvellous phial, returned to the choir, and deposited it upon the altar. A few minutes afterwards he approached the King, to whom he administered the oath, called *the protection oath*, for all the churches in subjection to the crown: a promise which his majesty made sitting and covered. "I promise," said the King, "to prevent the commission of rapine and injustice of every description by persons of all ranks. I swear to apply myself sincerely, and with all my might, to the extermination of heretics, condemned and pointed out by the church, from all countries subject to my government."

After this oath, two ecclesiastical peers present the King to the assembly, and demand whether Louis XVI. is approved of for the dignity of King of France. A respectful silence, say the books which describe the ceremony, announced the general consent.

The Archbishop of Rheims presented the book of the Gospels to the King, upon which placing his hands, his majesty took the oath to maintain and preserve the orders of the Holy Ghost and Saint Louis, and always to wear the cross of the latter order attached to a flame-coloured silk ribbon; to enforce the edict against duels, without any regard to the intercessions of any princes or potentates in favour of the guilty. The former part of this oath is of very little importance, and the second is broken every day.

When the King, for the second time, received the sword of Charlemagne, he deposited it in the hands of the Marechal de Clermont Tonnerre, officiating as constable, who held it point upwards during the ceremony of the consecration and coronation, as well as during the royal banquet. While the King was receiving and returning the sword of Charlemagne, several prayers were read. In one of them, God was entreated that the holy monastery might experience the King's bounty; that his favours might be spread among the great of the kingdom; that the dew of heaven, and the fatness of earth, might furnish in his dominions an inexhaustible plenteousness of corn, wine, oil, and all kinds of fruit; so that, under his reign, the people might enjoy uninterrupted health, &c.

When these prayers were finished, the officiating prelate opened the Holy Ampulla, and let a small quantity of oil drop from it, and this he diluted with some consecrated oil, called holy cream. The King prostrated himself before the altar upon a large square of violet-coloured velvet, embroidered with golden fleurs-de-lis, the old archbishop Duke of Rheims, being also prostrated on his right hand, and remained in that lowly posture until the conclusion of the litanies chanted by four bishops alternately with the choir. The following versicle occurs in those litanies:—

Ut dominum Apostolicum et omnes gradus Ecclesiæ in sancta religione conservare digneris. (That it may please thee to keep the sovereign pontiff and all the orders of the church in thy holy religion.)

At the end of the litanies, the Archbishop of Rheims placed himself in his chair, and the King kneeling down before him, was anointed upon the crown of the head, the breast, between the two shoulders, upon the right shoulder, the left, upon the joint of the right arm, and upon that of the left arm; at the same time the prelate pronounced certain prayers, the substance of which was as follows: "May he humble the proud; may he be a lesson for the rich; may he be charitable towards the poor; and may he be a peacemaker among nations." A

little further on, these words occur among the prayers: "May he never abandon his rights over the kingdoms of the Saxons, Mercians, people of the north, and the Cimbri."

An anonymous author says, that by the word Cimbri, is meant the kingdom of England, over which our Kings expressly reserve their indisputable rights, from the time of Louis VIII., upon whom it was conferred by the free election of the people who had driven out John Sans Terre.

After the seven anointings, the Archbishop of Rheims, assisted by the bishops of Laon and Beauvais, laced up with gold laces the openings of the King's shirt and waistcoat, and he, rising, was invested by the great chamberlain with the tunic, dalmatic, and royal mantle, lined and edged with ermine: these vestments are of violet velvet, embroidered with gold and fleurs-de-lis, and represent the dresses of subdeacon, deacon, and priest: a symbol, doubtless by which the clergy seek to prove their union with the royal power. The King placed himself upon his knees again before the officiating archbishop, who made the eighth unction upon the palm of the right hand, and the ninth and last upon that of the left: he afterwards placed a ring upon the fourth finger of the right hand, as a type of unlimited power, and of the intimate union thenceforward to reign between the King and his people. The archbishop then took the royal sceptre from off the altar, and put it into the King's right hand, and afterwards the hand of justice, which he put into the left hand. The sceptre is of gold, enamelled and ornamented with oriental pearls: it may be about six feet in height. Upon it is represented, in relief, Charlemagne, with the globe in his hand, seated in a chair of state, ornamented with two lions and two eagles. The hand of justice is a staff of massive gold, only one foot and a half in length, adorned with rubies and pearls, and terminated by a hand formed of ivory, or rather of the horn of a unicorn; and it has at regular distances, three circles of leaves sparkling with pearls, garnets, and other precious stones.

At length, however, we came to a period when the clergy cease to arrogate to themselves the right of conferring his supremacy upon the King. The keeper of the seals of France, officiating as chancellor, ascended the altar, and placing himself by the Gospels, turning his face towards the choir, summoned the peers to the coronation in the following words: "Monsieur, representing the Duke of Burgundy, come forward to this act, &c. &c." The peers having approached the King, the Archbishop of Rheims took from the altar the crown of Charlemagne, which had been brought from Saint Denis, and placed it upon the King's head; immediately the ecclesiastical and lay peers raised their hands to support it there; a truly noble and expressive allegory, but which would be much more accurate, if delegates from the people, also in the same emblematical spirit, sustained the crown. In one of the prayers at this part of the ceremony, an oriental expression of great energy is made use of: "May the King have the strength of the rhinoceros; and may he, like a rushing wind, drive before him the nations of our enemies, even to the extremity of the earth." The crown of Charlemagne, which is preserved in the treasury of the Abbey of Saint Denis, is of gold, and enriched with rubies and sapphires: it is lined with a crimson satin cap, embroidered with gold, and surmounted by a golden fleur-de-lis, covered with thirty-six oriental pearls.

After these various ceremonies, the Archbishop Duke of Rheims took

the King by the right arm, and followed by the peers and all the officers of the crown, led him to the throne raised upon a platform, where he seated him, reciting the enthroning prayers. In the first of these, it is said: "As you see the clergy nearer than the rest of the faithful to the holy altars, so ought you to take care and maintain it in the most honourable place." On concluding the prayers prescribed for the occasion, the prelate took off his mitre, made a profound bow to the King, and kissed him, saying, "*Vivat Rex in æternum*," (may the King live for ever!) The other ecclesiastical and lay peers also kissed the King, one after the other, and as soon as they were returned to their places, the gates of the church were opened; the people rushed in, in a mass, and instantly made the roofs resound with shouts of, *Long live the King!* which were re-echoed by the crowd of persons engaged in the ceremony, who filled the enclosure of the choir like an amphitheatre; an irresistible impulse gave rise to a clapping of hands, which became general; the grandees, the court, the people, animated by the same enthusiasm, expressed it in the same manner.

The Queen, exceedingly affected, could not withstand the impression it made upon her, and was obliged to withdraw for a short time. When she made her reappearance, she, in her turn, received a similar homage to that just offered by the nation to the King.

While all resounded with exclamations of joy, the fowlers, according to a very ancient usage, set at liberty in the church, a number of birds, which, in recovering their freedom, expressed the effusion of the monarch's favours upon the people, and that men are never more truly free, than under the reign of an enlightened, just, and beneficent prince." (Secret Correspondence of the Court of Louis XVI.)

Note (M) *Page* 131.

"The only passion ever shown by Louis XVI. was for hunting; he was so much occupied by it that when I went up into his private closets, at Versailles, after the 10th of August, I saw upon the staircase six frames, in which were seen statements of all his hunts both when dauphin and when king. In them was detailed the number, kind, and quality of the game he had killed at each hunting party, with recapitulations for every month, every season, and every year of his reign.

The interior of his private apartments was thus arranged: a saloon ornamented with gilded mouldings, displayed the engravings which had been dedicated to him; drawings of the canals he had dug, with the model of that of Burgundy; and the plan of the cones and works of Cherbourg.

The upper hall contained his collection of geographical charts, spheres, globes, and also his geographical cabinet. There were to be seen drawings of maps which he had begun, and some that he had finished. He had a clever method of washing them in. His geographical recollection was prodigious.

Above was the turning and joining-room, furnished with ingenious instruments for working in wood. He inherited some from Louis XV., and he often busied himself, with Duret's assistance, in keeping them clean and bright.

Above was the library of books published during his reign. The prayer books and manuscript books of Anne of Brittany, Francis I.,

the latter Valois, Louis XIV., Louis XV., and the dauphin, formed the great hereditary library of the castle. Louis XVI. placed separately, in two apartments communicating with each other, the works of his own time. Among the most remarkable, was a complete collection of Didot's editions, in vellum, every volume of which was enclosed in a morocco case. There were several English works, among the rest the Debates of the British Parliament, in a great number of volumes in folio—(this is the Moniteur of England, a complete collection of which is so valuable and so scarce). By the side of this collection, was to be seen a manuscript history of all the schemes for a descent upon that island, particularly that of Count de Broglie, and other analogous plans.

One of the presses of this cabinet was full of pasteboard boxes, containing papers relative to the house of Austria, with this ticket written in his own hand: "*Secret papers of my family, respecting the house of Austria; papers of my family respecting the houses of Stuart and Hanover.*"

In an adjoining press were kept papers relative to Russia. The most refined wickedness produced the publication of satirical works against Catherine II., and against Paul I., which were sold in France under the names of histories. Louis XVI. collected and sealed up with his small seal, the scandalous anecdotes against Catherine II., as well as the works of Rhulieres, of which he had a copy, to be certain that the secret life of that princess, which attracted the curiosity of her contemporaries, should not be laid open by his means.

Above the King's private library was a forge, two anvils, and a vast number of iron tools; various common locks, well made and perfect; some secret locks, and locks ornamented with gilt copper. It was there that the infamous Gamin, who afterwards accused the King of having tried to poison him, and was rewarded for his calumny with a pension of twelve thousand livres, taught him the art of lock-making. Gamin, in spite of his vulgarity, had brought the King to suffer himself to be treated as an apprentice is by his master in his workship. This Gamin, who became our guide, by order of the department and municipality of Versailles, did not, however, complain of the King, on the 20th December, 1792. He had been the confidant of that prince on an immense number of important commissions: the King had sent him the *Red Book*, from Paris, in a parcel; and the part which was concealed during the Constituent Assembly, still remained so in 1793. Gamin hid it in a part of the chateau, inaccessible to everybody, where we found it. He took it from under the shelves of a secret press, before our eyes. This anecdote is a convincing proof that Louis XVI. hoped to return to his chateau.

In teaching Louis XVI. his trade, Gamin had taken upon him the tone and authority of a master. "The King was good, forbearing, timid, inquisitive, and addicted to sleep," said Gamin to me; "he was fond of lockmaking to excess, and he concealed himself from the Queen and the court to file and forge with me. In order to convey his anvil and my own backwards, and forwards, we were obliged to use a thousand stratagems, the history of which would never end."

Above the King's and Gamin's forges and anvils, was an observatory, erected upon a platform covered with lead. There seated in an arm chair, and assisted by a telescope, the King observed all that was passing in the court yards of Versailles, the avenue of Paris, and the neighbouring gardens. He had taken a liking to Duret, one of the

servants of the interior, who sharpened his tools, cleaned his anvils, pasted his maps and adjusted eye-glasses to the King's sight, who was myopic. This good Duret, and indeed all the servants of the interior, spoke of their master with regret and affection, and with tears in their eyes.

The King was born weak and delicate; but from the age of twenty-four, he possessed a robust constitution. Instances of his strength were often mentioned at court: he inherited it from his mother, who was of the house of Saxony, so celebrated, for generations, for its robustness.

There were two men in Louis XVI., *the man of knowledge*, and *the man of will*. The first of these possessed very extended and varied qualifications; the King knew the history of his own family and of the first houses in France perfectly. He composed the instructions for M. de la Peyrouse's voyage round the world, which the minister thought were drawn up by several members of the Academy of Sciences.

His memory contained an infinite number of names and situations. He remembered quantities and numbers wonderfully. One day, an account was presented to him, in which the minister had placed among the expenses an item inserted in the account of the preceding year. "There is a double charge," said the King; "bring me last year's account, and I will show it you there."

When the King was perfectly master of the details of any matter, and when he saw justice violated, he was obdurate even to harshness. A crying injustice forced him out of his own disposition; then he would be obeyed instantly, in order to be sure that he was obeyed, and to prevent any negligence in that respect.

But on important affairs of state, the King *of will and command*, was nowhere to be found. Louis XVI. was, upon the throne, exactly what those weak temperaments, whom nature has rendered incapable of an opinion, are in society. In his pusillanimity, he gave his confidence to a minister; and although amidst various counsels, he often knew which was the best, he never had the resolution to say, "*I prefer the advice of such a person.*" Herein originated the misfortunes of the state. (Soulavie's Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI. Vol. II.)

Note (O), *Page* 162.

Madame Campan, relating candidly and plainly what there is of truth in the anecdote since falsified by M. de Lauzun, has destroyed all the effect that his malignity could possibly intend. We shall give this anecdote on which even he, in his folly, had no reason to pride himself much, and which his offended vanity has so strangely travestied.

"Madame de Guéménée came up to me, and said, in an under tone, laughing, 'Are you very much attached to a certain white heron plume, which was in your helmet when you took leave? The Queen is dying for it; will you refuse it to her?' I replied that I should not dare to offer it to her, but that I should be most happy if she would condescend to receive it from Madame Guéménée. I sent a messenger to Paris for it, and Madame de Guéménée gave it to her the next evening. She wore it on the very day following, and when I made my appearance at her dinner, she asked me what I thought of her head dress. I replied, that I liked it very much. 'I never,' said she, with infinite affability,

'saw myself so becomingly dressed before.' It certainly would have been better if she had not said anything about it, for the Duke de Coigney took notice both of the feather and the phrase; he asked whence the plume came: the Queen said with some embarrassment that I had brought it to Madame de Guéménée from my travels, and that she had given it to her. The Duke de Coigney spoke about it to Madame de Guéménée in the evening, with much asperity, and told her that nothing could be more ridiculous or indecorous, than the footing I was on with the Queen; that to act the lover thus publicly, was a thing unheard of; and that it was incredible that she should look as if she approved of it. What he said was not well received, and he began to think of contriving means to get me out of the way."

Now if Madame Campan's version be compared with that we have just read, what will be the result? that M. de Lauzun himself offered the heron's plume, and was not asked for it; that it was worn out of mere condescension, and that, in his silly presumption he dared to take that for a proof of partiality, which was mere politeness. M. de Lauzun cannot conceal his presumptious hopes, but his Memoirs do not disclose the speedy chastisement they met with. The humiliation he must have felt, when the Queen banished him from her presence for ever, explains the resentment of a man generally successful in his intrigues, and anxious to indulge his self-love, even at the expense of honour and truth.

Note (P) *Page* 167.

To a Lady.

Madam,

I do not think that it is among the duties of a monarch to grant places to one of his subjects, merely because he is a gentleman. That, however, is the inference from the request you have made to me. Your late husband was, you say, a distinguished general, a gentleman of good family; and thence you conclude, that my kindness to your family can do no less than give a company of foot to your second son, lately returned from his travels.

Madame, a man may be the son of a general, and yet have no talents for command. A man may be of a good family, and possess no other merit than that which he owes to chance, the name of gentleman.

I know your son, and I know what makes the soldier; and this twofold knowledge convinces me that your son has not the disposition of a warrior, and that he is too proud of his birth, to leave his country the least hope of his ever rendering it any important service.

What you are to be pitied for, madam, is, that your son is not fit either for an officer, a statesman, or a priest; in a word, that he is nothing more than a gentleman, in the most extended acceptation of the word.

You may be thankful to that destiny which, in refusing talents to your son, has taken care to put him in possession of great wealth, which will sufficiently compensate him for other deficiencies, and enable him, at the same time, to dispense with any favour from me.

I hope you will be impartial enough, to feel the reasons which prompt me to refuse your request. It may be disagreeable to you, but I consider it necessary. Farewell, madam.

Your sincere well-wisher, Joseph.

Lachsenburg, 4th August, 1787.

To Pope Pius VI.

Most Holy Father,

The funds of the clergy of my dominions are not destined, as has been boldly said at Rome, to expire with my reign, but rather to become a relief to my people; and, as their continuation, as well as the displeasure which has burst forth upon this subject, are within the jurisdiction of history, posterity will be masters of the matter without our co-operation: this, then, will be a monument of my time, and I hope not the only one.

I have suppressed the superfluous convents, and the still more superfluous societies: their revenues serve to support curates and to ameliorate the primary institutions; but amidst all the confidence in matters of account, which I am obliged to place in persons employed by the state, the funds of the latter have, with me, absolutely nothing in common with those of the church. An action should be judged of only by its intention, and the results of this action can only be appreciated by their success, which will not be known for some years.

I see, however, that logic is not the same at Rome, as it is in my dominions; and hence arises this want of harmony between Italy and the empire.

If your holiness had taken the charitable care to inform yourself, at the proper source, of what was passing in my territories, many things would not have happened; but there were people at Rome who, as it appears to me, would have darkness spread itself more and more over our poor globe.

You have now the brief account of the causes which have compelled my arrangements; I hope you will excuse the conciseness of my letter, on consideration, that I have neither the time nor the talent necessary for discussing so vast a theme in the manner used in a Roman *museum.*

I pray God still to preserve you to his church, and to send one of his angels before you, to prepare for you the ways of heaven.

Your most obedient son in Jesus Christ, Joseph.

Vienna, July, 1784.

To a Lady.

Madam,

You know my disposition: you are not ignorant that the society of the ladies is to me a mere recreation, and that I have never sacrificed my principles to the fair sex. I pay but little attention to recommendations; and I only take them into consideration, when the person, in whose behalf I may be solicited, possesses real merit.

Two of your sons are already loaded with favours. The eldest, who is not yet twenty, is chief of a squadron in my army; and the youngest has obtained a prebend at Cologne, from the Elector, my brother What would you have more? Would you have the first a general, and the second a bishop?

In France you may see colonels in leading strings; and in Spain, the royal princes command armies even at eighteen; hence Prince Stahremberg forced them to retreat so often, that they were never able, all the rest of their lives, to comprehend any other manœuvre.

It is necessary to be sincere at court, and severe in the field; stoical without obduracy; magnanimous without weakness; and to gain the

esteem of our enemies by the justice of our actions: and this, madame, is what I aim at. JOSEPH.

Vienna, September, 1787.

(Extract from the unedited letters from Joseph II., published at Paris, by Persan, 1822.)

Note (Q), *Page* 182.

"Maurepas (Jean-Frederic-Phelippeaux, Count de), sprung from a family originally of Blois, and acknowledged noble from 1399, was the son of Jerome, minister and secretary of state, and grandson of Chancellor de Pontchartrain, whose father and grandfather were also in administration; so that these places remained in the same family, one hundred and seventy-one years (from 1610 to 1781). The Count de Maurepas, who was born in 1701, was a knight of Malta, before he was of age. At fourteen he was appointed secretary of state, in the room of his father, who had just resigned. The Marquis de la Vrilliere was deputed to execute the office, and to train up the young minister, who was related to him, and shortly afterwards became his son-in-law, to the business of his post. The Count de Maurepas lost his father-in-law in 1725, and then, and not till then, began his administration, which extended over several large provinces, over Paris, the court and the navy. He was at that time but twenty-four; and thus early did he betray the levity, carelessness and frivolity of disposition, which continued uncorrected by either the lessons of disgrace, or the maturity of age, throughout the whole course of a conspicuous career, which nature and fortune combined to prolong to a very advanced period. He is thus described by one of his contemporaries: 'Superficial and incapable of steady and profound application, but blest with a degree of intelligence and a quickness of perception, which in an instant unravelled the most complicated knot of any affair, his experience and address made amends in council for his want of study and reflection. He was prepossessing and easy, supple and insinuating, flexible, fertile in stratagems for attack, resources for defence, feints to elude, evasions, repartees to laugh down serious opposition, and expedients for retrieving false steps, and surmounting difficulties: he seized, with the eye of a lynx, the weak points or the singularities of men; was master of the art of imperceptibly drawing them into his snare, or leading them into his views; and of the still more formidable talent of ridiculing everything, even merit, when he wished to depreciate it: finally, the art of enlivening and simplifying the labours of the cabinet, made M. de Maurepas one of the most seductive of ministers.'

"He was looked upon as a great statesman, merely because he had written four malicious verses against a hated favourite. 'If,' says Marmontel, 'to teach a young prince how to conduct business lightly and adroitly, to sport with men and things, to make reigning an amusement, had been all that was requisite, Maurepas was certainly the man for the purpose.' Perhaps it was hoped, that age and misfortune had given him greater solidity, constancy, and energy of character; but, naturally weak, indolent, and selfish, fond of his comforts, and of rest, desirous that his old age should be honoured and quiet, carefully avoiding everything that could sadden his evening's meal, or disturb his slumbers, scarcely believing in the self-denying virtues, and considering pure public spirit as mere ostentation or chimera; careless of any conspicuous merit in his administration, making the

art of governing to consist in conducting all things quietly, and ever consulting considerations rather than principles, Maurepas was, in his old age, just what he had been in his youth, an agreeable man, intent on his own advantage, and a courtly minister."—*Biographie Universelle*, vol. xxvii.

Note (R), *Page* 202.

"Marie Antoinette could not be accused of having, when on the throne, falsified the favourable idea formed of her virtues, while she lived in a less elevated rank. She continued to manifest, in the interior of her court, the same aversion to etiquette. She gave up neither her walks, nor her visits to Paris. Excepting on days of ceremony, she liked to dress in the plainest manner, but the air of dignity, for which she was remarkable, rendered it easy to guess her rank.

This plainness began to be warmly censured, at first among the courtiers, and afterwards throughout the rest of the kingdom: and, through one of those inconsistencies, more common in France than elsewhere, all the while the Queen was blamed, she was imitated to a folly. There was not a woman but would have the same undress, the same cap, and the same feathers, as she had been seen to wear. They crowded to one Madame Bertin, her milliner; there was an absolute revolution in the dress of our ladies, which gave a kind of consequence to that woman. Long trains, and all those shapes which confer a certain nobleness upon dress, were discarded; and, at last, a duchess could not be distinguished from an actress.

The men caught the mania; the upper classes had long before given up feathers, tufts of ribbon, and laced hats, to their lacqueys. They now got rid of red heels and embroidery; and were pleased to walk about our streets in plain cloth, short thick shoes, and with knotty cudgels in their hands.

Many got into degrading scrapes, in consequence of this metamorphosis. Mixed with the mob, and bearing no mark to distinguish them from the common herd, it so happened that some of the lowest classes got into quarrels with them, and in conflict with the rabble, the man of rank had not always the superiority. It was thus that the second order destroyed the respect which had always been paid to it, and hastened that reign of equality which proved so detrimental to it.

These changes produced a still more serious inconvenience, in their powerful influence over morals; for, on the one hand, there was too strong a taste for the manners and habits of the common people, as well as for those democratical maxims, which tend to bring all to a level; and, on the other, the common people were habituated to contempt, insubordination, and insolence. This is a forcible lesson for those who reign. They too often forget that they do nothing, if they know not the temper of the people they govern perfectly well; and that it sometimes is with customs adopted from foreigners, as it is with certain plants, which, by mere change of climate, become poisonous."—(*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie.)

Note (S), *Page* 204.

"The Queen showed herself as little the slave of ceremony in her choice of amusements; theatrical performances took place in her inner apartments: she condescended to take characters, and those characters

were not always of the most dignified description; she also played in comic operas. This sort of amusement was, like her plainness in dress, blamed and imitated; all classes of society imbibed a taste for theatrical representations; there was not a man of rank, a financier, nor even a citizen in easy circumstances, who would be without his theatre, or who would not copy the behaviour of actors, while in it. Formerly a private gentleman would have been disgraced, if suspected of metamorphosing himself into an actor, even in his own circle. The Queen having, by her example, put an end to this salutary prejudice, the very head of the magistracy, unmindful of the dignity of his place, got by heart the lowest comic parts, and performed them.

The mania, as it became general, gradually filled up the chasm which had always separated actors from the other classes of society; they were associated with more freely, and public morals gained but little by the connection.

The Queen got through the characters she assumed, indifferently enough; she could not be ignorant of this, as her performances evidently excited little pleasure. Indeed, one day, while she was thus exhibiting herself, somebody ventured to say, by no means inaudibly, "*Well, this is playing royally ill.*" The lesson was thrown away upon her; for never did she sacrifice to the opinion of another, that which she thought indifferent in itself, or not absolutely forbidden to her.

Louis XIV. had a similar taste; he danced upon the stage; but he had shown, by brilliant actions, that he knew how to enforce respect; and, besides, he unhesitatingly gave up the amusement in question, from the moment he heard those beautiful lines, in which Racine pointed out how very unworthy of him such pastimes were.

The Queen was not equally tractable. When she was told, that by her extreme plainness in dress, the nature of her amusements, and her dislike to that splendour which ought always to attend a queen, she gave herself an appearance of levity, which was misinterpreted by a portion of the public: she replied with Madame de Maintenon: "I am upon the stage, and, of course, I shall be either hissed or applauded."—(*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie.)

Note (T), *Page* 206.

"Franklin was born at Boston, in New England, on the 17th of January, 1706. His father was a tallow-chandler, and he himself was brought up to that trade. At the age of fourteen, burning with a thirst for information, he left the paternal roof for Philadelphia, and succeeded in procuring admission into one of the two printing-houses then in that place,. There he lived for a twelvemonth upon bread and water, in order to enable himself to buy those books which he required for studying the sciences. His progress, and his discoveries, particularly in natural philosophy, procured him a high reputation. It is known, that to him we are indebted for the invention of lightning rods, and for the power of fearlessly attracting and directing the fire of heaven. Study did not occasion him to neglect his fortune. For a long time, he got his livelihood by printing and bookselling. Esteemed by his fellow-citizens, he became post-master general for North America, a lucrative place. He still held it when he appeared in February, 1766, before the English House of Commons, on the question as to revoking the stamp duty. He firmly maintained the right of the British

Colonies, as being unrepresented in the Parliament of England, to tax themselves."—(*Historical Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. iv.)

In the same work, we afterwards find the following particulars:—

"Messrs. Deane and Franklin, deputies from the insurgents in 1777, lived at Paris, without retinue, without splendour, and without ostentation; they showed a citizen-like plainness. Dr. Franklin was very much sought after, and constantly entertained, not only by his scientific brethren, but by all who could persuade him to visit them; for he did not easily suffer himself to be drawn out, and lived in a state of privacy, which was supposed to have been enjoined him by his government. He dressed himself in the very plainest manner. His physiognomy was fine, and he constantly wore spectacles: he had but little hair, and always wore a fur cap, no powder; yet an air of cleanliness, linen perfectly white, and a brown coat, formed the whole outward ornament of his person. His only weapon was a stick which he carried in his hand.

"Powerfully solicited by Silas Deane and Franklin, the court of France began to take an interest in insurgent America. Beaumarchais, who intrigued with the Count de Maurepas, knew how to profit by circumstances. He was privately authorized to trade in arms with the English colonies. They were partly indebted for the unexpected advantage of the warlike stores necessary for their earliest campaigns, to the influence and activity of that agent. Beaumarchais gained immense sums by selling them at a dear rate, his zeal and services; and laughed at the accusation, whether well or ill founded, of having sold them worn-out arms, and the worst stores of all kinds.

"Mr. Deane, tired out by the delays, and even excuses of M. de Sartine, then minister of the marine, wrote to him, that unless within forty-eight hours he made up his mind to get the treaty of alliance between France and North America signed, he would negotiate with England for a reconciliation. He adopted this hasty and irregular course, without the participation of his colleague. The moment Dr. Franklin heard of it he thought all was lost. 'You have offended the court of France, and ruined America,' exclaimed the philosopher. 'Be easy until we get an answer,' replied the negotiator. 'An answer! we shall be thrown into the Bastille.' 'That remains to be seen.'

"After the lapse of a few hours, M. de Sartine's chief secretary made his appearance. 'You are requested, gentlemen, to hold yourselves in readiness for an interview at midnight; you will be called for.'

"'At midnight!' cries Doctor Franklin, the moment the secretary had gone, 'my prediction is verified, Mr. Deane, you have ruined all.'

"They were, of course, called upon at the appointed hour. The American envoys got into a carriage, and reached a country house five leagues from Paris, where M. de Sartine chose to receive them, the better to hide this step under the veil of mystery. They were introduced to the minister, and the declaration, so imperiously demanded by Mr. Deane, was instantly signed.

"The American deputies returned to Paris in triumph; and Franklin confessed, that in politics patience was not always the only thing to be relied on.

"When the loss, sustained by the United States of America, was made known in France on the 11th of June, 1790, Mirabeau ascended the tribune of the National Assembly, and spoke thus:—

"Franklin is dead; he is returned to the bosom of the Deity. The

sage, for whom the two worlds contend, the man claimed both by the history of science, and that of empires, doubtless held a high rank among the human species. Long enough have political bodies notified the deaths of those, great only in their funeral eulogies ; long enough has the etiquette of courts proclaimed mourning for losses unregretted: nations should mourn for their benefactors alone.—Congress has ordered throughout the confederate states, a two months' mourning for the death of Franklin. Would it not be worthy of us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to contribute to the respect paid in the face of the universe, to the rights of man, and, at the same time, to the philosopher, who has most contributed to spread the assertion of them all over the earth? The ancients would have raised altars to that powerful genius, who, for the good of mortals, grasping in his mind both heaven and earth, learned how to subdue the thunder of the one, and the tyrants of the other.

"The National Assembly unanimously decreed a public mourning for three days.

"The municipality of Paris, desirous to do marked homage to the memory of a man, who was animated by genius of science and the love of liberty, had his funeral oration pronounced by the Abbé Fauchet, president of the council-general of the commune, in the immense and superb rotunda of the corn-market, in the midst of which a funeral trophy was raised. The whole interior of the rotunda was lined with black ; a candelabra attached to each pillar, a row of lamps above the cornice, and an amphitheatre all round the building, filled with auditors in mourning, presented a sight equally majestic and solemn. The National Assembly attended by deputation."

Note (U), *Page* 219.

"The King (of Naples), having attained his eighteenth year, married Maria Caroline of Austria, daughter of the illustrious Maria Theresa (1768). His marriage held out hopes to the Neapolitan nation, that Austria would thenceforward no longer aim at the throne of Naples, and would long leave them at rest. But, from that moment, the influence of the cabinet of Madrid ceased. England and Austria had combined their interests ; and the former, by her commerce, and the latter by alliances, had already assumed the most powerful control over the affairs of Italy. Austria did not neglect the ready means offered by fortune, of securing her own influence, over the court of Naples. It was stipulated, in the contract of marriage between Ferdinand and Caroline, that after the birth of their first son, the young queen should be admitted into the council, form a member of it, and even have a deliberative voice there ; a privilege which she did not fail to claim, as soon as she was entitled to it. It was then, though too late, that Tanucci saw the error he had committed, in not opposing such a clause with all his strength. He endeavoured, however, to elude it; but the Queen, equally penetrating and ambitious, and daily gaining an ascendancy over her husband, discovered the cause of the obstacles thrown in the way of her views, by the improvident minister, and determined to get rid of him. Tanucci was very soon turned out of office, mortified even to disgust, and tortured with regret (1777). Like so many others, who preceded him in the most perilous of all careers, he withdrew to end those days which he had, however, spent honourably, in retirement. Though the court was unthankful, the people were grateful, and even to this day

his memory is held in veneration. He was the Sully, or the Colbert of the country.

The Queen had the address to select an easy man, who would lend himself to her views. The Marquis de Sambuca was appointed to succeed the fallen minister; and thus, according to the not uncommon course, mediocrity filled the place vacated by merit. From this moment, the Queen's power and influence were firmly established.

Never did any kingdom stand more in need of a naval force, than that of Naples. Even if it were not of consequence to her for the protection of commerce, and for securing the communication between the two Sicilies, it certainly is indispensable, both to repress the audacity of the African pirates, and to prevent those barbarians from attacking the security and quiet of the Neapolitan shores. The necessity of either forming a new marine force, or improving that already in existence, was obvious. The first step was to find out a skilful naval tactician, for the office of minister of marine; but the government was unwilling to take one, either from Spain or France. The Chevalier Acton had served some time in the navy, but he had experienced mortifications in the service, and had left it. He was proposed to the Queen, and was accepted.

This officer, at that time, commanded the naval force of the Duke of Tuscany. He had acquired some reputation in various expeditions against the people of Barbary, and especially in an enterprise against the Algerines, undertaken by the Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Tuscans, in conjunction. Still young, ambitious, but without genius, and knowing little more than navigation, he was gifted, by way of compensation, with great docility, and much adroitness: and, by seconding the designs of the Queen, to whom he owed his good fortune, he was not long in entering upon what is called a brilliant career.

Caroline, who was born ambitious, had the same spirit of innovation as her brother Joseph, without possessing either his talents or philosophy. She wanted his masculine perseverance and firmness of disposition. She first ordered, that certain roads, requisite for internal commerce, should be opened, and, in order to defray the expenses, created a tax, which was annually to bring in three hundred thousand ducats: but these useful works were suspended, almost as soon as begun: the produce of the new tax was diverted to other purposes, and although it was to have been only temporary, the receipt of it was continued.

However, Acton was intrusted with the administration of the navy. A regeneration, or rather a new creation of the whole Neapolitan marine, was expected from him; and he began with a most grievous error. The great object of a navy at Naples, should be the protection of trade, which mainly consists in exportation of the produce of the country, against the Barbary powers. Acton was wholly intent upon giving ships of the line, and frigates, to a state which principally needed small vessels that hold little water, and are capable of following the pirates wherever they might retreat, into creeks and the most confined harbours. This mistake cost the nation considerable sums, and the small vessels which it possessed already, and which, armed as corsairs, had become truly formidable to the African pirates, were sacrificed with singular imprudence.

In spite of the ill success of these innovations, alterations, and what were termed improvements, were always going on in the court of

Naples; and a reform in the military department began to be thought of. According to the ordinances of Charles III., the army was not to consist of fewer than thirty thousand men; but, as almost always happens in time of peace, when government does not keep a watchful eye upon the army, the effective soliers did not exceed half the prescribed number, that is to say, fifteen thousand men. The Chevalier Acton, having procured for himself the administration of the army, as well as that of the navy, increased the number of soldiers, but made no change in the prevailing ruinous system, and took no pains to introduce discipline and good order among the troops.

But before we trace the minister Acton's methods of re-organizing the army, let us glance over the political events, which occupied the court of Naples for the eight or ten years preceding the period at which we shall see it taking a part among the powers in league against the French nation.

Doubtless the King of Spain did not see, without uneasiness, that since an Austrian had entered the council of the King his son, he himself had lost every atom of influence there; and that England favoured any scheme prejudicial to France, to which latter country, so many circumstances, and particularly the interest of commerce, ought strongly to attach the kingdom of Naples. But Charles III., for a long time, contented himself with merely advising, or remonstrating with moderation, either by letter or embassy: he soon found it necessary to speak out, like an incensed father, and indeed almost like a master.

France was accustomed to buy timber in Calabria; Acton prevented France from taking any more of it out of the kingdom, upon pretence that it was wanted for the navy he was forming. The court of Versailles dissembled its resentment.

Just at this time happened the dreadful earthquake in Calabria, by which so many thousands of persons lost their lives, and so many others remained without shelter or food. Upon the news of this disaster, the court of France, forgetting all grounds of offence, despatched a frigate laden with wheat, to enable the King of Naples to afford prompt assistance to the wretched inhabitants of the desolated districts. The minister drily refused a gift which certainly had nothing injurious in its nature, and which could not be otherwise than disinterested: so indiscriminate is hatred!

This line of conduct towards France so irritated King Charles, that, abandoning his system of forbearance, he ordered his son to dismiss a minister, who thus abused his confidence. Acton, supported by the favour of the Queen, defied the King of Spain's anger, and his orders were disobeyed. The favourite came off in the contest with increased strength. Austria and England were then the only powers received with warmth or consideration at the court of Naples: the envoys of Spain, and of France, met with rebuffs, and often insults.—(*Memoirs of the Kingdom of Naples*, by Count Gregory Orloff, vol. ii.)

Note (V), *Page* 248.

When the news of the attempt made against the King's life became publicly known, the populace evinced the greatest rage and despair. They assembled under the windows of Madame (de Pompadour), uttering threatening cries. She began to dread the fate of Madame de Chateauroux. Her friends every moment came in to bring her intelli-

gence. Many only came out of curiosity to see how she behaved. She did nothing but weep and faint by turns. Dr. Quesnay saw the King five or six times a day. "There is nothing to fear," said he; "if it were any other person, he might go to a ball." I told Madame, that the keeper of the seals had had an interview with the King, from which he had returned to his own residence, followed by a crowd of people. "*And that is a friend!*" said she, bursting into tears. The Abbé Bernis said this was not a time to form a precipitate judgment of him. Half an hour afterwards I returned into the drawing-room: the keeper of the seals came in. "*How is Madame de Pompadour?*" said he, with a cold and severe air: "*As you may easily imagine,*" I replied; and he entered her apartment, where he remained half an hour alone with her. At length she rang; I went in, followed by the Abbé Bernis: "I must go, my dear abbé," said she. She gave orders for all her domestics to be ready to set out. To several ladies, who came to condole with her, she compared the conduct of M. de Machault, the keeper of the seals, with that of the Duke de Richelieu at Metz. "He believes, or pretends to believe," said she, "that the priests will require me to be sent away with disgrace; but Quesnay and all the physicians say there is not the slightest danger."

Madame de Mirepoix came in, crying out, "What are all these trunks for, madame? Your servants say you are leaving us."—"Alas! my dear friend, such is the will of the master, at least so says M. de Machault."—"And what is his advice?"—"To set out immediately."—"He wishes to be master himself," said Madame de Mirepoix, "and he is betraying you. Whoever leaves the game loses it."

M. de Marigny afterwards told me, that an appearance of an intended departure would be kept up, to avoid irritating the enemies of Madame: that the little marechale (Madame de Mirepoix) had decided the matter; and that the keeper of the seals would be the sufferer.—Quesnay came in, and with his usual grimaces, related a fable of a fox, who being at dinner with other animals, persuaded one of them that his enemies were seeking him, and having induced him to withdraw, devoured his share in his absence. I did not see Madame until much later, when she was going to bed. She was more calm, affairs were improving. Machault, that faithless friend, was dismissed. The King came as usual to Madame. A few days afterwards, Madame paid a visit to M. d'Argenson. She returned much out of temper, and the King shortly afterwards arrived. I heard Madame sobbing. The Abbé Bernis came to me, and desired me to carry her some Hoffman's drops. The King himself prepared the potion with some sugar, and presented it to her with the most gracious air. She smiled, and kissed his hands. I withdrew, and the next day heard of the exile of M. d'Argenson. He was much to blame; and this was the greatest stretch of Madame's influence. The King was very much attached to M. d'Argenson, and the war by sea and land rendered it very impolitic to discard these two ministers.—(*Journal of Madame de Hausset.*)

Note (W), *Page* 254.

Madame one day called me into her cabinet, where the King was walking up and down, with a very serious air. "You must," said she, "go and pass a few days in the avenue of St. Cloud, at a house which will be pointed out to you, where you will find a young lady ready to

lie in. Like one of the goddesses of the poets, you will preside at the birth. The object of your mission is, that everything may take place according to the King's wishes and secretly. You will be present at the christening, and give the names of the father and mother." The King began to laugh, and said, "*The father is a very worthy man.*" Madame added—"*Beloved by everybody; and adored by all who are acquainted with him.*" Madame went to a drawer and took out a little casket, which she opened, and produced a diamond aigrette, saying to the King, "I had reasons for not getting a finer one."—"It is too handsome as it is," said the King, embracing Madame, "how kind you are!" She shed tears of emotion, and placing her hand on the King's heart, said,—"It is there that my wishes are centered." Tears now came into the King's eyes also; nor could I refrain from crying, though I scarcely knew why. The King then said to me, "Guimard will see you every day, to advise and assist you, and, at the critical moment, you will send for him. But we have said nothing about the godfather and godmother. You are to announce them, as if they were coming; and an instant afterwards you will pretend to receive a letter, informing you that they cannot come. You will then pretend not to know what to do; and Guimard will say, The best way is to have anybody you can get. You will then take the servant of the house, and some pauper or chairman, and give them only twelve francs, to avoid attracting notice."—"A louis," interrupted Madame, "that you may not make mischief in another way."

When the King was gone, Madame said to me, "Well, what do you think of my part in this affair?"—"It is that of a superior woman, and an excellent friend," said I. "It is his heart that I wish to possess," answered she; "and none of these little uneducated girls will deprive me of that. I should not be so tranquil if some beautiful woman of the court were to attempt the conquest." I asked Madame whether the young lady knew that the father of the child was the King. "I do not think so," said she; "but as he seemed to love this one, it is thought that there has been too much readiness to let her know it. Were it not for that, it was to have been insinuated to the world, that the father was a Polish nobleman, related to the Queen; and that he had apartments in the chateau."

After receiving some additional instructions, I went to the avenue of St. Cloud, where I found the abbess, and Guimard, a servant belonging to the chateau, with a nurse and assistant, two old domestics, and a girl half housemaid half femme de chambre. The young lady was extremely pretty and elegantly dressed, but had nothing very striking in her appearance. I supped with her and the gouvernante, called Madame Bertrand. I gave the lady the aigrette, which delighted her wonderfully. The next day I had a private conversation with her, when she asked me, "How is the count? (meaning the King); he will be very sorry that he cannot be with me; but he has been obliged to take a long journey." I assented. "He is a very handsome man," continued she, "and loves me with all his heart; he has promised me an annuity, but I love him disinterestedly, and, if he would take me, I would go to Poland with him." She afterwards talked of her parents. "My mother," said she, "kept a great druggist's shop; and my father belonged to the six companies, and every one knows there is nothing better than that; he was twice very near being sheriff."

Six days afterwards she was delivered of a boy, but was told, according to my instructions, that it was a girl; and soon afterwards, that it was dead, in order that no trace of its existence might remain for a certain period, after which it was to be restored to its mother. The King gave ten or twelve thousand francs a year to each of his natural children, and they inherited from one another. Seven or eight had already died. When I returned, Madame asked me many questions: "The King," said she, "is disgusted with his princess, and I fancy he will set out for Poland in two days."—"And what will become of the young lady?" said I.—"She will be married to some country gentleman," said she; "and she will have a fortune of forty thousand crowns, or so, and a few diamonds." This little adventure, which thus placed me in the King's confidence, far from procuring me marks of his kindness, seemed to make him behave more coolly towards me; for he was ashamed that I should be acquainted with his low amours. He was also embarrassed about the services which Madame rendered him.

(*Journal of Madame de Hausset.*)

Amongst the young ladies of very tender age, with whom the King amused himself during the influence of Madame de Pompadour, or afterwards, there was also a Mademoiselle Tiercelin, whom his majesty ordered to take the name of Bonneval, the very day she was presented to him. The King was the first who perceived this child, when not above nine years old, in the care of a nurse, in the garden of the Tuileries, one day when he went in state to his "good city of Paris:" and having, in the evening, spoken of her beauty to Le Bel, the servant applied to M. de Sartine, who traced her out, and bought her of the nurse for a few louis. She was daughter of M. de Tiercelin, a man of quality, who could not patiently endure an affront of this nature. He was, however, compelled to be silent; he was told his child was lost; and that it would be best for him to submit to the sacrifice, unless he wished to lose his liberty also.

Mademoiselle Tiercelin, now become Madame de Bonneval, was introduced under that name into the little apartments at Versailles, by the King's desire. She was naturally very wild, and did not like his majesty. "You are an ugly man," said she, throwing the jewels and diamonds, which the King had given her, out of window. The Duke de Choiseul had the weakness to be jealous of this child and her father, who were equally harmless. He was told that the King of Prussia, being tired of Madame de Pompadour, was secretly labouring to get Mademoiselle de Tiercelin declared the King's mistress: the King certainly doted on her. The minister was assured, that M. Tiercelin was engaged in most extensive operations, for effecting the object of this foreign intrigue. The father and daughter were, in consequence, separately confined in the Bastille. (*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XV.*, by Soulavie.)

Note (X), *Page* 264.

The dauphin, son of Louis XV., had for several years superintended the education of his three children, the Duke de Berri, afterwards Louis XVI., the Count de Provence, and the Count d'Artois.

The deportment of the Duke de Berri was austere, serious, reserved, and often rough; he had no taste for play, exhibitions, or amusements; he was a youth of inviolable veracity, constantly employing himself,

at first, in copying, and afterwards in composing geographical maps, and in filing iron. His father had shown a predilection for him, which excited the jealousy of his brothers. Madame Adelaide, who tenderly loved him, used to say, in order to encourage him, and overcome his timidity, "*Speak out freely, Berri; shout, scold, make an uproar, like your brother D'Artois; knock down my china, and break it; make some noise in the world.*" The young Duke de Berri only became the more silent, and could not lay aside his natural character. (*Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by Soulavie, vol. ii.)

END OF VOL. I.

MADAME ELISABETH.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE COURT OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE,

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BY MADAME CAMPAN,

FIRST LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO THE QUEEN.

FROM THE THIRD LONDON EDITION; WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION FROM "THE HEROIC WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,"

BY M. DE LAMARTINE,

MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

CHAPTER I.

The Diamond Necklace—Account of Bœhmer the Jeweller—His interview with Madame Campan—The Cardinal de Rohan interrogated in the King's Cabinet—Particulars relative to Madame de Lamotte and her family—Steps taken by the Cardinal's Relations—The Prosecution—The Clergy remonstrate—Decree of the Parliament—The Queen's grief—Remark of Louis XVI.

SHORTLY after the public mind had been highly excited by the performance of the Marriage of Figaro, an obscure plot, contrived by swindlers, and matured in the haunts of dark depravity, implicated the Queen's character in a vital point, and directly assailed the majesty and honour of the throne.

I mean the celebrated affair of the necklace, purchased, as it was said, for the Queen, by the Cardinal de Rohan. I will relate every circumstance that came to my knowledge respecting this business; the most minute particulars will prove how little reason the Queen had to apprehend the blow with which she was threatened; and which must be attributed to a fatality that human prudence could not have foreseen; though prudence might

have been more successfully exerted to extricate her majesty from the consequences of this unfortunate affair.*

I have already said, that in 1774, the Queen purchased jewels of Bœhmer, to the value of three hundred and sixty thousand francs; that she paid for them herself out of her own private funds, and that it required several years to enable her to complete the payment. The King afterwards presented her with a set of rubies and diamonds of a fine water, and subsequently with a pair of bracelets worth two hundred thousand francs. The Queen, after having her diamonds reset in new patterns, told Bœhmer that she found her jewel-case rich enough, and was not desirous of making any addition to it; still the jeweller busied himself for some years in forming a collection of the very first diamonds circulating in commerce, in order to compose

* In order to comprehend the account about to be given by the authoress of the Memoirs, and to appreciate her historical testimony on this subject, the reader should be in possession of the leading facts. There are many remarkable circumstances which, though connected with Madame Campan's narrative, do not form part of it, because she speaks only of what she herself well knew. A great number of persons acted base or culpable parts in this shameful drama: it is necessary to be acquainted with them. No one knew the whole affair better than the Abbé Georgel, but at the same time no one was more devoted to the Cardinal de Rohan, or showed more ingenuity in discovering means of defending him; or greater skill, in throwing, with artfully affected delicacy, a false light upon the irreproachable conduct of a princess exposed to the most shocking suspicions, either through the blind credulity, or the depravity of a prince of the church. The Abbé shows, in this part of his memoirs, a respectful hatred (if we may be allowed the expression) of Marie Antoinette. He supposes the Queen to have been aware of the transaction, at a time when she was still wrapt in all the security of a woman whose imagination could not even conceive the idea of such a master-piece of intrigue. In the Historical Illustrations, letter A, we give a copious extract from Georgel's Memoirs. The reader who is desirous of information, and to form a judgment upon this subject, is recommended to glance over this extract first, in order to observe in what points the assertions it contains are rendered doubtful, and how far they are utterly confuted by Madame Campan's testimony.

Note by the Editor.

a necklace of several rows, which he hoped to induce her majesty to purchase; he brought it to M. Campan, requesting him to mention it to the Queen, that she might ask to see it, and thus be excited to wish to possess it. This M. Campan refused to do, telling him that he should be overstepping the line of his duty were he to propose to the Queen an expense of sixteen hundred thousand francs, and that he believed neither the lady of honour, nor the tire-woman, would take upon herself to execute such a commission. Bœhmer persuaded the King's first gentleman for the year, to show this superb necklace to his majesty, who admired it so much that he himself wished to see the Queen adorned with it, and sent the case to her: but she assured him she should much regret the incurring of so great an expense for such an article; that she had already very beautiful diamonds; that jewels of that description were now not worn at court more than four or five times a year; that the necklace must be returned, and that the money would be much better employed in building a man-of-war.* Bœhmer, in deep tribulation at finding his expectations delusive, endeavoured, as it is said, for some time to dispose of his necklace among the various courts of Europe, but without meeting with any person willing to become the purchaser of an article of such value. A year after his fruitless attempts, Bœhmer again caused his diamond necklace to be offered for sale to the King, proposing that it should be paid for partly by instalments, and partly in life annuities: this proposal was represented as highly advantageous, and the King mentioned the matter once more to the Queen; this was in my presence. I remember the Queen told him, that if the purchase really was not inconvenient, he might make it,

* "Messrs. Bœhmer and Bassange, jewellers to the crown, were proprietors of a superb diamond necklace, which had, as it was said, been intended for the Countess du Barry. Being under the necessity of selling it, they presented it, during the last war, to the King and Queen, for sale: but their majesties gave the jewellers the following prudent answer: *We have more need of ships than of diamonds.*" (Secret Correspondence of the Court of Louis XVI.)—*Note by the Editor.*

and keep the necklace until the marriage of one of his children; but that, for her part, she would never wear it, being unwilling that the world should have to reproach her with having coveted so expensive an article. The King replied, their children were too young to justify such an expense, which would be greatly increased by the number of years the diamonds would remain useless, and that he would finally decline the offer. Bœhmer complained to everybody of his misfortune, and all reasonable people blamed him for having collected diamonds to so considerable an amount, without any positive order for them. This man had purchased the office of jeweller to the crown, which gave him the right of entry at court. After several months spent in ineffectual attempts to carry his point, and in idle complaints, he obtained an audience of the Queen, who had with her the young princess her daughter; her majesty did not know for what purpose Bœhmer sought this audience, and had not the slightest idea that it was to speak to her again about an article twice refused by herself and the King.

Bœhmer threw himself on his knees, clasped his hands, burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Madame, I am ruined and disgraced, if you do not purchase my necklace. I cannot outlive my misfortunes. When I go hence, I shall throw myself into the river." "Rise, Bœhmer," said the Queen, in a tone sufficiently severe to recall him to himself; "I do not like these rhapsodies; honest men have no occasion to fall on their knees, to make their requests. If you were to destroy yourself, I should regret you as a madman in whom I had taken an interest, but I should not be responsible for that misfortune. I not only never ordered the article which causes your present despair, but whenever you have talked to me about fine collections of jewels, I have told you that I should not add four diamonds to those which I already possessed. I told you myself, that I declined taking the necklace; the King wished to give it to me, I refused him in the same manner: then never mention it to me again. Divide it, and endeavour to sell it piece-meal, and do not drown yourself. I am very angry with you for acting this scene of

despair in my presence, and before this child. Let me never see you behave thus again. Go." Bœhmer withdrew, overwhelmed with confusion, and nothing farther was then heard of him.

While the Queen lay-in of Madame Sophie, she told me that M. de Saint James* had apprised her that Bœhmer was still intent upon the sale of his necklace, and that her majesty ought, for her own satisfaction, to endeavour to learn what the man had done with it; she desired me not to forget, the first time I should meet him, to speak to him about it, as if from the interest I took in his welfare. I spoke to him about his necklace, and he told me he had been very fortunate, having sold it at Constantinople for the favourite sultana. I communicated this answer to the Queen, who was delighted with it, but could not comprehend how the grand signor came to purchase his diamonds at Paris.

The Queen for a long time avoided seeing Bœhmer, being fearful of his rash character, and her valet de chambre, who had the care of her jewels, did the necessary repairs to her ornaments, unassisted. On the baptism of the Duke d'Angouleme, the King made him a present of a diamond epaulette and buckles, and directed Bœhmer to deliver them to the Queen. Bœhmer presented them to her majesty upon her return from mass, and at the same time gave into her hands a letter in the form of a petition. In this paper he told the Queen, that he was happy to see her "in possession of the finest diamonds known in Europe, and entreated her not to forget him." The Queen read Bœhmer's address to her aloud, and saw nothing in it but a proof of mental aberration, being unable otherwise to account for his complimenting her upon the beauty of her diamonds, and begging her not to forget him; she lighted the note at a wax taper standing near her, as she had some letters to seal, saying, "It is not worth keeping." She afterwards much regretted the loss of this enigmatical memorial.† After having burnt the

* A rich financier.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

† The reader will compare the clear and simple particulars with that

paper, her majesty said to me; "That man is born to be my torment; he has always some mad scheme in his head; remember, the first time you see him, to tell him that I do not like diamonds now, and that I will buy no more as long as I live; that if I had any money to spare, I would rather add to my property at Saint Cloud, by the purchase of the land surrounding it: now, mind you enter into all these particulars and impress them well upon him." I asked her whether she wished me to send for him; she replied in the negative, adding, that it would be sufficient to avail myself of the first opportunity afforded by meeting with him; and that the slightest advance towards such a man would be injudicious.

On the 1st of August I left Versailles for my country house; on the 3d came Bœhmer, extremely uneasy at not having received any answer from the Queen, to ask me whether I had any commission from her to him; I replied, that she had intrusted me with none; that she had no commands for him, and I faithfully repeated all she had desired me to say to him. "But," said Bœhmer, "the answer to the letter I presented to her, to whom must I apply for that?" "To nobody," answered I; "her majesty burnt your memorial without even comprehending its meaning." "Ah! madame," exclaimed he, "that is impossible; the Queen knows that she has money to pay me!" "Money, M. Bœhmer? Your last accounts against the Queen were discharged long ago." "How, madame, are you not in the secret? A man who is ruined for want of payment of fifteen hundred thousand francs, can hardly be said to be satisfied." "Have you lost your senses?" said I; "for what can the Queen owe you so extravagant a sum!" "For the necklace, Madame," replied Bœhmer, coolly. "How!" returned I, "that necklace again! about which you have teased the Queen so many years! Did

part of the Abbé Georgel's memoirs, in which he supposes the Queen to have been long aware of the purchase of the necklace. Was it then in Bœhmer's obscure expressions, that she could fathom an intrigue so complicated, so scandalous, and so foreign to her imagination, deeply affecting as it did her dignity and her person?—*Note by the Editor.*

you not tell me you had sold it at Constantinople?" "The Queen desired me to give that answer to all who should speak to me on the subject," said the mischief-making fool. He then told me, that the Queen had determined to have the necklace, and had had it purchased for her by the Cardinal de Rohan. "You are deceived," I exclaimed; "the Queen has not once spoken to the cardinal since his return from Vienna; there is not a man at her court less favourably looked upon." "You are deceived yourself, madame," said Bœhmer; "she must see him in private, for it was to his eminence that she gave thirty thousand francs, which were paid me on account; she took them, in his presence, out of the little secretary of Sevres porcelain next the fire-place in her boudoir." "And the cardinal told you all this?" "Yes, madame, himself." "What a detestable plot," cried I.—"Indeed, to say the truth, madame, I begin to be much alarmed, for his eminence assured me that the Queen would wear the necklace on Whit-Sunday, but I did not see it upon her, and it was that which induced me to write to her majesty." He then asked me what he ought to do. I advised him to go on to Versailles, instead of returning to Paris, from whence he had just arrived; to obtain an immediate audience from the Baron de Breteuil, who, as the head of the King's household, was the minister of the department to which Bœhmer belonged; and to be circumspect; and I added, that he appeared to me extremely culpable, not as a diamond merchant, but because, being a sworn officer, he had acted without the direct orders of the King, the Queen, or the minister. He answered, that he had not acted without direct orders; that he had in his possession all the notes signed by the Queen, and that he had even been obliged to show them to several bankers, in order to induce them to extend the time for his payments. I hastened his departure for Versailles, and he assured me he would go thither immediately. Instead of following my advice, he went to the cardinal, and it was of this visit of Bœhmer's that his eminence made a memorandum found in a drawer overlooked by the Abbé

Georgel, when he burnt, by order of his eminence, all the papers which the latter had at Paris. The memorandum was thus worded: "On this day, 3d August, Bœhmer went to Madame Campan's country-house, and she told him that the Queen had never had his necklace, and that he had been cheated."

When Bœhmer was gone, I was anxious to follow him and go to the Queen at Trianon; my father-in-law prevented me, and ordered me to leave the minister to elucidate an affair of such importance, observing that it was an infernal plot; that I had advised Bœhmer very properly, and had nothing more to do with the business.

After seeing the cardinal, Bœhmer did not go to the Baron de Breteuil, but went to Trianon, and sent a message to the Queen, purporting that I had advised him to come and speak to her. His very words were repeated to her majesty, who said, "He is mad; I have nothing to say to him, and will not see him." Two or three days afterwards she sent for me to Trianon; I found her alone in her boudoir; she talked to me of various trifles, but all the while I was answering her, I was thinking of the necklace, and seeking for an opportunity of telling her what had last been said to me about it; till at length she said, "Do you know that that idiot, Bœhmer, has been here, asking to speak to me, and saying that you advised him to do so? I refused to receive him," continued the Queen; "what does he want? have you any idea?" I then communicated what the man had said to me, which I thought it my duty not to withhold, whatever pain it might give me to mention such infamous affairs to her. She made me relate several times the whole of my conversation with Bœhmer, and complained bitterly of the vexation she felt for the circulation of forged notes signed with her name; but she could not conceive how the cardinal could be involved in the affair; this was a labyrinth to her, and her mind was lost in it. She immediately sent for the Abbé de Vermond and the Baron de Breteuil. Bœhmer had never said one word to me about the woman De Lamotte, and her name was men-

tioned, for the first time, by the cardinal, in his answers to the interrogatories put to him before the King.

For several days, the Queen, in concert with the baron and the abbé, consulted what was proper to be done on the occasion. Unfortunately, an inveterate and implacable hatred for the cardinal, rendered these two counsellors the men, of all others, most likely to lead her majesty out of the line of conduct she ought to have pursued. They only contemplated the utter ruin of their enemy at court, and his disgrace in the eyes of all Europe; and never considered how circumspectly such a delicate affair required to be managed. If the Queen had called in the Count de Vergennes to advise, his experience of men and things would have induced him at once to pronounce, that a swindling transaction, in which the august name of Marie Antoinette might be compromised, ought to be hushed up.

On the 15th of August, the cardinal, who was already dressed in his pontifical garments, was sent for at noon, into the King's closet, where the Queen then was. The King said to him: "You have purchased diamonds of Bœhmer?"—"Yes, Sire."—"What have you done with them?"—"I thought they had been delivered to the Queen."—"Who commissioned you?"—"A lady, called the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the Queen, and I thought I was gratifying her majesty by taking this business on myself." The Queen here interrupted him, and said: "How, sir, could you believe that I should select you, to whom I have not spoken these eight years, to negotiate anything for me; and especially through the mediation of such a woman?"—"I see plainly," said the cardinal, "that I have been duped; I will pay for the necklace; my desire to be of service to your majesty, blinded me: I suspected no trick in the affair, and I am sorry for it." He then took out of his pocket-book, a letter from the Queen to Madame Lamotte, intrusting her with the commission. The King took it, and holding it towards the cardinal, said, "This is neither written nor signed by the Queen: how could a prince of the house of Rohan, and a grand almoner of France, ever think that the

Queen would sign *Marie Antoinette of France?* Everybody knows that Queens sign only by their baptismal names.* But, Sir," pursued the King, handing him a copy of his letter to Bœhmer, "did you ever write such a letter as this?" Having glanced it over, the cardinal said, "I do not remember having written it."—"But what if the original, signed by yourself, were shown to you?"—"If the letter be signed by myself, it is true."—"Then explain to me," resumed the King, "the whole of this enigma. I do not wish to find you guilty; I had rather you would justify yourself. Account for all the manœuvres with Bœhmer, these securities and these notes." The cardinal then turning pale, and leaning against the table, said: "Sire, I am too much confused to answer your majesty in a way"—— "Compose yourself, cardinal, and go into my cabinet; you will there find paper, pens and ink; write what you have to say to me." The cardinal went into the King's cabinet, and returned a quarter of an hour afterwards, with writing as confused as his verbal answers had been. The King then said, "Withdraw, sir." The cardinal left the King's chamber with the Baron de Breteuil, who gave him in custody to an ensign of the body guard, with orders to take him to his apartment. M. d'Agoult, adjutant of the body guard, afterwards took charge of him, and conducted him to his hotel, and from thence to the Bastille.

* The following passage occurs in the Secret Correspondence: "The cardinal ought, it was said, to have detected the forgery of the approbations and signature to the instructions: his place of grand almoner gave him ample oportunity of knowing both her majesty's writing and her manner of signing her name. To this important objection it was answered that it was long since M. de Rohan had seen her writing; that he did not recollect it: that, besides having no suspicions, he had no inducement to endeavour to ascertain it; and that the crown jewellers, to whom he showed the instrument, did not, any more than himself, detect the imposition."

With submission to the authors of the Secret Correspondence, this answer is nugatory; for merchants are better acquainted with commercial signatures than those of courts, and they might very possibly be ignorant of customs which ought to be familiar to the cardinal: and the Abbé Georgel himself admits as much.—*Note by the Editor.*

But while the cardinal had with him only the young ensign of the body guard, who was himself much embarrassed at having such an order to execute, his eminence met his *heyduke* at the door of the saloon of Hercules; he spoke to him in German, and then asked the ensign if he could lend him a pencil; the officer gave him that which he carried about him, and the cardinal wrote to the Abbé Georgel, his grand vicar and friend, instantly to burn all Madame Lamotte's correspondence, and all his letters in general.* This commission was executed before M. de

* The Secret Correspondence, in relating these circumstances, thus explains the officer's conduct and confusion.

"The ensign, being reprimanded for suffering the cardinal to write, replied that his orders did not forbid it; and that besides he had been so much disconcerted by the unusual address of the Baron de Breteuil, "*In the King's name, sir, follow me;*" that he had not recovered himself and did not perfectly know what he was about. This excuse is not very satisfactory, though it is true that this officer, who was very irregular in his conduct, was much in debt, and at first apprehended that the order, intimated to him by the baron, concerned himself personally."

The Abbé Georgel relates the circumstances of the note in a very different manner:—

"The cardinal, at that dreadful moment, which might have been expected to deprive him of his senses, gave an astonishing proof of his presence of mind: notwithstanding the escort which surrounded him, favoured by the attendant crowd, he stopped, and stooping down with his face towards the wall, as if to fasten his buckle or his garter, snatched out his pencil, and hastily wrote a few words upon a scrap of paper placed under his hand in his square red cap. He rose again and proceeded. On entering his house, his people formed a lane; he slipped this paper unperceived into the hand of a confidential valet de chambre, who waited for him at the door of his apartment." This little tale is scarcely credible: it is not at the moment of a prisoner's arrest, when an inquisitive crowd surrounds and watches him, that he can stop and write unperceived. However, the valet de chambre posts off to Paris. He arrives at the palace of the cardinal between twelve and one o'clock; and his horse falls dead in the stable. "I was in my apartment," says the Abbé Georgel; "the valet de chambre entered wildly, with a deadly paleness on his countenance, and exclaimed, *All is lost; the prince is arrested.* He instantly fainted and fell, dropping the paper of which he

Crosne, lieutenant of police, had received an order from the Baron de Breteuil, to put seals upon the cardinal's papers. The destruction of all his eminence's correspondence, and particularly that with Madame de Lamotte, threw an impenetrable cloud over the whole of this affair. Madame, the King's step-sister, was the sole protectress of that woman; and her patronage was confined to allowing her a slender pension of twelve or fifteen hundred francs. Her brother was in the navy, but the Marquis de Chabert, to whom he had been recommended, could never make a good officer.

The Queen in vain endeavoured to call to mind the features of this person, of whom she often heard speak as an intriguing woman, who came frequently on Sundays to the gallery at Versailles; and at the time when all France was taken up with the prosecution against the cardinal, the portrait of the Countess de Lamotte-Valois was publicly sold; her majesty desired me one day, when I was going to Paris, to buy her the engraving, which was said to be a tolerable likeness, that she might ascertain whether she could recollect in it any person whom she had seen in the gallery.*

The woman De Lamotte's father was a peasant at Auteuil, though he called himself Valois. Madame de Boulainvilliers once saw from her terrace two pretty little peasant girls, each labouring under a heavy bundle of sticks; the priest of the village, who was walking with her, told her that the children possessed some curious papers, and that he had no doubt they were descendants of a Valois, an illegitimate son of one of the princes of that name.

The family of Valois had long ceased to appear in the world.

was the bearer." The portfolio enclosing the papers which might compromise the cardinal, was immediately placed beyond the reach of all search.—*Note by the Editor.*

* The public, as the reader knows, with the exception of persons dressed in the style of the lowest of the people, were admitted into the gallery and larger apartments of Versailles, as they were into the park.

Note by Madame Campan.

Hereditary vices had gradually plunged them into the deepest misery.

I have heard that the last Valois occupied the estate called Gros Bois; that as he seldom came to court, Louis XIII. asked him what he was about, that he remained so constantly in the country; and that this M. de Valois merely answered: *Sire, I am doing nothing but what I ought to do.** It was shortly afterwards discovered that he was engaged in *coining*.

As soon as the news of the grand almoner's arrest spread through Paris, the Prince de Condé, who had married a princess of the house of Rohan, the Marechal de Soubise, and the Princess de Marsan, exclaimed indignantly against the arrest of a prince of their family. The clergy, from the cardinals down to the youths in the seminaries, gave vent to their affliction at the disgraceful apprehension of a prince of the church, and an infinite number of persons were eagerly desirous to see the court humbled for so harsh a proceeding.

I must interrupt my narrative of the famous necklace plot, to say something about this woman Lamotte. Neither the Queen herself nor any lady about her, ever had the slightest connection with that swindler; and during her prosecution, she could point out but one of the Queen's servants, a man named Desclos, a valet of the Queen's bedchamber, to whom she pretended she had delivered Bœhmer's necklace. This Desclos was a very honest man; upon being confronted with the woman Lamotte, it was proved that she had never seen him but once, which was at the house of the wife of a surgeon-accoucheur at Versailles, the only person she visited at court; and that she had not given him the necklace. Madame Lamotte married a private in Monsieur's body guard; she lodged at Versailles at the Belle Image, a very middling ready-furnished hotel; and it is scarcely to be conceived how so obscure a person could succeed in making herself believed to be a friend of the Queen, who, though so ex-

* *Je ne fais que ce que je dois:* which also means, "*I only make what I owe:*" and in that sense was a true answer.

tremely affable, very seldom granted audiences, and only to titled persons.

The trial of the cardinal is so generally known, that it is unnecessary for me to repeat the circumstances of it here.* The point most embarrassing to him was the interview he had in February, 1785, with M. de Saint James, to whom he confided the particulars of the Queen's pretended commission, and showed the contract approved and signed *Marie Antoinette of France.* The memorandum, found in a drawer of the cardinal's bureau, in which he had himself written what Bœhmer told him, after having seen me at my country house, was likewise an unfortunate document for his eminence.

I offered to the King to go and declare, that Bœhmer had told me and maintained, that the cardinal assured him he had received from the Queen's own hand the thirty thousand francs, given as earnest, upon the bargain being concluded, and that his

* The letters patent, which gave the parliament cognisance of the process, were couched in these terms:—

"Louis, &c. Having been informed that the sieurs Bœhmer and Bassange sold the Cardinal de Rohan a necklace of brilliants; that the said Cardinal de Rohan, without the knowledge of the Queen our beloved spouse and consort, told them he was authorized by her to purchase it at the price of sixteen hundred thousand livres, payable by instalments, and showed them false instructions to that effect, which he exhibited as approved by the Queen; that the said necklace, having been delivered by the said Bœhmer and Bassange to the said cardinal, and the first payment agreed on between them not having been made good, they had recourse to the Queen; we could not without just indignation see an august name, dear to us on so many accounts, thus daringly abused, and the respect due to royal majesty violated with such unheard-of temerity; we therefore deemed it incumbent on our justice to cite before us the said cardinal, and upon his declaration to us, that he had been deceived by a woman named Lamotte, called De Valois, we judged it indispensable to secure his person and that of the said Lamotte called De Valois, and to take those steps suggested to us by our wisdom, for the discovery of the authors or accomplices of such an attack; and we have thought fit to make you acquainted with these matters, that the process may be by you instituted and decided, the great chamber and criminal court being assembled."—*Note by the Editor.*

eminence had seen her majesty take that sum in bills from the porcelain secretary in her boudoir. The King declined my offer, and said: "Were you alone when Bœhmer told you this?" I answered that I was alone with him in my garden. "Well," resumed he, "the man would deny the fact; he is now sure of being paid his sixteen hundred thousand francs, which the cardinal's family will find it necessary to make good to him;* we cannot rely upon his sincerity; it would look as if you were sent by the Queen, and that would not be proper."

The attorney-general's information was severe upon the cardinal. The house of Condé, that of Rohan, the majority of the nobility, and the whole of the clergy, saw nothing in this affair but an attack upon the prince's rank, and the privileges of a cardinal. The clergy required that the unfortunate business of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan should be sent to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and the Archbishop of Narbonne, then president of the convocation, made representations upon the subject to the King;† the bishops wrote to his majesty, to remind him that a private ecclesiastic, implicated in the affair then pending, would have a right to claim his constitutional judges, and that this right was refused to a cardinal, his superior in the hierarchal

* The King's good sense had fathomed this intrigue: a fact related in the Secret Correspondence proves it:—

"The guilty woman no sooner knew that all was about to be discovered, than she sent for the jewellers, and told them the cardinal had perceived that the agreement which he believed to have been signed by the Queen, was a false and forged document. 'However,' added she, 'the cardinal possesses a considerable fortune, *and he can very well pay you.*' These words reveal the whole secret. The countess had taken the necklace to herself, and flattered herself that M. de Rohan, seeing himself deceived and cruelly imposed upon, would determine to pay and make the best terms he could, rather than suffer a matter of this nature to become public. And that was in fact the best thing he could do."—*Note by the Editor.*

† Vide, in the Historical Illustrations (letter B), fragments of the speech delivered by the Archbishop of Narbonne, in presence of the clergy then assembled.—*Note by the Editors.*

order.* In short, the clergy and the greater part of the nobility were at that time outrageous against authority, and chiefly against the Queen.

The attorney-general's conclusions, and those of a part of the heads of the magistracy, were as severe towards the cardinal as the information had been; yet he was *fully acquitted* by a majority of three voices; the woman De Lamotte was condemned to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned; and her husband, in contumacy, was condemned to the gallies for life.

The Queen's grief was extreme; as soon as I learned the substance of the decision, I went to her, and found her alone in her closet; she was weeping: "Come," said her majesty to me, "come and lament for your Queen, insulted and sacrificed by cabal and injustice. But rather let me pity you as a Frenchwoman. If I have not met with equitable judges in a matter which affected my reputation, what could you hope for in a suit in which your fortune and character were at stake?"† The

* "While the process was pending," says a paper of the time, "there appeared a brief from the Pope, addressed to the cardinal, in which the Pope informs him, that having held a consistory respecting him, they had unanimously resolved that he had essentially sinned against his dignity as a member of the sacred college, by recognising a foreign and secular tribunal; that he was consequently suspended for six months; and that if he persisted in so irregular a line of conduct, he would be struck off the list of cardinals.

All this was but an empty threat; for the Abbé Lemoine, a doctor of the Sorbonne, having appeared for Prince Louis de Rohan, proved that his eminence could not avoid submitting to a tribunal appointed for him by the King, his master; and that, with regard to the preservation of the prerogatives of his dignity, he had made the customary protests. The sovereign pontiff was so satisfied, that after all the requisite formalities, he declared the Cardinal de Rohan reinstated in all the rights and honours of the Roman purple.—*Note by the Editor.*

† "Will it be believed," says the Abbé Georgel, "that it was necessary to use caution in announcing the cardinal's triumph to the Queen?" Will it be believed, we ask in our turn, that the Abbé Georgel felt any surprise on the occasion? Was not the *triumph* of a prelate, who had compromised the name of his Queen in France and Europe, by his scan-

King came in at this moment, and said to me, "You find the Queen much afflicted; she has great reason to be so: they were determined throughout this affair, to see only an ecclesiastical prince, a Prince de Rohan, while he is in fact a needy fellow;" (I use his majesty's own expression,) "and all this was but a scheme to put money into his pockets, in endeavouring to do which, he found himself the party cheated instead of the cheat. Nothing is easier to see through; and it is not necessary to be an Alexander to cut this Gordian knot."

The opinion sanctioned by time is, that the cardinal was completely duped by the woman Lamotte, and Cagliostro. The King may have been in error in thinking him an accomplice in this miserable and criminal scheme, but I have faithfully given his majesty's judgment about it.

However, the generally received opinion, that the Baron de Breteuil's hatred for the cardinal was the cause of the scandal and result of this unfortunate affair, contributed to the disgrace of the former, still more than his refusal to give his granddaughter in marriage to the son of the Duke de Polignac.

The Abbé de Vermond threw the whole blame of the imprudence and impolicy of the affair of the Cardinal de Rohan, upon the minister, and ceased to be the friend and supporter of the Baron de Breteuil with the Queen, as he had previously always been.*

dalous connections, by an imbecile credulity, and perhaps even by criminal hopes, a sad and sufficient cause for affliction to Marie Antoinette? Perhaps the Abbé Soulavie, whose animosity against Marie Antoinette at least equals the Abbé Georgel's hatred (they were both Jesuits), less clearly betrayed his feelings by his calumnies, than the Cardinal de Rohan's friend did his, by his insolent exclamation. What should a woman, a wife, and a queen, hold more dear than her honour and the majesty of the throne!—*Note by the Editor.*

* Madame Campan was aware of the importance of her testimony in the affair of the necklace. Among her manuscripts are two accounts of that unfortunate business. One is that which we have just read; in the other, the ground-work of which is the same, a few circumstances are presented in a different light, and several new particulars give it considerable interest. The second interview of the Queen with Bœhmer,

CHAPTER II.

The Archbishop of Sens is appointed to the Ministry: the Abbé de Vermond's joy on the occasion—The Queen is obliged to take a part in public business—Money sent to Vienna contrary to her inclination—Anecdotes—The Queen supports the Archbishop of Sens in Office—Public rejoicings on his dismissal—Opening of the States-General—Cries of *the Duke of Orleans for ever*—Their effect upon the Queen—Mirabeau: he requests an Embassy—The Queen's misfortunes induce her to yield to superstitious fears: Anecdotes—Prejudices of the Provincial Deputies of the Tiers Etat—Causes of these prejudices—Death of the First Dauphin—Anecdotes.

The Abbé de Vermond did not conceal his exultation when he succeeded in getting the Archbishop of Toulouse appointed

in which she learns the meaning of the fatal enigma, for instance, is a curious fact. The style of the latter narrative is more free and more animated than that of the former. The dramatis personæ discover their emotions, passions, and dispositions more clearly. It especially shows the application of the vague manner in which the Queen, in the above account, calls in question the *equity of the judges*. We see by what sort of spirit the parliament was animated. It is certain that a part of the magistracy, then performing a prelude to the resistance it soon afterwards made to the royal authority, was less intent on securing a *triumph* for the cardinal, than a mortification for the court. The Abbé Georgel himself admits it. He points out the magistrates who favoured the cardinal, not with that moderate and scrupulous interest which an equitable judge feels for the accused, but with all the ardour of party spirit.

Madame Campan's second version throws a still purer and brighter light than the first upon the Queen's conduct, her grief, and her generous indignation at this crisis. We give this second narrative in her Historical Illustrations (Note No. 1) under a persuasion that the reader will readily overlook a few repetitions, in consideration of new particulars.—*Note by the Editors.*

president of the council of finance. I have often heard him say, that seventeen years of patience were not too great a price for success at court; that he spent all that time in gaining the end he had in view; but that at length the archbishop was where he ought to be, for the good of the state. The abbé, from this time, no longer concealed his credit and influence in the Queen's private circle; nothing could equal the confidence with which he displayed the extent of his ambition. He requested the Queen to order, that the apartments appropriated to him should be enlarged, telling her, that being obliged to give audiences to bishops, cardinals, and ministers, he required a residence suitable to his present circumstances. The Queen continued to treat him in general as she did before the archbishop's arrival at court; but the household observed a variation which indicated increased consideration: the word *monsieur* preceded that of abbé; and such is the influence of favour, that from that moment, not only the livery servants, but also the people of the antechambers, rose when *monsieur l'abbé* was passing, though there never was, to my knowledge, any order given to that effect.

The Queen was obliged, on account of the King's disposition, and the very limited confidence he placed in the Archbishop of Sens, to take a part in public affairs. While M. de Maurepas lived, she kept out of that danger, as may be seen by the censure which the Baron de Besenval passes on her in his Memoirs, for not availing herself of the conciliation he had promoted between the Queen and that minister, who counteracted the ascendancy which she and her intimate friends might, otherwise, have gained over the King's mind.

The Queen has often assured me, that she never interfered respecting the interests of Austria but once; and that was only to claim the execution of the treaty of alliance, at the time when Joseph II. was at war with Prussia and Turkey; that she then demanded, that an army of twenty-four thousand men should be sent to him, instead of fifteen millions of livres, an alternative which had been left to option in the treaty, in case the Emperor should have a just war to maintain; that she could not obtain

her object, and M. de Vergennes, in an interview which she had with him upon the subject, put an end to her importunities, by observing, that he was answering the mother of the dauphin, and not the sister of the Emperor.* The fifteen millions were sent. There was no want of money at Vienna, and the value of a French army was fully appreciated; "But how," said the Queen, "could they be so wicked as to send off those fifteen millions from the general post-office, diligently publishing, even to the street porters, that they were loading the carriages with money that I was sending to my brother; whereas it is certain, that the money would equally have been sent, if I had belonged to another house; and besides, it was sent contrary to my inclination."

The Queen never disguised her dislike to the American war; she could not conceive how anybody could advise a sovereign to aim at the humiliation of England, through an attack on the sovereign authority, and by assisting a people to organize a republican constitution; she often laughed at the enthusiasm with which Franklin inspired the French; and, upon the peace of 1783, she treated the English nobility, and the ambassador from England, with marked distinction.

When the Count de Moustier set out on his mission to the United States, after having had his public audience of leave, he came and asked me to procure him a private one. I could not succeed, even with the strongest solicitations: the Queen desired me to wish him a good voyage, but added, that none but ministers could have anything to say to him in private, since he was going to a country where the names of *King* and *Queen* must be detested.

Marie Antoinette had, then, no direct influence over state affairs, until after the deaths of M. de Maurepas and M. de Vergennes, and the retirement of M. de Calonne. She frequently regretted her new situation, and looked upon it as a misfortune

* Vide, Historical Illustrations (letter C), a passage respecting the delicate situation in which M. de Vergennes was placed in the midst of the parties which divided the court.—*Note by the Editor.*

which she could not avoid. One day, while I was assisting her to tie up a number of memorials and reports, which some of the ministers had handed to her to be given to the King, "Ah!" said she, sighing, "there is an end of all happiness for me, since they have made an intriguer of me." I censured the word. "Yes," resumed the Queen; "that is the right term; every woman who meddles with affairs above her understanding, or out of her line of duty, is an intriguer, and nothing else; you will remember, however, that it is not my own fault, and that it is with regret I give myself such a title; the Queens of France are happy only so long as they meddle with nothing, and merely preserve influence sufficient to advance their friends, and reward a few zealous servants. Do you know," added that excellent princess—thus reluctantly forced to act in opposition to her principles —"do you know what happened to me lately? One day, since I began to attend private committees at the King's, while crossing the bull's eye, I heard one of the musicians of the chapel say, so loud that I lost not a single word, 'A Queen who does her duty will remain in her apartment to knit.' I said within myself, 'Poor creature, thou art right: but thou knowest not my situation; I yield to necessity and my unfortunate destiny.'" This situation was the more painful to the Queen, inasmuch as Louis XVI. had long accustomed himself to say nothing to her respecting state affairs; and when, towards the close of his reign, she was obliged to interfere in the most important matters, the same closeness in the King frequently kept from her particulars which it was proper she should know. Obtaining, therefore, only partial information, and guided by persons more ambitious than skilful, the Queen could not be useful in the grand march of affairs; yet, at the same time, her ostensible interference drew upon her, from all parties and all classes of society, an unpopularity, the rapid progress of which alarmed all those who were sincerely attached to her.

Led away by the brilliant language of the Archbishop of Sens, and encouraged in the confidence she placed in that minister, by the incessant eulogies of the Abbé de Vermond on his abilities,

the Queen, unfortunately, followed up her first mistake, that of bringing him into office, by the equally unfortunate error of supporting him, at the time of his disgrace, which was conceded to the despair of a whole nation. She thought it was due to her dignity to give him some marked proof of her regard; misguided by her feelings, she sent him her portrait, enriched with jewelry, and a patent for the situation of lady of the palace for Madame de Canisy, his niece, observing, that it was necessary to indemnify a minister sacrificed to court intrigues and the factious spirit of the nation; that otherwise none would be found willing to devote themselves for the interests of the sovereign. However, on the day of the archbishop's departure, the public joy was universal, both at court and among the people of Paris: there were bonfires; the attorneys' clerks burnt the archbishop in effigy, and, on the very evening of his disgrace, more than a hundred couriers were sent out from Versailles, to spread the happy tidings among the country seats round Paris and Versailles.* I have since seen the Queen shed bitter tears at the recollection of the errors she committed at this period, when subsequently, a short time before her death, the archbishop had the audacity to say, in a speech which was printed, that the sole object of one part of his operations, during his administration, was to promote the salutary crisis which the revolution had produced.†

When the fruitless measure of the assemblies of the Nota-

* The Illustrations give some curious particulars respecting the circumstances which accompanied and followed the archbishop's dismission. (Letter D.)—*Note by the Editors.*

† We will here mention a caricature of the time, which shows the nature of the attacks which then began to be made against the throne and the most august personages. It represented the King at table, with his consort; he had a glass in his hand; the Queen was raising a morsel to her lips; the people were crowding round the table with their mouths open. Below was written, "The King drinks; the Queen eats; the people cry out." (*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, Vol. I.)

Note by the Editors.

bles,* and the rebellious spirit of the parliaments had created the necessity for summoning the States-general, it was long discussed in council, whether they should be assembled at Versailles or at forty or fifty leagues from the capital: the Queen was of the latter opinion, and insisted to the King that they ought to be far away from the immense population of Paris. She began to fear that the people would influence the deliberations of the deputies; several memorials were presented to the King upon that important question; but M. Necker's opinion prevailed, and Versailles was the place fixed upon; which affords room for the supposition, that M. Necker, in his schemes, not supposing that the popular commotions, which he undoubtedly hoped to be able to regulate, would extend to the annihilation of the monarchy, calculated that they would be useful to him.

Politicians were occupied with the double representation granted to the *Tiers-etat;* it was the sole topic of conversation; some foresaw all the inconveniences of the measure; others overrated its advantages.

The Queen adopted the plan to which the King had agreed; she thought the hope of obtaining ecclesiastical favours would secure the clergy of the second order, and that M. Necker felt assured that he possessed the same degree of influence over the lawyers, and other people of that class, who formed the third

* The assembly of the Notables, as may be seen in Weber's Memoirs, vol. i., overthrew the plans and caused the downfall of M. de Calonne. A prince of the blood presided over each of the *bureaux* of that assembly. Monsieur, afterwards H. M. Louis XVIII., presided over the first.

"Monsieur," says a paper of the time, "gained great reputation at the assembly of the Notables in 1787. He did not miss attending his *bureau* a single day, and he displayed truly patriotic virtues. His care in discussing the weighty matters of administration, in throwing light upon them, and in defending the interests and the cause of the people, was such as even to inspire the King with some degree of jealousy. Monsieur always thought, and constantly said openly, 'That a respectful resistance to the orders of the monarch was not blameable, and that authority might be met by argument, and forced to receive information, without any offence whatever.'"—*Note by the Editor.*

estate. The Count d'Artois, holding the contrary opinion, presented a memorial in the names of himself and several princes of the blood to the King, against the double representation granted to the Tiers-etat. The Queen was displeased with him for this; her confidential advisers infused into her apprehensions that the prince was made the tool of a party; but his conduct was approved of by Madame de Polignac's circle, which the Queen thenceforward frequented, merely to avoid the appearance of a change in her habits. She almost always returned unhappy: she was treated with the profound respect due to a Queen; but all the touching graces of friendship had vanished to make way for the duties of etiquette, which wounded her deeply. The existing coolness between her and the Count d'Artois was also very painful to her; for she had loved him as tenderly as if he had been her own brother.

The opening of the States-general took place on the 4th of May. The Queen, on that occasion, appeared, for the last time in her life, in regal magnificence.

I will not pass over unnoticed a well known fact, which proves, that before this period a faction had begun its operations against this princess. During the procession on the opening of the States-general, some low women, on seeing the Queen pass, cried out, *the Duke of Orleans for ever!* in so rebellious a manner, that she nearly fainted. She was obliged to be supported, and those about her were fearful it would be necessary to stop the procession. The Queen, however, recovered herself, and much regretted that she had not been able to command more presence of mind.

The first sitting of the States took place on the following day. The King delivered his speech with firmness and dignity; the Queen told me that he had taken great pains about it, and repeated it frequently, that he might perfectly adapt it to the intonations of his voice.

His majesty gave public marks of attachment and respect for the Queen, who was applauded; but it was easy to see that these applauses were in fact an homage rendered to the King alone.

It was evident, during the first sittings, that Mirabeau would be very dangerous to government. It is affirmed, that at this period he communicated to the King, and still more fully to the Queen, a part of his schemes and his proposals for renouncing them. He had brandished the weapons afforded him by his eloquence and audacity, in order to treat with the party he meant to attack. This man played a game of revolution in order to make his fortune. The Queen told me that he asked for an embassy, and if my memory does not deceive me, it was that of Constantinople. He was refused, with the contempt justly inspired by vice, which policy would doubtless have concealed, could the future have been foreseen.

The general enthusiasm prevailing at the beginning of this assembly, and the debates between the Tiers-etat, the nobility, and even the clergy, daily increased the alarm of their majesties, and all who were attached to the cause of monarchy; but this era of our history is too well known, and has been already too ably described, to require that I should go into any further details than those which are peculiarly within my province.

The Queen went to bed late, or I should rather say, that this unfortunate princess began to lose the enjoyment of rest. One evening, about the latter end of May, she was sitting in the middle of her room, relating several remarkable occurrences of the day; four wax candles were placed upon her toilette; the first went out of itself; I re-lighted it: shortly afterwards the second, and then the third, went out also; upon which the Queen, squeezing my hand with an emotion of terror, said to me: "Misfortune has power to make us superstitious; if the fourth taper go out like the rest, nothing can prevent my looking upon it as a fatal omen." The fourth taper went out.

It was remarked to the Queen, that the four tapers had probably been run in the same mould, and that a defect in the wick had naturally occurred at the same point in each, since the candles had all gone out in the order in which they had been lighted.

The deputies of the Tiers-etat arrived at Versailles full of the

strongest prejudices against the court. The falsehoods of the metropolis never failing to spread themselves into the surrounding provinces, they believed that the King indulged in the pleasures of the table to a shameful excess; that the Queen was draining the treasury of the state, in order to satisfy the most unreasonable luxury: they almost all determined to see Little Trianon. The extreme plainness of the retreat in question not answering the ideas they had formed, some of them insisted upon seeing the very smallest closets, saying that the richly furnished apartments were concealed from them. In short, they spoke of one, which, according to them, was wholly ornamented with diamonds, and with wreathed columns studded with sapphires and rubies. The Queen could not get these foolish ideas out of her mind, and spoke to the King on the subject. From the description given of this room by the deputies to the keepers of Trianon, the King concluded that they were looking for the scene enriched with paste ornaments, made in the reign of Louis XV. for the theatre of Fontainebleau.

The King supposed that his body guards, upon their return into the country, after having performed their quarterly duty at court, related what they had seen, and thus their exaggerated accounts being repeated, became, at last, totally perverted. This first idea of the King, upon the search after the diamond chamber, suggested to the Queen, that the mistake about the King's supposed propensity to drinking, also sprung from the guards, who accompanied his carriage when he hunted at Rambouillet. The King, who disliked sleeping out of his usual bed, was accustomed to leave that hunting seat after supper; he generally slept soundly in his carriage, and awoke only on his arrival at the courtyard of his palace; he used to get down from his carriage in the midst of his body guards staggering, as a man half awake will do, which was mistaken for a state of intoxication.*

* It is curious to compare the following anecdote with the unjust censure thrown upon Louis XVI., the cause of which Madame Campan explains so naturally.

"Boursault's play of Esop at court, contains a scene in which the

The majority of the deputies, who came imbued with prejudices, produced by error or malevolence, went to lodge with the most humble private individuals of Versailles, whose inconsiderate conversation contributed not a little to the nourishment of such mistaken notions. Everything, in short, tended to render the deputies subservient to the schemes of the leaders of the rebellion.

Shortly after the opening of the States-general, the first dauphin died. That young prince fell, in a few months, from a florid state of health, into the rickets, which curved his spine, lengthened his face, and rendered his legs so weak, that he could not walk without being supported like a decayed old man.*

prince permits the courtiers to tell him his failings. They all join chorus in praising him beyond measure, with the exception of one, who reproaches him with loving wine, and getting intoxicated, a dangerous vice in any one, but especially in a King. Louis XV., in whom that disgusting propensity had almost grown into a habit, in the year 1739, found fault with Boursault's piece, and forbade the performance of it at court. After the death of that King, the time of mourning being expired, Louis XVI. commanded Esop at court, for performance, found the play full of good sense, and proper for the instruction of royalty, and directed that it should be often performed before him."

Note by the Editors.

* Louis, dauphin of France, who died at Versailles, on the 4th of June, 1789, gave promise of intellectual precocity. The following particulars, which convey some idea of his disposition, and of the assiduous care bestowed upon him by the Duchess de Polignac, will be found in a work of that time.

"At two years old, the dauphin was very pretty: he articulated well, and answered questions put to him intelligently. While he was at La Muette, everybody was at liberty to see him. Having received, in the presence of the visitors, a box of sweetmeats sent him by the Queen, with her portrait upon it, he said: *Ah! that's mamma's picture.*

"The dauphin was always dressed very plain, like a sailor; there was nothing to distinguish him from other children in point of external appearance, but the cross of Saint Louis, the blue ribbon, and the order of the Fleece, decorations particularly belonging to his birth.

"The Duchess Jules de Polignac, his governess, scarcely ever left him for a single instant: she gave up all the court excursions and

How many maternal tears did his languishing condition, the certain forerunner of death, draw from the Queen, already overwhelmed with apprehensions respecting the state of the kingdom! Her grief was enhanced by petty intrigues, which, when frequently renewed, became intolerable. An open quarrel between the families and friends of the Duke d'Harcourt, the dauphin's governor, and those of the Duchess de Polignac, his governess, added greatly to the Queen's affliction. The young prince showed a strong dislike to the Duchess de Polignac, who attributed it either to the Duke or the Duchess d'Harcourt, and came to make her complaints respecting it to the Queen: it is true that the dauphin twice sent her out of the room, saying to her, with that maturity of manner which languishing sickness always gives to children: "Go out, duchess; you are so fond of using perfumes, and they always make me ill"—and yet she never used any. The Queen perceived, also, that his prejudices against her friend, extended to herself; her son would no longer speak in her presence. She had observed that he was fond of sugared sweetmeats, and offered him some marshmallow and jujube lozenges. The under-governors, and the first valet de chambre, requested her not to give the dauphin anything, as he was to receive no food of any kind, without the consent of the faculty. I forbear describing the wound this prohibition inflicted upon

amusements in order to devote her whole attention to her precious charge.

"A truly affecting trait is related of the young dauphin, whom death snatched from us. The prince always manifested a great regard for M. de Bourset, his valet de chambre. After falling into a state of weakness, from the sickness of which he died, he one day asked for a pair of scissors; that gentleman reminded him that they were forbidden. The child insisted mildly, and they were obliged to yield to him. Having got the scissors, he cut off a lock of his hair, which he wrapped in a sheet of paper: 'There, sir,' said he to his valet de chambre, 'there is the only present I can make you, having nothing at my command; but when I am dead, you will present this pledge to my papa and mamma; and while they remember me, I hope they will not forget you.'"

Note by the Editor.

the Queen ; she felt it the more deeply, because she was aware it was unjustly believed she gave a decided preference to the Duke of Normandy, whose ruddy health and loveliness did, in truth, form a striking contrast to the languid look and melancholy disposition of his elder brother. At least, she could not doubt, that a project to deprive her of the affection of a child, whom she loved as a good and tender mother ought, and whose sufferings made him an object of increased interest to her, had for some time existed. Previous to the audience granted by the King on the 10th August, 1788, to the envoy of the Sultan Tippoo Saib, she had begged the Duke d'Harcourt to divert the dauphin, whose deformity was already apparent, from his intention to be present at that ceremony, being unwilling to expose him, in his then decrepid state, to the gaze of the crowd of inquisitive Parisians who would be in the gallery. Notwithstanding this injunction, the dauphin was suffered to write to his mother, requesting her permission to be present at the audience. The Queen was obliged to refuse him, and warmly reproached the governor, who merely answered, that he could not oppose the wishes of a sick child. A year before the death of the dauphin, the Queen lost the Princess Sophie, who was not weaned ; this first misfortune was, as the Queen said, the beginning of all that followed from that moment.*

* The article dedicated to the memory of Louis XVI., in the *Biographie Universelle*, makes no mention of the Princess Sophie. "This prince," says the work in question, "had three children; Louis the dauphin, who died in 1789; Louis XVII., and Marie Theresa Charlotte, now the Duchess d'Angouleme." The error, or rather the omission, is of little importance; but we are surprised, when the family of Louis XVI. is spoken of, to meet with this mistake in an article signed *Bonald*.

Note by the Editor.

CHAPTER III.

Oath of the Tennis Court—Insurrection of the 14th of July—The King goes to the National Assembly—Anecdotes—Spectacle presented by the Court-yard of the Castle of Versailles—Report that the National Assembly is threatened—The King's Speech rebutting these odious Suspicions—Anecdotes—Disposition of the Troops—Departure of the Count d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, and the Duke and Duchess de Polignac—The latter is recognised by a Postilion, who saves her—The King goes to Paris—Alarm at Versailles—The Queen determines to go to the National Assembly: affecting Speech prepared by her—The King's return—Bailly's Speech—Assassination of Messieurs Foulon and Berthier—Plans presented by M. Foulon to the King, for arresting the Progress of the Revolution—Horrid Remark by Barnave—His Repentance.

The too memorable oath of the States-general, taken at the tennis court of Versailles, was followed by the royal sitting of the 23d of June. The Queen looked on M. Necker's not accompanying the King, as treachery or criminal cowardice: she said that he had converted a salutary remedy into poison; that being in full popularity, his audacity had emboldened the factious, and led away the whole Assembly; and that he was the more culpable, inasmuch as he had, the evening before, given her his word to accompany the King to this sitting. In vain did M. Necker endeavour to excuse himself, by saying that his advice had not been attended to.

Soon afterwards, the insurrections of the 11th, 12th, and 14th of July, opened the disastrous drama with which France was threatened. The massacre of M. de Flesselles and M. de Launay drew bitter tears from the Queen, and the idea that the King had lost such devoted subjects, wounded her to the heart.

The character of the insurrection was not merely that of a popular tumult; the cries of, *Vive la nation! Vive le Roi! Vive la liberté!* threw the strongest light upon the extended plan of the reformers. Still the people spoke of the King with affection, and appeared to think his character favourable to the desire of the nation, for the reform of what were called abuses; but they imagined that he was restrained by the opinions and influence of the Count d'Artois and the Queen; and those two august personages were therefore objects of hatred to the malcontents. The dangers incurred by the Count d'Artois, determined the King's first step with the National Assembly. He attended there on the morning of the 15th of July, with his brothers, without pomp or escort; he spoke standing and uncovered, and pronounced these memorable words: "Upon you I throw myself; it is my wish that I and the nation should be one, and, in full reliance on the affection and fidelity of my subjects, I have given orders to the troops to remove from Paris and Versailles." The King returned from the chamber of the National Assembly to his palace on foot; the deputies crowded after him, and formed his escort, and that of the princes who accompanied him. The rage of the populace was pointed against the Count d'Artois, whose unfavourable opinion of the double representation was an odious crime in their eyes. They repeatedly cried out, *The King for ever, in spite of you and your opinions, Monseigneur.* One woman had the impudence to come up to the King, and ask him, whether what he had been doing was done sincerely; and whether he would not be forced to retract it.

The court-yards of the castle were thronged with an immense concourse of people; they demanded that the King and Queen should make their appearance in the balcony, with their children. The Queen gave me the key of the inner doors, which led to the dauphin's apartments, and desired me to go to the Duchess de Polignac, to tell her that she wanted her son, and had directed me to bring him myself into her room, where she waited for him to show him to the people. The duchess said

this order indicated, that she was not to accompany the prince. I did not answer; she squeezed my hand, saying, "Ah! Madame Campan, what a blow for me!" She embraced the child with tears, and bestowed a similar mark of attachment upon myself. She knew how much I loved and valued the goodness, and the noble frankness of her disposition. I endeavoured to compose her, by saying, that I should bring back the prince to her; but she persisted, and said she understood the order, and knew what it meant. She then retired into her private room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. One of the sub-governesses asked me, whether she might go with the dauphin: I told her the Queen had given no order to the contrary, and we hastened to her majesty, who was waiting for the prince, to show him from the balcony.

Having executed this painful commission, I went down into the court-yard, where I mingled with the crowd. I heard a thousand vociferations: it was easy to see, by the difference between the language and the dress of some persons among the mob, that they were in disguise. A woman, whose face was covered with a black lace veil, seized me by the arm, with some degree of violence, and said, calling me by my name, "I know you very well: tell your Queen not to meddle with government any longer: let her leave her husband and our good States-general, to effect the happiness of the people." At the same moment, a man, dressed much in the style of a market-man, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, seized me by the other arm, and said, "Yes, yes; tell her over and over again, that it will not be with these States as with the others, which produced no good to the people; that the nation is too enlightened in 1789, not to make something more of them: and that there will not now be seen, a deputy of the Tiers-etat making a speech with one knee on the ground: tell her this, do you hear?" I was struck with dread; the Queen then appeared in the balcony. "Ah!" said the woman in the veil, "the duchess is not with her." "No," replied the man, "but she is still at Versailles: she is working under ground, mole-like; but we shall know how to dig her out."

The detestable pair moved away from me, and I re-entered the palace, scarcely able to support myself. I thought it my duty to relate the dialogue of these two strangers to the Queen; she made me repeat the particulars to the King.

About four in the afternoon, I went across the terrace, to Madame Victoire's apartments; three men had stopped under the windows of the throne-chamber. "Here is that throne," said one of them aloud, "the vestiges of which will soon be sought for in vain." He added a thousand invectives against their majesties. I went in to the princess, who was at work alone in her closet, behind a canvass blind, which prevented her from being seen by those without. The three men were still walking upon the terrace; I showed them to her, and told her what they had said. She rose to take a nearer view of them, and informed me that one of them was named Saint-Huruge; that he was a creature of the Duke d'Orleans, and was furious against government, because he had been confined once under a lettre de cachet, as a bad character.

The King was not ignorant of all these popular threats; he also knew the days on which money was scattered about Paris, and once or twice the Queen prevented my going there, saying, there would certainly be a riot the next day, because she knew that a quantity of crown pieces had been distributed in the faubourgs.*

On the evening of the 14th of July, the King came to the Queen's apartments, where I was with her majesty alone; he conversed with her respecting the horrid report disseminated by the factious, that he had had the chamber of the National Assembly undermined, in order to blow it up; but, he added, that it became him to treat such silly assertions with contempt, as usual; I ventured to tell him, that I had, the evening before,

* I have seen a six-franc crown piece, which certainly served to pay some wretch on the night of the 12th of July; the words "*Midnight, 12th July, three pistols,*" were rather deeply engraven on it. They no doubt communicated a signal for the first insurrection.

Note by Madame Campan.

supped with M. Begouen, one of the deputies, who said that there were very respectable persons, who thought that this horrible contrivance had been proposed without the King's knowledge. "Then," said his majesty, "as the idea of such an atrocity did not seem absurd to so worthy a man as M. Begouen, I will order the chamber to be examined early to-morrow morning." In fact, it will be seen by the King's speech to the National Assembly, on the 15th of July, that the suspicions excited deserved his attention. "I know," says he, in the speech in question, "that unworthy insinuations have been spread about: I know there are those who have dared to assert, that your persons are not safe: can it be necessary to give you assurances upon the subject of reports so culpable, which a knowledge of my disposition ought to have refuted in their origin?"

The proceedings of the 15th of July produced no mitigation of the disturbances. Successive deputations of poissardes came to request the King to visit Paris, where his presence alone would put an end to the insurrection.

On the 16th, a committee was held in the King's apartments, at which a most important question was discussed, whether his majesty should quit Versailles, and set off with the troops, whom he had recently ordered to withdraw, or go to Paris, to tranquillize the minds of the people. The Queen was for the departure. On the evening of the 16th, she made me take all her jewels out of their cases, to collect them in one small box, which she might carry off in her own carriage. With my assistance, she burnt a large quantity of papers; for Versailles was then threatened with an early visit of armed men from Paris.

The Queen, on the morning of the 16th, before attending another committee at the King's, having got her jewels ready and looked over all her papers, gave me one folded up, but not sealed, and desired me not to read it until she should give me an order to do so from the King; and that then I was to execute its contents; but she returned, herself, about ten in the morning; the affair was decided: the army was to go away without the King; all those who were in imminent danger, were

to go at the same time. "The King will go to the Hotel de Ville to-morrow," said the Queen to me; "he did not choose this course for himself; there were long debates on the question; at last the King put an end to them, by rising and saying, '*Well, gentlemen, we must decide; am I to go or stay? I am ready to do either.*' The majority were for the King's stay; time will show whether the right choice has been made." I returned the Queen the paper she had given me, which was now useless: she read it to me; it contained her orders for the departure; I was to go with her, as well on account of my office about her person, as to serve as a governess to Madame. The Queen tore the paper, and said, with tears in her eyes, "When I wrote this, I thought it would be useful, but fate has ordered otherwise, to the misfortune of us all, as I much fear."

After the departure of the troops, the new administration received thanks: M. Necker was recalled. The artillery soldiers were undoubtedly corrupted. "Wherefore all these guns?" exclaimed the crowds of women who filled the streets: "Will you kill your mothers, your wives, your children?"—"Don't be afraid," answered the soldiers; "these guns shall sooner be levelled against the tyrant's palace, than against you."

The Count d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, and their children, set off at the same time with the troops.* The Duke and

* A few particulars, honourable to the bravery of the Prince de Condé, and relative to the birth of the Duke d'Enghien, which latter appear the more remarkable and affecting, when compared with his tragical end, will not be read without interest.

The Prince de Condé acquired reputation in his youth.—Instances were related of his courageous behaviour, at the battle of Artenback, in the seven years' war. It was said, that on being requested to remove ten paces to the left, in order to avoid the fire of a battery which was making horrid slaughter by his side, he replied to M. de Touraille, *I find none of these precautions in the history of the Great Condé.*

He afterwards distinguished himself at the battle of Minden, in 1759, charging the enemy at the head of his reserve, over a piece of meadow strewed with the bodies of officers of the gendarmerie and carbineers. His talents displayed themselves to still greater advantage when

Duchess de Polignac, their daughter, the Duchess de Guiche, the Countess Diana de Polignac, the Duke's sister, and the Abbé de Baliviere, also emigrated on the same night. Nothing could be more affecting than the parting of the Queen and her friend; the extremes of misfortune had banished from their minds the recollection of differences, to which political opinions alone had given rise. The Queen several times wished to go and embrace her once more, after their sorrowful adieu, but her motions were too closely watched; she was compelled to forego this last consolation, but she desired M. Campan to be present at the departure of the duchess, and gave him a purse of five hundred louis, desiring him to insist upon her allowing the Queen to lend her

he had a separate body of troops under his command, with which he gained several advantages over the Prince of Brunswick. Louis XV., by way of reward, gave him the enemy's cannon; and the Prince of Brunswick, afterwards visiting him at Chantilly, and not finding the guns there, the Prince de Condé having had them removed out of sight, said, *You were determined to conquer me twice—in war by your arms, and by your forbearance in peace.* The battle of Johannisberg carried his reputation to its height, for with an inferior reserve, he gained a complete victory over Prince Ferdinand. He held his council of war in the midst of a fire of musketry, and remained master of the field of battle.

The Duke de Bourbon, the son of the Prince de Condé, when scarcely past childhood, became enamoured of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and showed so much attachment, that he was married to that princess at the age of fourteen, though she was more than six years older than himself.* But it was determined that he should travel a year or two before he should be suffered to cohabit with his wife; he eluded the vigilance of those appointed to watch him, and carried her off from the convent in which she was placed. The Duchess de Bourbon was brought to bed of the Duke d'Enghien, in 1771, after having suffered pains, which women alone can conceive, for forty-eight hours. The child was born perfectly black and motionless. He was wrapped in linen, steeped in spirit of wine; but this experiment had nearly proved fatal to him, for by some means the linen took fire. The accident was, however, prevented from becoming fatal, by the care of the accoucheur and physician.

Note by the Editor.

* It was on occasion of this marriage, that Laujon composed his pretty piece, called the Lover of Fifteen.

that sum, to defray her expenses on the road. The Queen added, that she knew her situation; that she had often calculated her income, and the expenses occasioned by her place at court; that both husband and wife having no other fortune than their official salaries, could not possibly have saved anything, however differently people might think at Paris. M. Campan remained till midnight with the duchess, to see her get into her carriage. She was disguised as a *femme de chambre*, and got up in front of the berlin; she requested M. Campan to speak of her frequently to the Queen, and then quitted for ever that palace, that favour, and that influence, which had raised her up such cruel enemies. On their arrival at Sens, the travellers found the people in a state of insurrection; they asked all those who came from Paris, whether the Polignacs were still with the Queen. A group of inquisitive persons put that question to the Abbé de Baliviere, who answered them in the firmest tone, and with the most cavalier air, that they were far enough from Versailles, and that we had got rid of all such bad people. At the following stage, the postilion got upon the door step, and said to the duchess, "Madame, there are some good people left in the world: I recognised you all at Sens." They gave the worthy fellow a handful of gold.

On the breaking out of these disturbances, an old man, above seventy years of age, gave the Queen an extraordinary proof of attachment and fidelity. M. Peraque, a rich inhabitant of the colonies, father of M. d'Oudenarde, was coming from Brussels to Paris; while changing horses, he was met by a young man who was leaving France, and who recommended him, if he brought any letters from foreign countries, to burn them immediately, especially if he had any for the Queen. M. Peraque had one from the archduchess, the governante of the Low Countries, for her majesty. He thanked the stranger, and carefully concealed his packet; but as he approached Paris the insurrection appeared to him so general and so violent, that he thought no means could be relied on for securing this letter from seizure. He took upon him to unseal it, and learned it by heart, which

was a wonderful effort for a man at his time of life, as it contained four pages of writing. On his arrival at Paris he wrote it down, and then presented it to the Queen, telling her, that the feelings of an old and faithful subject had given him courage to form and execute such a resolution. The Queen received M. Peraque in her closet, and expressed her gratitude in an affecting manner, most honourable to the respectable old man. Her majesty thought the young stranger, who had apprised him of the state of Paris, was Prince George, of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was much attached to her, and who left Paris at that very time.

The Marchioness de Tourzel succeeded the Duchess de Polignac. She was selected by the Queen as being the mother of a family, and a woman of irreproachable conduct, and who had superintended the education of her own daughters with the greatest success.

The King went to Paris on the 17th of July, accompanied by the Marshal de Beauvau, the Duke de Villeroy, and the Duke de Villequier; he also took the Count d'Estaing,* and the Marquis de Nesle, who were then very popular, with him in his carriage. Twelve body guards, and the town guard of Versailles, escorted him to the *Pont-du-Jour*, near Sevres, where the Parisian guard was waiting for him. His departure caused equal grief and alarm to his friends, notwithstanding the calmness he evinced. The Queen restrained her tears and shut herself up in her private rooms with her family. She sent for several persons belonging to her court; their doors were locked. Terror had driven them away. A deadly silence reigned throughout the palace; fear was at its height; the King was hardly expected to return.† The Queen had a robe prepared for her, and sent orders to her stables to have all her equipages ready. She wrote

* The count used to go and dine with the butchers at Versailles; and flattered the people by the meanest condescensions.

Note by Madame Campan.

† For the particulars of this journey, see Ferriere's Memoirs, where they are related with equal feeling and sincerity.—*Note by the Editor.*

an address of a few lines for the Assembly, determining to go thither with her family, the officers of her palace, and her servants, if the King should be detained prisoner at Paris. She got this address by heart; I remember it began with these words: "Gentlemen, I come to place in your hands the wife and family of your sovereign; do not suffer those who have been united in Heaven, to be put asunder on earth." While she was repeating this address, her voice was often interrupted by her tears, and by the sorrowful exclamation, *They will never let him return!*

It was past four when the King, who had left Versailles at ten in the morning, entered the Hotel de Ville. At length, at six in the evening, M. de Lastours, the King's first page, arrived; he was not half an hour in coming from the barrier de la Conference to Versailles. Everybody knows that the moment of calm at Paris, was that in which the sovereign received the tricoloured cockade from M. Bailly, and placed it in his hat. A shout of *Vive le Roi!* arose on all sides; it had not been once uttered before; the King breathed again at that moment, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed that his heart stood in need of such shouts from the people. One of his equerries (M. de Cubieres) told him the people loved him, and that he ought never to have doubted it. The King replied in accents of profound sensibility: "Cubieres, the French loved Henry IV., and what king ever better deserved to be beloved?"*

* Louis XVI. cherished the memory of Henry IV.: he at that moment thought of his deplorable end; but he long before regarded him as a model for himself. This is what Soulavie says on the subject:—

"A tablet, with the inscription *Resurrexit*, placed upon the pedestal of the statue of Henry IV. on the accession of Louis XVI., flattered him exceedingly. '*What a fine compliment would that be*,' said he, '*were it but true; Tacitus himself never wrote anything so concise, or so happy.*'

"Louis XVI. wished to take the reign of that prince for a model. In the following year, the party that raised a commotion among the people, on account of the dearness of corn, removed the tablet inscribed *Resurrexit*, from the statue of Henry IV., and placed it under that of Louis XV., whose memory was then detested. Louis XVI., who was informed of it, withdrew into his private apartments, where he was

His return to Versailles filled his family with inexpressible joy; in the arms of the Queen, his sister, and his children, he congratulated himself that no accident had happened: and it was then that he repeated several times, "Happily, no blood has been shed, and I swear that never shall a drop of French blood be spilled by my order." A determination full of humanity, but too openly avowed in such factious times!

The King's last measure raised a hope in many, that general tranquillity would soon enable the Assembly to resume its labours, and bring its session to a close. The Queen never flattered herself with so favourable a result; M. Bailly's speech to the King, equally wounded her pride, and hurt her feelings. "Henry IV. conquered his people, and here are the people conquering their King." The word *conquest* offended her; she never forgave M. Bailly for his fine academical antithesis.

Five days after the King's visit to Paris, the departure of the troops, and the removal of the princes, and some of the nobility, whose influence seemed to alarm the people, a horrible deed committed by hired assassins, proved that the King had descended from his throne, without having effected a reconciliation with his people.

M. Foulon, who was added to the administration while M. de Broglie was commanding the army assembled at Versailles, had concealed himself at Viry. He was there recognised, and the peasants seized him, and dragged him to the Hotel de Ville. The death-cry was heard in the Assembly; the electors, the members of the committee, and M. de la Fayette, at that time the idol of Paris, in vain endeavoured to save the unfortunate man. After tormenting him, in a manner the particulars of which make humanity shudder, his body was dragged about the streets, and to the Palais Royal, and his heart was carried—(shall

found in a fever, shedding tears; and during the whole of that day, he could not be prevailed upon, either to dine, walk out, or sup. From this circumstance, we may judge what he endured at the commencement of the Revolution, when he was accused of not loving the French people."—*Note by the Editor.*

I tell it?) by women—in the midst of a bunch of white carnations.*

M. Berthier, M. Foulon's son-in-law, intendant of Paris, was seized at Compiègne, at the same time that his father-in-law was seized at Viry, and treated with still more persevering cruelty.

The Queen was always persuaded that this horrible deed was occasioned by some piece of indiscretion; and she imparted to me that M. Foulon had drawn up two memorials for the direction of the King's conduct, at the time of his being called to court, on the removal of M. Necker; and that these memorials contained two schemes, of totally different nature, for extricating the King from the dreadful situation in which he was placed. In the first of these projects, M. Foulon expressed himself without reserve, respecting the criminal views of the Duke d'Orleans; said that he ought to be put under arrest, and that no time should be lost in commencing a prosecution against him, while the criminal tribunals were still in existence; he likewise pointed out such deputies as should be apprehended at the same time, and advised the King not to part with his army until order was restored.

His other plan was, that the King ought to make himself master of the revolution before its complete explosion; he advised his majesty to go to the Assembly, and there, in person, to demand the minute books and papers, and to make the greatest sacrifices to satisfy the legitimate wishes of the people, and not to give the factious time to turn them to the aid of their criminal designs. Madame Adelaide had M. Foulon's two memorials read to her in the presence of four or five persons. One of them was very intimate with Madame de Staël,† and that intimacy gave the Queen reason to believe, that the opposite party had gained information of M. Foulon's schemes.

* This horrible circumstance is related nowhere else. No historian, no record of the time, makes any mention of it. It is probable the fact never took place: at least, for the honour of humanity, we ought to believe so.—*Note by the Editor.*

† Count L. de N.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

It is known that young Barnave, during the lamentable aberration of mind, since expiated by sincere repentance, and even by death, uttered these atrocious words: *Is then the blood now flowing so pure?* when M. Berthier's son came to the Assembly, to invoke the eloquence and filial piety of M. de Lally, to entreat that body to save his father's life. I have since been informed, that a son of M. Foulon, having returned to France, after these first ebullitions of the revolution, saw Barnave, and gave him one of those memorials, in which M. Foulon advised Louis XVI. to prevent the revolutionary explosion, by voluntarily granting all that the Assembly required, before the period of the 14th of July. "Read this memorial," said he; "I have brought it to increase your remorse: it is the only revenge I wish to inflict on you." Barnave burst into tears, and said all that the profoundest grief could dictate.

CHAPTER IV.

Creation of the National Guard—Departure of the Abbé de Vermond—The French Guards quit Versailles—Entertainment given by the Body Guards to the Regiment of Flanders—The King, the Queen, and the Dauphin, are present at it—Proceedings of the 5th and 6th of October: detestable Threats against the Queen—Devotedness of one of the Body Guard—The life of Marie Antoinette in danger—The Royal Family repair to Paris—Residence at the Tuileries—Change of feeling: The Queen applauded with enthusiasm by the Women of the Populace—Private Life—Ingenious Observations of the Dauphin—Affecting Anecdote—It is proposed to the Queen to quit her Family and France—Her noble refusal—She dedicates her attention to the Education of her Children—Picture of the Court—Anecdote respecting Luckner—Exasperating state of feeling.

After the 14th of July, by a manœuvre, for which the most skilful factions of any age might have envied the Assembly, the whole population of France was armed and organized into a national guard. A report was spread throughout France, on the same day, and almost at the same hour, that four thousand brigands were marching towards such towns or villages as it was wished to arm. Never was any plan better laid; terror spread at the same moment all over the kingdom, and found its way into the most retired districts. In 1791, a peasant showed me a steep rock in the mountains of the Mont d'Or, on which his wife concealed herself on the day when the four thousand brigands were to attack their village, and told me they had been obliged to make use of ropes to let her down from the place which fear alone had enabled her to climb.

Versailles was certainly the place where the national military uniform appeared most offensive. All the King's valets, even of the lowest class, were metamorphosed into lieutenants or cap-

tains; almost all the musicians of the chapel ventured one day to make their appearance at the King's mass in a military costume; and an *Italian soprano* sang a motetto in the garb of a grenadier captain. The King was very much offended at this conduct, and forbade his servants to appear in his presence in so unbecoming a dress.

The departure of the Duchess de Polignac naturally left the Abbé Vermond exposed to all the dangers of favouritism. He was already talked of as an adviser dangerous to the nation. The Queen was alarmed at it, and recommended him to remove to Valenciennes, where Count Esterhazy was in command. He was obliged to leave that place in a few days, and set off for Vienna, where he remained ever after.

On the night of the 17th of July, the Queen, being unable to sleep, made me watch by her until three in the morning. I was extremely surprised to hear her say, that it would be a very long time before the Abbé de Vermond would make his appearance at court again, even if the existing ferment should subside, because he would not readily be forgiven for his attachment to the Archbishop of Sens; and that she had lost in him a very devoted servant. Then, on a sudden, she remarked to me, that although he was not much prejudiced against me, I could not have much regard for him, because he could not bear my father-in-law to hold the place of secretary of the closet. She went on to say, that I must have studied the abbé's character; and, as I had sometimes drawn her portraits of living characters, in imitation of those which were fashionable in the time of Louis XIV., she desired me to sketch that of the abbé, as its features struck me, without any reserve. My astonishment was extreme: the Queen spoke of the man, who the day before was living in the greatest intimacy with her, with the utmost coolness, and as a person whom, perhaps, she might never see again! I remained petrified; the Queen persisted, and told me that he had been the enemy of my family for more than twelve years, without having been able to injure it in her opinion; so that I had no occasion to dread his return, however severely I might judge

of him. I promptly collected my ideas about the favourite; but I only remember that the portrait was drawn with sincerity, except that everything which could denote hatred, was kept out of it. I shall quote but one extract from it: I said that he had been born talkative and indiscreet, and had assumed a character of singularity and bluntness, in order to conceal those two failings. The Queen interrupted me, by saying, "Ah! how true that is!" I have, since that time, had an opportunity of discovering, that notwithstanding the high favour which the Abbé de Vermond enjoyed, the Queen took precautions to guard herself against an ascendancy, the consequence of which she could not calculate.

On the death of my father-in-law, his executors placed in my hands a box, containing a few jewels, deposited by the Queen with M. Campan, upon the departure from Versailles of the 6th of October, and two sealed packets, each inscribed, *Campan will take care of these papers for me.* I took the two packets to her majesty, who kept the jewels and the larger packet, and, returning me the smaller, said, "Take care of that for me, as your father-in-law did."

After the fatal day of the 10th of August, at the moment when my house was about to be surrounded, I determined to burn the most interesting papers of which I was the depositary; I though it however my duty to open this packet, which it might perhaps be necessary for me to preserve at all hazards. I saw that it contained a letter from the Abbé de Vermond to the Queen. I have already related, that in the earlier days of Madame de Polignac's favour, he determined to remove from Versailles, and that the Queen had recalled him by means of the Count de Mercy. This letter contained nothing but certain conditions for his return; it was the most whimsical of treaties: I confess I greatly regretted being under the necessity of destroying it. He reproached the Queen with her infatuation for the Countess Jules, her family, and associates; and told her several truths about the possible unfortunate consequences of a friendship which ranked that young lady among the favourites of

Queens of France, a title always disliked by the nation: He complained that his advice was neglected; and then came to the conditions of his return to Versailles: after strong assurances that he would never, in all his life, aim at the higher church dignities, he said that he delighted in an unbounded confidence, and that he asked but two things of her majesty, as essential; the first was, not to give him her orders through any third person, but to write to him herself: he complained much that he had had no letter in her own hand, since he had left Vienna: lastly, he demanded of her an income of eighty thousand livres, in ecclesiastical benefices; and concluded by saying, that if she condescended to write to him herself, she would set about procuring him what he wished, her letter would be sufficient in itself to show him, that her majesty had accepted the two conditions he ventured to make respecting his return. No doubt the letter was written; at least it is very certain that the abbeys were granted, and that his absence from Versailles lasted only a single week.

In the course of July, the regiment of French guards, which had been in a state of insurrection from the latter end of June, abandoned its colours. One single company of grenadiers remained faithful to its post at Versailles. The Baron de Leval commanded this company. He came every evening to request me to give the Queen an account of the disposition of his soldiers; but M. de la Fayette having sent them a note, they also deserted during the night, and joined their comrades, who were enrolled in the Paris guard; so that Louis XVI. on rising saw no guard whatever at the various posts.

The mad decrees of the 4th of August, by which all privileges were abolished, are well known.* The King sanctioned all that

* "It was during the night of the 4th of August," says Rivarol, "that the demagogues of the nobility, wearied with a protracted discussion upon the rights of man, and burning to signalize their zeal, rose all at once, and, with loud exclamations, called for the last sighs of the feudal system. This demand electrified the Assembly.

"All heads were frenzied. The younger sons of good families, having nothing, were delighted to sacrifice their too fortunate elders

tended to the diminution of his own personal gratifications; but refused his consent to the other decrees of that tumultuous night: this refusal was one of the chief causes of the ferments of the month of October.

In the early part of September, meetings were held at the Palais Royal, and propositions made to go to Versailles: it was said to be necessary to separate the King from his evil counsellors, and keep him, as well as the dauphin, at the Louvre. The proclamations by the municipal officers of the district, for the restoration of tranquillity, were ineffectual; but M. de la Fayette succeeded, this time, in dispersing the populace. The Assembly declared itself permanent; and during the whole of September, while, no doubt, the preparations were making for the great insurrections of the following month, the court was not disturbed.

The King had the Flanders regiment removed to Versailles; unfortunately the idea of fraternizing the officers of that regiment with the body guards, was conceived, and the latter invited the former to a dinner, which was given in the great theatre of Versailles, and not in the saloon of Hercules, as some chroniclers say. Boxes were appropriated to various persons who wished to be present at this entertainment. The Queen told me she had been advised to make her appearance on the occasion; but that under existing circumstances, she thought such a step might do

upon the altar of the country; a few country curates felt no less pleasure in renouncing the benefices of others; but, what posterity will hardly believe, is that the same enthusiasm infected the whole nobility; zeal walked hand in hand with malevolence: they made sacrifice upon sacrifice. And as in Japan, the point of honour lies in a man's killing himself in the presence of the person who has offended him, so did the deputies of the nobility vie in striking at themselves and their constituents. The people who were present at this noble conflict, increased the intoxication of their new allies, by their shouts; and the deputies of the commons, seeing that this memorable night would only afford them profit without honour, consoled their vanity by admiring what nobility, grafted upon the third estate, could do. They named that night the *night of dupes;* the nobles called it the *night of sacrifices.—Note by the Editor.*

more harm than good; and that, moreover, neither she nor the King, ought directly to have anything to do with such a festival. She ordered me to go, and desired me to observe everything closely, in order to give a faithful account of the whole affair.

The tables were set out upon the stage; around them were placed one of the body guard, and an officer of the Flanders regiment, alternately. There was a numerous orchestra in the room; and the boxes were filled with spectators. The air, *O Richard! O mon Roi!* was played, and shouts of *Vive le Roi* shook the roof for several minutes. I had one of my nieces, and a young person brought up along with Madame by her majesty, with me. They were crying *Vive le Roi*, with all their might, when a deputy of the third estate, who was in the next box to mine, and whom I had never seen, called to them, and reproached them for their exclamations; it hurt him, he said, to see young and handsome French women, brought up in such servile habits, screaming so outrageously for the life of one man, and with true fanaticism exalting him in their hearts above even their dearest relations: he told them what contempt worthy American women would feel on seeing French women thus corrupted from their earliest infancy. My niece replied with tolerable spirit; and I requested the deputy to put an end to the subject, which could by no means produce him any satisfaction, inasmuch as the young persons who were with me, lived, as well as myself, for the sole purpose of serving and loving the King. While I was thus checking the conversation, what was my astonishment at seeing the King, the Queen, and the dauphin, enter the chamber? it was M. de Luxembourg who had effected this change of determination in the Queen.

A general enthusiasm prevailed: the moment their majesties arrived, the orchestra renewed the air I have just mentioned, and afterwards played a song in the Deserter, "*Can we grieve those whom we love?*" which also made a powerful impression upon those present; on all sides were heard praises of their majesties, exclamations of affection, expressions of regret for

what they had suffered, clapping of hands, and shouts of *Vive le Roi, vive la Reine, vive le dauphin!* It has been said that white cockades were worn on this occasion; that was not the case; the fact is, that a few young men belonging to the national guard of Versailles, who were invited to the entertainment, turned the white lining of their national cockades outwards. All the military men quitted the chamber, and re-conducted the King and his family to their apartments. There was a mixture of intoxication with all these ebullitions of joy: a thousand extravagancies were committed by the military, and many of them danced under the King's windows; a soldier, belonging to the Flanders regiment, climbed up the balcony of the King's chamber, in order to shout *Vive le Roi* nearer his majesty; this very soldier, as I have been told by several officers of the corps, was one of the first and most dangerous of their insurgents in the riots of the 5th and 6th of October. On the same evening, another soldier of that regiment killed himself with a sword. One of my relations, chaplain to the Queen, who supped with me, saw him stretched out in a corner of the place of arms; he went to him to give him spiritual assistance, and received his confession and his last sighs. He destroyed himself from regret at having suffered himself to be corrupted by the enemies of his King; and said that since he had seen him, and the Queen, and the dauphin, remorse had turned his brain.

I returned home, delighted with all that I had seen: I found a great many people there: M. de Beaumetz, deputy for Arras, listened to my description with a chilling air, and when I had finished, told me that all that had passed was terrific; that he knew the disposition of the Assembly, and that the greatest misfortunes would follow close upon the drama of that night; and he begged my leave to withdraw, that he might take time for deliberate reflection, whether he should on the very next day emigrate, or pass over to the left side of the Assembly. He adopted the latter course, and never appeared again among my associates.

On the 2d of October, the military entertainment was followed

up by a breakfast given at the hotel of the body guards: it is said that a discussion took place, whether they should not march against the Assembly; but I am utterly ignorant of what passed at that breakfast. From that moment Paris was constantly in commotion; there were continual mobs, and the most virulent proposals were heard in all public places; the conversation was invariably about proceeding to Versailles. The King and Queen did not seem apprehensive of such a measure, and took no precaution against it; even when the army had actually left Paris, on the evening of the 5th of October, the King was shooting at Meudon, and the Queen was entirely alone in her gardens at Trianon, which she then beheld for the last time in her life. She was sitting in her grotto, absorbed in painful reflection, when she received a note from the Count de Saint Priest, entreating her to return to Versailles. M. de Cubieres at the same time went off to request the King would leave his sport, and return to his palace; the King did so on horseback, and very leisurely. A few minutes afterwards, he was informed that a numerous body of women, which preceded the Parisian army, was at Chaville, at the entrance of the avenue from Paris.

The scarcity of bread, and the entertainment of the body guards, were the pretexts for the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of October; but it is clear to demonstration, that this new movement of the people, was a part of the original plan of the factious, inasmuch as, ever since the beginning of September, a report had been industriously circulated, that the King intended to withdraw, with his family and ministers, to some strong hold; and at all the popular assemblies, there had been always much talk of going to Versailles to seize the King.

At first, only women showed themselves; the grated doors of the castle were closed, and the body guard and Flanders regiment were drawn up in the place of arms. As the details of that dreadful day are given with precision in several works, I will only observe, that consternation and disorder reigned throughout the interior of the castle.

I was not in attendance on the Queen at this time. M. Cam-

pan remained with her till two in the morning. As he was leaving her, she condescendingly, and with infinite kindness, desired him to make me easy as to the dangers of the moment, and to repeat to me M. de la Fayette's own words, which he had just used on soliciting the royal family to retire to bed, undertaking to answer for his army.

The Queen was far from relying upon M. de la Fayette's loyalty; but she has often told me, that she believed on that day, that La Fayette, having affirmed to the King, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, that he would answer for the army of Paris, would not risk his honour as a commander, and was sure of being able to redeem his pledge. She also thought the Parisian army was wholly devoted to him, and that all he said about his being forced to march upon Versailles was mere pretence.

On the first intimation of the march of the Parisians, the Count de Saint Priest prepared Rambouillet for the reception of the King, his family and suite, and the carriages were even drawn out; but a few cries of *Vive le Roi!* when the women reported his majesty's favourable answer, occasioned the intention of going away to be given up, and orders were given to the troops to withdraw.* The body guards were, however, assailed with stones and musketry, while they were passing from the *place*

* We shall not urge the necessity of comparing this account with the particulars given in the Memoirs of Ferrieres, Weber, and Bailly: all those readers who desire information, will feel the utility of this research. But a still more important testimony exists respecting these events, which had so unfortunate an influence; it is the testimony of a person who was at the time one of the King's ministers: it is, in short, the testimony of the very Count de Saint Priest, who is mentioned in this passage of Madame Campan's Memoirs. M. de Saint Priest, whose rank at court, whose place in the council, and whose attachment for the King, enabled him to see and know all that was passing, has left a valuable account of events, which his advice might have prevented, or at least delayed, if it had been followed. We owe this account to the kindness of M. de Saint Priest, the minister's son: it will be found among Madame Campan's Historical Illustrations, Note No. 2.

Note by the Editors.

of arms to their hotel. Alarm revived; again it was thought necessary that the royal family should go away; some carriages still remained ready for travelling, they were called for; they were stopped by a wretched player belonging to the theatre of the town, seconded by the mob: the opportunity for flight had been missed.

The insurrection was directed against the Queen in particular; I shudder even now at the recollection of the poissardes, or rather furies, who wore white aprons, which they screamed out were intended to receive the bowels of Marie Antoinette, and that they would make cockades of them; mixing the most obscene expressions with these horrible threats; such are the atrocious sentiments with which the ignorance and cruelty, to be found in the mass of every populace, can inspire them in times of disturbance! so necessary is it, that a vigorous and parental authority should, while it defends good citizens against their own failings, also guard them against all the calamities brought on by factions!

The Queen went to bed at two in the morning, and went to sleep, being tired out with the events of so distressing a day. She ordered her two women to go to bed, always imagining there was nothing to dread, at least, for that night; but the unfortunate princess was indebted for her life to that feeling of attachment, which prevented their obeying her. My sister, who was one of the two ladies in question, informed me the next day of all that I am about to relate.

On leaving the Queen's bedchamber, these ladies called their femmes de chambre, and all the four remained sitting together against her majesty's bedroom door. About half past four in the morning, they heard horrible yells and discharges of fire-arms; one ran in to the Queen to awaken her, and get her out of bed; my sister flew to the place from which the tumult seemed to proceed; she opened the door of the antechamber which leads to the great guard-room, and beheld one of the body guard holding his musket across the door, and attacked by a mob, who were striking at him; his face was covered with blood; he turned

round and exclaimed: "*Save the Queen, madame; they are come to assassinate her.*" She hastily shut the door upon the unfortunate victim of duty, fastened it with the great bolt, and took the same precaution on leaving the next room: on reaching the Queen's chamber, she cried out to her: *Get up, madame; don't stay to dress yourself; fly to the King's apartment.* The terrified Queen threw herself out of bed; they put a petticoat upon her without tying it, and the two ladies conducted her to the bull's eye. A door which led from the Queen's toilette-closet to that apartment, had never before been fastened, but on her side; it was found to be secured on the other side. What a dreadful moment! They knocked repeatedly with all their strength; a servant of one of the King's valets de chambre came and opened the door; the Queen entered the King's chamber, but he was not there. Alarmed for the Queen's life, he had gone down the staircase and through the corridors under the bull's eye, by means of which he was accustomed to go to the Queen's apartments, without being under the necessity of crossing that room. He entered her majesty's room, and found no one there but some body guards, who had taken refuge in it. The King, unwilling to expose their lives, told them to wait a few minutes, and afterwards sent to desire them to go to the bull's eye. Madame de Tourzel, at that time governess of the children of France, had just taken Madame and the dauphin to the King's apartments. The Queen saw her children again. The reader must imagine this scene of tenderness and despair.*

* It is in the middle of this very scene of *tenderness and despair*, that certain Memoirs, recently published in England, have endeavoured to inflict the most cruel blow that could possibly be aimed at the Queen. Madame Campan cannot have read, without a sentiment of equal indignation and grief, what they have attempted to pass under the authority of her name. We shall not explain ourselves farther, and we shall be commended for our reserve. We will merely add, that if they were desirous of putting an accusation against Marie Antoinette into the mouth of Madame Campan, they chose their time very ill, in fixing precisely on the moment wherein she has represented that princess in the most affecting and exalted point of view.—*Note by the Editor.*

It is true, that the assassins penetrated to the Queen's chamber, and pierced the bed with their swords. The fugitive body guards were the only persons who entered it; and if the crowd had reached so far, they would all have been massacred. Besides, when the rebels had forced the doors of the antechamber, the footmen and officers on duty, knowing that the Queen was no longer in her apartments, told them so, with that air of truth which always carries conviction. The abandoned horde instantly rushed towards the bull's eye, hoping, no doubt, to intercept her on her way.

Many have asserted that they recognised the Duke of Orleans, at half past four in the morning, in a great coat and slouched hat, at the top of the marble staircase, pointing out with his hand the guard-room, which preceded the Queen's apartments. This fact was deposed to at the Chatelet by several individuals in the course of the inquiry instituted, respecting the transactions of the 5th and 6th of October.*

The prudence and honourable feelings of several officers of the Parisian guards, and the judicious conduct of M. de Vaudreuil, lieutenant-general of marine, and of M. de Chevanne, one of the King's guards, brought about an understanding between the grandees of the national guard of Paris, and the King's guard. The doors of the bull's-eye were closed, and the antechamber, which precedes that room, was filled with grenadiers, who wanted to get in to massacre the guards. M. de Chevanne offered himself to them as a victim, if they wished for one, and demanded of them what they would have. A report had been spread through the ranks, that the body guards set them at defiance, and that they all wore black cockades. M. de Chevanne showed them that he wore, as did the corps, the cockade of their uniform; and promised that the guards should

* Justice and impartiality require us to direct the reader to the extract from the proceedings, which accompany Weber's Memoirs. It will be well to consult, with the Historical Illustrations (Note 2) we have before collected on that subject, those which are added under letter (E).
Note by the Editor.

exchange it for that of the nation; this was done; they even went so far as to change the grenadiers' caps for the hats of the body guards; those who were on guard took off their shoulder belts; embracings, and the transports of fraternization instantly succeeded to the savage eagerness to murder the band which had showed so much fidelity to its sovereign. The cry was now, *Vivent le Roi, la Nation, et les Gardes-du-corps!*

The army occupied the place d'armes, all the court-yards of the chateau, and the entrance to the avenue. They called for the Queen to appear in the balcony: she came forward with Madame and the dauphin. There was a cry of, *No children.* Was this with a view to deprive her of the interest she inspired, accompanied as she was by her young family; or did the leaders of the democrats hope that some madman would venture to aim a mortal blow at her person? The unfortunate princess certainly was impressed with the latter idea, for she sent away her children, and, with her hands and eyes raised towards heaven, advanced upon the balcony like a self-devoted victim.

A few voices shouted, *To Paris!* The exclamation soon became general. Before he agreed to this removal, the King wished to consult the National Assembly, and caused that body to be invited to sit at the castle. Mirabeau opposed this measure. While these discussions were going forward, it became more and more difficult to restrain the immense disorderly multitude. The King, without consulting any one, now said to the people: "You wish, my children, that I should accompany you to Paris: I consent, but on condition that I shall not be separated from my wife and family." The King added, that he required safety, also, for his guards; he was answered by shouts of, *Vive le Roi, vivent les gardes-du-corps!* The guards, with their hats in the air, turned so as to exhibit the cockade, shouted *Vive le Roi, vive la Nation!* shortly afterwards a general discharge of all the muskets took place, in token of joy. The King and Queen set off from Versailles at one o'clock; the dauphin, Madame, the King's daughter, Monsieur, Madame, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzel, were in the carriage; the

Princess de Chimay, and the ladies of the bedchamber for the week, the King's suite and servants followed in court carriages; a hundred deputies in carriages, and the bulk of the Parisian army closed the procession. Great God! what a procession!

The poissardes went before, and around the carriage of their majesties, crying, "We shall no longer want bread—we have the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy with us." In the midst of this troop of cannibals, the heads of two murdered body guards were carried on poles. The monsters, who made trophies of them, conceived the horrid idea of forcing a hair-dresser of Sevres to dress them up, and powder their bloody locks. The unfortunate man, who was forced to perform this dreadful work, died in consequence of the shock it gave him.*

The progress of the procession was so slow, that it was near six in the evening when this august family, made prisoners by their own people, arrived at the Hotel de Ville. Bailly received them there; they were placed upon a throne just when that of their ancestors had been overthrown. The King spoke in a firm, yet condescending manner: he said that *he always came with pleasure and confidence among the inhabitants of his good city of Paris.* M. Bailly repeated this observation to the representatives of the commune, who came to address the King; but he forgot the word *confidence.* The Queen, instantly, and loudly, reminded him of the omission. The King and Queen, their children, and Madame Elizabeth, retired to the Tuileries. Nothing was ready for their reception there. All the lodging-rooms had been long given up to persons belonging to the court; they hastily quitted them on that very day, leaving their furni-

* Nothing can be more destitute of proof, than the atrocity here spoken of by Madame Campan, and which is mentioned also in the *Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville;* it appears much better authenticated, that the remains of the unfortunate body guards, who so nobly fell victims to their duty and fidelity, were not borne, as was at first said, under the eyes of Marie Antoinette and the King. As Bertrand de Molleville has described this sad procession, we think it right to extract his description from his Memoirs. See Note (F).—*Note by the Editor.*

ture, which was purchased by the court. The Countess de la Marck, sister to the Marshals de Noailles and de Mouchy, was the occupier of the apartments, which were now appropriated to the Queen. Monsieur and Madame retired to the Luxembourg.

The Queen had sent for me on the morning of the 6th of October, to leave me and my father-in-law in charge of her most valuable property. She took away only her casket of diamonds. Count Gouvernet de la Tour-du-Pin, to whom the military government of Versailles was intrusted, *pro tempore*, came and gave orders to the national guard, which had taken possession of the apartments, to allow us to remove everything that we should deem necessary for the Queen's accommodation.

I saw her majesty alone in her private apartments, a moment before her departure for Paris; she could hardly speak; tears bedewed her face, to which all the blood in her body seemed to have rushed; she condescended to embrace me, gave her hand to M. Campan* to kiss, and said to us; "Come immediately and settle at Paris; I will lodge you at the Tuileries; come, and do not leave me henceforward; faithful servants, at moments like these, become useful friends: we are lost, dragged away, perhaps to death; when Kings become prisoners, they have not long to live."

I had frequent opportunities, during the course of our misfortunes, of observing that the people never obey factions with steadiness, but easily escape their control, when reflection or some other cause reminds them of their duty. As soon as the most violent jacobins had an opportunity of seeing the Queen more near at hand, of speaking to her, and of hearing her voice, they became her most zealous partisans; and even when she was in the prison of the Temple, several of those who had contributed to place her there, perished for having attempted to get her out again.

* Let me here pay a well merited tribute to the memory of my father-in-law. In the course of that one night he declined from the highest pitch of health into a languishing condition, which brought him to the grave in September, 1791.

On the morning of the 7th of October, the same women, who the day before surrounded the carriage of the august prisoners, riding on cannons, and uttering the most abusive language, assembled under the Queen's windows, upon the terrace of the castle, and desired to see her. Her majesty appeared. There are always among mobs of this description, orators, that is to say, beings who have more assurance than the rest; a woman of this disposition, setting up for counsellor, told her that she must now remove far from her all such courtiers as ruin Kings, and that she must love the inhabitants of her good city. The Queen answered that she had loved them at Versailles, and would likewise love them at Paris. *Yes, yes,* said another; *but on the 14th of July, you wanted to besiege the city, and have it bombarded: and on the 6th of October, you wanted to fly to the frontiers.* The Queen replied, affably, that they had been told so, and had believed it; that there lay the cause of the unhappiness of the people and of the best of Kings. A third addressed a few words to her in German; the Queen told her she did not understand it; that she had become so entirely French, as even to have forgotten her mother tongue. This declaration was answered with *bravos* and clapping of hands; they then desired her to make a compact with them: "Ah!" said she, "how can I make a compact with you, since you have no faith in that which my duty points out to me; and which I ought, for my own happiness to respect?" They asked her for the ribbons and flowers out of her hat; her majesty unfastened them herself and gave them; they were divided among the party, which, for above half an hour, cried out, without ceasing, *Marie Antoinette for ever! Our good Queen for ever!*

Two days after the King's arrival at Paris the city and the national guard sent to request the Queen to appear at the theatre, and prove, by her presence and the King's, that it was with pleasure they resided in their capital. I introduced the deputation which came to make this request. Her majesty replied, that should have infinite pleasure in acceding to the invitation of the city of Paris; but that time must be allowed

her to soften the recollection of the distressing events which had just occurred, and from which she had suffered too much. She added, that having come into Paris, preceded by the heads of the faithful guards, who had perished before the door of their sovereign, she could not think that such an entry into the capital ought to be followed by rejoicings; but that the happiness she had always felt in appearing in the midst of the inhabitants of Paris, was not effaced from her memory, and that she should enjoy it again, as heretofore, as soon as she should find herself able to do so.

Their majesties found some consolations in their private life:* from madame's gentleness of manners, and her tender attachment to the august authors of her days; from the accomplishments and vivacity of the little dauphin, and the attention and tenderness of the pious princess Elizabeth, they still derived moments of happiness. The young prince gave daily proofs of sensibility and penetration; he was not yet beyond female care; but a private tutor† gave him all the instruction suitable to his age; his memory was highly cultivated, and he recited verses with much grace and feeling.

The day after the arrival of the court at Paris, terrified at hearing some noise in the gardens of the Tuileries, he threw himself into the arms of the Queen, crying out: *Good God, mamma! is to-day yesterday again?* A few days after this affecting exclamation, he went up to the King, and looked at

* "On the 19th of October, that is to say, thirteen days after he had taken up his abode at Paris, the King went, almost alone and on foot, to review some detachments of the national guard. After the review, Louis XVI. met with a child sweeping the street, who asked him for money. The child called the King *M. le chevalier*. His majesty gave him six francs. The little sweeper, surprised at receiving so large a sum, cried out: 'Oh! I have no change, you will give me money another time.' A person who accompanied the monarch, said to the child: 'Keep it all, my friend; the gentleman is not *chevalier;* he is the eldest of the family.'"—*Note by the Editor.*

† The Abbé Davout, whose talents were proved by the astonishing progress of the young prince.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

him with a pensive air. The King asked him what he wanted; he answered, that he had something very serious to say to him. The King having prevailed on him to explain himself, the young prince requested to know, why his people, who formerly loved him so well, were all at once angry with him; and what he had done to irritate them so much. His father took him upon his knees, and spoke to him nearly as follows: "I wished, child, to render the people still happier than they were; I wanted money to pay the expenses occasioned by wars. I asked my people for money, as my predecessors have always done; magistrates, composing the parliament, opposed it, and said that my people alone had a right to consent to it. I assembled the principal inhabitants of every town, whether distinguished by birth, fortune, or talents, at Versailles; that is what is called the *States-general*. When they were assembled, they required concessions of me, which I could not make, either with due respect for myself, or with justice to you, who will be my successor: wicked men, inducing the people to rise, have occasioned the excesses of the last few days: the people must not be blamed for them."

The Queen made the young prince clearly comprehend, that he ought to treat the commanders of battalions, the officers of the national guard, and all the Parisians, who were about him, with affability: the child took great pains to please all those people; and when he had had an opportunity of replying obligingly to the mayor or members of the commune, he came and whispered in his mother's ear, "*Was that right?*"

He requested M. Bailly to show him the shield of Scipio, which is in the royal library; and M. Bailly, asking him which he preferred, Scipio or Hannibal, the young prince replied, without hesitation, that he preferred him who had defended his own country. He gave frequent proofs of ready wit. One day, while the Queen was hearing madame repeat her exercises in ancient history, the young princess could not, at the moment, recollect the name of the Queen of Carthage; the dauphin was hurt at his sister's want of memory; and though he never spoke

to her in the second person singular, he bethought himself of the expedient of saying to her, "But *dis donc* the name of the Queen, to mamma; *dis donc*, what her name was."*

Shortly after the arrival of the King and his family at Paris, the Duchess de Luynes came, in pursuance of the advice of a committee of Constitutionals, to propose to the Queen a temporary retirement from France, in order to leave the constitution to perfect itself; so that the patriots should not accuse her of influencing the King to oppose it. The duchess knew how far the schemes of the factious extended, and her attachment to the Queen was the principal cause of the advice she gave her. The Queen perfectly comprehended the Duchess de Luynes's motive; but replied that she would never leave either the King or her son; that if she thought herself alone obnoxious to public hatred, she would instantly offer her life as a sacrifice; but that it was the throne which was aimed at; and that, in abandoning the King, she should be merely committing an act of cowardice, since she saw no other advantage in it than that of saving her own life.

One evening, in the month of November 1790, I returned home rather late; I there found the Prince de Poix: he told me he came to request me to assist him in regaining his peace of mind; that at the commencement of the sittings of the National Assembly, he had suffered himself to be seduced into the hope of a better order of things; that he blushed for his error, and that he abhorred plans which had already produced such fatal results; that he broke off with the reformers for the rest of his life; that he had just given in his resignation as a deputy of the National Assembly; and finally, that he was anxious that the Queen should not sleep in ignorance of his sentiments. I undertook his commission, and acquitted myself of it in the best way I could; but I was totally unsuccessful. The Prince de Poix remained at court; he there suffered many mortifications, never ceasing to serve the King in the most dangerous

* The words *dis donc* (tell *thou* then), in French, have the same sound with *Didon* (Dido).—*Trans.*

commissions, with that zeal for which his house has always been distinguished.

When the King, the Queen, and their children, were suitably established at the Tuileries, as well as Madame Elizabeth and the Princess de Lamballe, the Queen resumed her usual habits: she employed her mornings in superintending the education of madame, who received all her lessons in her presence, and she herself began to work large pieces of tapestry. Her mind was too much occupied with passing events and surrounding dangers, to admit of her applying herself to reading; the needle was the only employment which would divert her mind.* She received the court twice a week before going to mass, and on those days dined in public with the King; she spent the rest of the time with her family and children: she had no concert, and did not go to the play until 1791, after the acceptation of the constitution.† The Princess de Lamballe, however, had some evening parties in her apartments at the Tuileries, which were tolerably brilliant, in consequence of the great number of persons who attended them. The Queen was present at a few of these assemblies; but being

* There is still at Paris, at the house of Mademoiselle Dubuquois, tapestry worker, a carpet worked by the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, for the large room of her majesty's ground-floor apartments at the Tuileries. The Empress Josephine saw and admired this carpet, and desired it might be preserved in hope of one day sending it to madame.
Note by Madame Campan.

† A judgment may be formed of the situation in which the Queen found herself placed during the earlier part of her residence at Paris, from the following letter written by her to the Duchess de Polignac:—
"I shed tears of affection on reading your letters. You talk of my courage: it required much less to go through that dreadful crisis which I had to suffer, than is daily necessary to endure our situation, our own griefs, those of our friends, and those of the persons who surround us. This is a heavy weight to sustain; and but for the strong ties by which my heart is bound to my husband, my children, and my friends, I should wish to sink under it. But you bear me up: I ought to sacrifice such feelings to your friendship. But it is I who bring misfortune on you all, and your troubles are on my account." —*History of Marie Antoinette,* by Montjoie.)—*Note by the Editor.*

soon convinced that her present situation forbade her appearing in large circles, she remained at home, and conversed as she sat at work.* The sole topic of her discourse was, as may well be supposed, the revolution; she sought to discover the real opinions of the Parisians respecting her, and how she could have so completely lost the affections of the people, and even of many persons in the higher ranks. She well knew that she ought to impute the whole to the spirit of party, to the hatred of the Duke d'Orleans, and the folly of the French, who desired to have a total change in the constitution; but she was not the less desirous of ascertaining the private feelings of all the people in power.†

* The Queen returned one evening from one of these assemblies very much affected: an English nobleman, who was playing at the same table with her majesty, ostentatiously displayed an enormous ring, in which was a lock of Oliver Cromwell's hair.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

† The Count d'Escherny, in the extract we are about to give, shrewdly describes the blind fury of those who overthrew the ancient edifice of monarchy, and the folly of such as, at this time, attempt to re-instate it upon the old basis.

"I picture France before the year 1789, to myself, as a great theatre, where magnificent operas were represented. The places were badly distributed: the pit paid all the expenses of the performance; the people in that part of the house were left standing, squeezed together, and uncomfortable, while the little band of the favourites of intrigue and fortune, reclined luxuriously in gilded niches and elegant recesses. But the crowd below drank in pleasure at all their senses, while the others were yawning above them. The wearisomeness of the boxes balanced the inconveniences of the pit. The latter, except so far as vanity (which is but a poor set-off against ennui) was concerned, was not the worst off; so that all were nearly satisfied.

"Certain men came and undertook to undeceive the pit, as to their enjoyments, and to persuade them that their pleasures, being mixed with vexations, were no pleasures at all. The stage revolved on a large pivot. They gave it a revolutionary movement, making it turn round on its own centre. They brought to sight what was before concealed by the scenes and curtains. They pushed back what was in front, and brought forward what was behind. They afterwards made holes in the scenes, undid the frame work and pullies, cut the cords, unhung the

From the very commencement of the revolution, General Luckner, indulged in violent sallies against her. Her majesty, knowing that I was acquainted with a lady who had been long connected with the general, desired me to discover, through that channel, what was the private motive, on which Luckner's hatred against her was founded. On being questioned upon this point, he answered, that Marshal de Segur had assured him, he had proposed him for the command of a camp of observation, but that the Queen had made a dash against his name; and that this *tash*, as he called it, in his German accent, he could not forget. The Queen ordered me to repeat this reply to the King myself, and said to him, "See, Sir, whether I was not right in telling you, that your ministers, in order to give themselves full scope in the distribution of favours, persuaded the French that I interfered in everything; there was not even a license given out in the country for the sale of salt or tobacco, but the people believed it was given to one of my favourites."—"That is very true," replied the King: "but I find it very difficult to believe that Marshal de Segur ever said any such thing to Luckner; he knew too well, that you never interfered in the distribution of favours. That Luckner is a good-for-nothing fellow, and Segur is a brave and honourable man, who never uttered such a false-

clouds, and, presenting to the astonished spectator all the oily, black, and smoky ruins: *Infatuated admirers!* cried they, *behold the objects of your fascination! these are your gods, your ancestors, your kings, your heroes! And now prostrate yourselves again!*

"He who, to help the French legislators out of their difficulties, should at this day, hold this language to them:—'Gentlemen, you see you are strugling in vain! You are drowning; anarchy is gaining upon you; you have but one course to pursue, that is to reinstate the theatre;'—a person who could say so would certainly be little better than an idiot. To him I should reply: My friend, the mischief is done; the illusion is destroyed, and that for some time to come. It will be long ere the raging sea will be anything more than so many pieces of paste-board; or the enchanted palaces, other than daubs upon rough cloth, lighted by mutton-fat."—*The Philosophy of Politics*, vol. ii., p. 202–204.

Note by the Editor.

hood; however, you are right; and because you provided for a few dependants, you are most unjustly reported to have disposed of all offices, civil and military.

All the nobility, who had not left Paris, made a point of presenting themselves assiduously to the King, and there was a considerable influx to the palace of the Tuileries. Marks of attachment were exhibited even in external symbols; the women wore enormous bouquets of lilies in their bosoms, and upon their heads, and sometimes even bunches of white ribbon. At the play, there were often disputes between the pit and the boxes, about removing these ornaments, which the people thought dangerous insignia. National cockades were sold in every corner of Paris; the sentinels stopped all who did not wear them; the young men piqued themselves upon breaking through this regulation, which was, in some degree, sanctioned by the acquiescence of the hapless Louis XVI. Frays took place, which were to be regretted, because they excited a spirit of rebellion. The King adopted conciliatory measures with the Assembly, in order to promote tranquillity; the revolutionists were but little disposed to think him sincere; unfortunately the royalists encouraged this incredulity, by incessantly repeating, that the King was not free, and that all that he did was completely null, and in no way bound him for the time to come. Such was the heat and violence of party spirit, that persons, the most sincerely attached to the King, were not even permitted to use the language of reason, and recommend greater reserve in conversation. People would talk and argue at table, without considering that all the servants belonged to the hostile army; and it may truly be said, there was as much imprudence and levity in the party assailed, as there was of cunning, boldness and perseverance, in that which made the attack.

CHAPTER V.

Affair of Favras—His Prosecution and Death—His Children are imprudently presented to the Queen—Plan laid for carrying off the Royal Family—Singular letter from the Empress Catharine to Louis XVI.—The Queen is unwilling to owe the Re-establishing of the Throne to the Emigrés—Death of the Emperor Joseph II.—First Negotiation between the Court and Mirabeau—Louis XVI. and his family inhabit Saint Cloud—New Plans for escaping.

In February, 1790, the affair of the unfortunate Favras gave the court much uneasiness; this individual had conceived the scheme of carrying off the King, and effecting what was then called a counter revolution.* Monsieur, probably out of mere benevolence, gave him some money, and thence arose a report, that he thereby wished to favour the execution of the enterprise. The step taken by Monsieur, in going to the Hotel de Ville to explain himself upon this affair, was unknown to the Queen; it is more than probable, that the King was acquainted with it. When judgment was pronounced upon M. de Favras, the Queen did not conceal from me her fears about the confessions of the unfortunate man in his last moments.

I sent a confidential person to the Hotel de Ville; she came to inform the Queen that the condemned had demanded to be taken from Notre Dame to the Hotel de Ville to make a final declaration, and give some particulars verifying it. These particulars compromised nobody; Favras corrected his last will after writing it over, and went to the scaffold with heroic courage and

*Vide, in the *illustrations*, the particulars given by Bertrand de Molleville, of this tragic episode of the revolution (letter G.)

Note by the Editor.

coolness. The judge who read his condemnation to him, told him that his life was a sacrifice which he owed to public tranquillity. It was asserted at the time, that Favras was given up as a victim, in order to satisfy the people, and save the Baron de Besenval, who was a prisoner in the Abbaye.*

* The *Biographie Universelle* gives the following particulars of the designs, prosecution, and death of this unfortunate man.

"Favras (Thomas Mahy, Marquis of), born at Blois in 1745, entered the service first in the corps of *mousquetaires*, and made the campaign of 1761 with them; he was afterwards captain and adjutant in Belsunce's regiment, and subsequently lieutenant of the Swiss guard of Monsieur, the King's brother: he resigned that commission in 1775, to go to Vienna, where he procured his wife to be acknowledged the only and legitimate daughter of the Prince d'Anhalt-Schauenbourg. He commanded a legion in Holland, on the insurrection against the Stadtholder, in 1787. Possessing a warm imagination, and a head fertile in expedients, Favras always had something to propose in all cases, and upon every point. He presented a great number of plans on the subject of finance: and at the breaking out of the revolution, he tendered some upon political measures, which rendered him an object of suspicion to the revolutionary party. It is well known, that in the highly excited state of the minds of the people, if the leaders of factions pointed out a victim, it was impossible for him to escape from popular fury. Favras was accused in the month of December, 1789, of having conspired against the revolution, and planned the introduction of armed men into Paris during the night, in order to make away with the three principal members of the administration, to attack the King's guard, to carry off the great seal, and even to remove the King and his family to Pironne. Having been arrested by order of the committee of inquiry of the National Assembly, he was transferred to the Chatelet, where he defended himself with much coolness and presence of mind, repelling the accusations brought against him by Morel, Turcati, and Marquie, with considerable force. These witnesses declared he had imparted his plan to them; it was to be carried into execution by 12,000 Swiss, and 12,000 Germans, who were to be assembled at Montargis, thence to march upon Paris, carry off the King, and assassinate Bailly, La Fayette, and Necker. The greater number of these charges he denied, and declared that the rest related only to the levy of a troop intended to favour the revolution preparing in Brabant. The judge having refused to disclose who had denounced him, he complained to the Assembly, which passed to the

On the morning of the Sunday following this execution, M. de la Villeurnoy* came to my house to tell me that he was going, on that very day, to the public dinner of the King and Queen, to present the widow Favras and her son, both of them in mourning for the brave Frenchman who fell a sacrifice for his King; and that all the royalists expected to see the Queen load the unfortunate family with favours. I did all that lay in my power to prevent this proceeding: I foresaw the effect it would have upon the Queen's feeling heart, and the painful constraint she would experience, having the horrible Santerre, the commandant of a battalion of the Parisian guard, behind her chair, during dinner time. I could not make M. de la Villeurnoy comprehend my argument; the Queen was gone to mass, surrounded by her whole court, and I had not even means of apprizing her of this intention.

When dinner was over, I heard a knocking at the door of my

order of the day. His death was obviously inevitable. During the whole time of the proceedings, the populace never ceased threatening the judges, and shouting, *A la lanterne!* It was even necessary to keep numerous troops and artillery, constantly ready to act, in the court-yard of the Chatelet. The judges, who had just acquitted M. de Besenval, in an affair nearly similar, doubtless dreaded the effects of this fury. When they refused to hear Favras's witnesses in exculpation, he compared them to the tribunal of the inquisition. The principal charge against him was founded on a letter from one M. de Foucault, asking him, "Where are your troops? in which direction will they enter Paris? I should like to be employed among them." Favras was condemned to make the amende honourable, in front of the cathedral, and to be hanged at the place de Grève. He heard this sentence with wonderful calmness, and said to the judges, 'I pity you much, if the testimony of two men is sufficient to induce you to condemn.' The judge, having said to him, 'I have no other consolation to hold out to you than that which religion affords:' he replied nobly, 'My greatest consolation is that which I derive from my innocence.'" (Biographie Universelle, Ancienne et Modern, vol. 14, page 221.)—*Note by the Editors.*

* M. de la Villeurnoy, master of the requests, was deported to Sinamary, on the 18th Fructidor, by the Executive Directory, and there died. *Note by Madame Campan.*

apartment, which opened into the corridor next that of the Queen; it was herself. She asked me whether there was anybody with me; I was alone: she threw herself into an arm-chair, and told me she came to weep entirely at her ease, with me, over the foolish conduct of the ultras of the King's party. "We must fall," said she, "attacked as we are by men, who possess extraordinary talent, and shrink from no crimes; while we are defended only by those who are, no doubt, very estimable, but have no adequate idea of our situation. They have exposed me to the animosity of both parties, by presenting the widow and son of Favras to me. Were I free to act as I wish, I should take the child of the man who has just sacrificed himself for us, and place him at table between the King and myself; but surrounded by the assassins who have destroyed his father, I did not dare even to cast my eyes upon him. The royalists will blame me for not having appeared interested in this poor child; the revolutionists will be enraged at the idea that his presentation should have been thought agreeable to me." However, the Queen added, that she knew Madame Favras's situation; that she was aware she was in want, and desired me to send her the next day, through a person who could be relied on, a few rouleaus of fifty louis, and to direct that she should be assured her majesty would always watch over her fortune, and that of her son.

The Queen wished to send some man devoted to the King's cause, with letters to the princes then at Turin. She cast her eyes upon an officer, a chevalier of Saint Louis, intimately connected with M. Campan's family, and of whom she had frequently heard me speak in terms of commendation. I did not hesitate a moment between the pleasure of seeing one of my friends entrusted with a commission which would do him honour, and the danger of entrusting that charge to a man whom I had the misfortune to see carried away by the fatal opinions of the times.* This I told the Queen, and entreated her to make

* In 1791, this man procured himself to be chosen one of the Legislative Assembly. So long as I had only his opinions to combat, I did

another selection. Her majesty was gratified by my sincerity; the commission was given to M. de J *** who, from that time, invariably evinced the greatest discretion, the most undoubted sagacity, and a zeal that never for a moment slackened.

In the month of March following, I had an opportunity of ascertaining the King's real sentiments respecting the schemes which were continually proposed to him for making his escape; one night, about ten o'clock, the Count d'Inisdal, who was deputed by the nobility, came to request I would hear him in private, as he had an important matter to communicate to me. He told me, that on that very night the King would be carried off; that the section of the national-guard, which was that day commanded by M. d'Aumont,* was gained over, and that sets of horses, furnished by some good royalists, were placed in relays at suitable distances; that he had just left a party of nobles assembled for the execution of this scheme, and that he had been sent to me, that I might, through the medium of the Queen, obtain the King's positive consent to it before midnight; that the King was aware of their plan; but that his majesty never would speak decidedly, and that at the moment of action, it was necessary he should consent to the undertaking. I remember that I greatly disobliged the Count d'Inisdal, by expressing my astonishment, that the nobility, at the moment of the execution of so important a project, should send to me, the Queen's first woman, to obtain a consent which ought to have been the basis

not cease to receive him. When I had his actions to dread, I requested him, from the very day of his installation in the Assembly, to visit me no more. He became afterwards a conventional——. But I was indebted to my principles and prudence for the satisfaction of having long ceased all communication with a man, who ranked himself among the enemies of my sovereigns, and subsequently was one of their murderers.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

* A brother of the Duke de Villequier, who had joined the revolutionary party: a man of now eight or respectability, who desired he might be called *James Aumont:* a far different man from his brave brother who always proved himself entirely devoted to the cause of his King.

Note by Madame Campan.

of any well concerted scheme. I told him, also, that it would be impossible for me to go at that time down into the Queen's apartments, without exciting the attention of the people in the antechambers; that the King was at cards with the Queen and his family, and that I never broke in upon their privacy, unless I was called for. I added, however, that M. Campan could enter, without being called, and that if he chose to give him his confidence, he might rely upon him. My father-in-law, to whom the Count d'Inisdal repeated what he had said to me, undertook the commission, and went to the Queen's apartments. The King was playing at whist with the Queen, Monsieur and Madame; Madame Elizabeth was kneeling upon a stool near the table. M. Campan informed the Queen of what had been communicated to me; nobody uttered a word. The Queen broke silence, and said to the King, "Do you hear, sir, what Campan says to us?"—"Yes, I hear," said the King, and continued his game. Monsieur, who was in the habit of introducing passages from plays into his conversation, said to my father-in-law, "M. Campan, *that pretty little couplet again*, if you please;" and pressed the King to reply. At length the Queen said, "But something must be said to Campan." The King then spoke to my father-in-law in these words: "*Tell M. d'Inisdal that I cannot consent to be carried off!*" The Queen enjoined M. Campan to take care and report this answer faithfully. "*You understand*," added she, "*the King cannot consent to be carried off.*" The Count d'Inisdal was very much dissatisfied with the King's answer, and went out, saying, "I understand—he wishes to throw all the blame, beforehand, upon those who are to devote themselves for him." He went away, and I thought the enterprise would be abandoned. However, the Queen remained alone with me till midnight, preparing her cases of valuables, and ordered me not to go to bed. She imagined the King's answer would be understood as a tacit consent, and merely a refusal to participate in the design. I do not know what passed in the King's apartments during the night; but I occasionally looked at his windows: I saw the garden clear; I heard no noise in the palace,

and day at length confirmed my opinion, that the project had been given up. "*We must, however, fly,*" said the Queen to me, shortly afterwards: "*Who knows how far the factious may go? The danger increases every day.*"* This princess received advice and memorials from all quarters. Rivarol addressed several to her, which I read to her. They were full of ingenious observations; but the Queen did not find that they contained anything of essential service, under the circumstances in which the royal family was placed. The Count de Moustier also sent memorials and plans of conduct. I remember, that in one of his writings, he said to the King, "Read Telemachus again, Sire; in that book, which delighted your majesty in infancy, you will find the first seeds of those principles, which, erroneously followed up by men of ardent imaginations, are bringing on the explosion we expect every moment." I read so many of these memorials, that I could hardly give a faithful account of them, and I am determined to note in this work no other events, than such as I witnessed; no other words than such as (notwithstanding the lapse of time) still, in some measure, vibrate in my ears.

The Count de Segur, on his return from Russia, was employed

* If the following anecdote be not true, it is, after what we have just read, at least very probable.

"The disturbances of the 13th of April, 1790, occasioned by the warmth of the discussions upon Don Gerlé's imprudent motion in the National Assembly, having afforded room for apprehension that the enemies of the country would endeavour to carry off the King from the capital, M. de la Fayette promised to keep a good look out, and told Louis XVI. that if he saw any alarming movements among the disaffected, he would give him notice of it, by the discharge of a cannon from Henry IV.'s battery upon the Pont Neuf. On the same night, a few casual discharges of musketry were heard from the terrace of the Tuileries. The King, deceived by the noise, flew to the Queen's apartments; he did not find her in her room; he ran to the dauphin's room, where he found the Queen holding her son in her arms. 'Madame,' said the King to her, 'I have been seeking you; I was uneasy about you.' The Queen showing her son, said to him, 'I was at my station.' This answer was perfectly worthy of the Queen's maternal feelings."—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.—Note by the Editor.*

some time by the Queen, and had a certain degree of influence over her; but that did not last long. Count Augustus de la Marck likewise endeavoured to negotiate for the King's advantage, with the leaders of the factious. M. de Fontanges, archbishop of Toulouse, possessed also the Queen's confidence; but none of the endeavours which were made at home, produced any beneficial result. The Empress Catherine II. also conveyed her opinion upon the situation of Louis XVI. to the Queen, and her majesty made me read a few lines in the Empress's own handwriting, which concluded with these words: "Kings ought to proceed in their career, undisturbed by the cries of the people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of dogs." I shall certainly not enter into any discussion on this maxim of the despotic sovereign of Russia; but it was very inapplicable to the situation of a captive king.

All this private advice, whether given from abroad or at home, led to no decision of which the court could avail itself. Meanwhile the revolutionary party followed up its audacious enterprise in a determined manner, without meeting any opposition. The advice from without, as well from Coblentz as from Vienna, made various impressions upon the members of the royal family, and those cabinets were not in accordance with each other. I often had reason to infer, from what the Queen said to me, that she thought the King, by leaving all the honour of restoring order to the Coblentz party, would, on the return of the emigrants, be put under a kind of guardianship, which would increase his own misfortunes. She frequently said to me, "If the emigrants succeed, they will give the law for a long time; it will be impossible to refuse them anything; to owe the crown to them, would be contracting too great an obligation." It always appeared to me, that she wished her own family to counterbalance the deserts of the emigrants by disinterested services. She was fearful of M. de Calonne, and with good reason. She had proof that this minister was become her bitterest enemy, and that he made use of the basest and most criminal means, in order to blacken her reputation. I can *testify*, that I have seen

in the hands of the Queen, a manuscript copy of the infamous memoirs of the woman Lamotte, which had been brought to her from London, and in which all those passages, where a total ignorance of the customs of courts had occasioned that wretched woman to make blunders which would have been too palpable, were corrected in M. de Calonne's own handwriting.

The two King's guards who were wounded at her majesty's door, on the 6th of October, were M. du Repaire and M. de Miomandre de Sainte-Marie; on the dreadful night of the 6th of October, the latter took the post of the former, the moment he became incapable of maintaining it.

M. de Miomandre was at Paris, living on terms of friendship with another of the guards who, on the same day, received a gunshot wound from the brigands in another part of the castle. These two officers, who were attended and cured together at the infirmary of Versailles,* were almost constant companions; they were recognised at the Palais Royal, and insulted. The Queen thought it advisable for them to quit Paris. She desired me to write to M. de Miomandre de Sainte-Marie, and tell him to come to me at eight o'clock in the evening; and then to communicate to him her wish to hear of his being in safety; and ordered me, when he had made up his mind to go, to open her chest, and tell him in her name, that gold could not repay such a service as he

* A considerable number of the body guards, who were wounded on the 6th of October, betook themselves to the infirmary at Versailles. The presence of mind of M. Voisin, head surgeon of that infirmary, saved their lives. The brigands wanted to make their way into the infirmary, in order to massacre them. M. Voisin ran to the entrance-hall, invited the assailants to refresh themselves; ordered some wine to be brought, and found means to direct the superior to remove the guards into a ward appropriated to the poor, and to dress them in the caps and great coats furnished by the Institution. The good sisters executed this order with so much promptitude, that the guards were removed, dressed as paupers, and their beds fresh made, while the assassins were loitering to drink. They searched all the wards, and fancied they saw no persons there but the sick poor; thus the guards were saved.

Note by Madame Campan.

had rendered; that she hoped some day to be in sufficiently happy circumstances to recompense him as she ought; but that for the present, her offer of money was only that of a sister to a brother situated as he then was, and that she requested he would take whatever might be necessary to discharge his debts at Paris, and defray the expenses of his journey. She told me also, to desire he would bring his friend Bertrand with him, and to make him the same offer as I was to make to M. de Miomandre.

The two guards came at the appointed hour, and accepted, I think, each one or two hundred louis. A moment afterwards, the Queen opened my door; she was accompanied by the King and Madame Elizabeth; the King stood with his back against the fire-place; the Queen sat down upon a sofa, and Madame Elizabeth sat near her; I placed myself behind the Queen, and the two guards stood facing the King. The Queen told them that the King wished to see, before they went away, two of the brave men who had afforded him the strongest proofs of courage and attachment. Miomandre spoke, and said all that the Queen's affecting and flattering observations were calculated to inspire. Madame Elizabeth spoke of the King's sensibility; the Queen resumed the subject of their speedy departure, urging the necessity of it; the King was silent; but his emotion was evident, and his eyes were suffused with the tears of sensibility. The Queen rose, the King went out, and Madame Elizabeth followed him; the Queen stopped and said to me, in the recess of a window: "I am sorry I brought the King here! I am sure Elizabeth thinks with me: if the King had but given utterance to a fourth part of what he thinks of those brave men, they would have been in ecstasies; but he cannot overcome his diffidence."

The Emperor Joseph died about this time. The Queen's grief was not excessive: that brother, of whom she had been so proud, and whom she had loved so tenderly, had probably suffered greatly in her affections: she reproached him sometimes, though with great moderation, for having adopted several of the principles of the new philosophy, and perhaps she knew that he

looked upon our troubles with the eye of the sovereign of Germany, rather than that of the brother of the Queen of France.*

Mirabeau never entirely gave up the hope of becoming the last resource of the oppressed court; and I remember that at this time some communications passed between the Queen and him. The question was about an office to be conferred upon him. This transpired, and it must have been about this period that the Assembly decreed, that no deputy could hold an office as a minister of the King until the expiration of two years after the cessation of his legislative functions. I know that the Queen was much hurt at this decision, and considered that the court had lost a promising opening.

The palace of the Tuileries was a very disagreeable residence during the summer, which made the Queen wish to go to Saint Cloud. The removal was decided on without any opposition: the national guard of Paris followed the court thither. At this period new plans of escape were presented; nothing would have been more easy, at that time, than to execute them. The King had obtained leave to go out without guards, and to be accompanied only by an aide-de-camp of M. de La Fayette. The Queen also had one on duty with her, and so had the dauphin. The King and Queen often went out at four in the afternoon, and did not return until eight or nine.

This is one of the plans of emigration which the Queen communicated to me, the execution of which seemed infallible. The royal family were to meet in a wood four leagues from Saint Cloud; some persons, who could be fully relied on, were to accompany the King, who was always followed by his equerries and pages; the Queen was to join him with her daughter and

* The Emperor Joseph sent the Queen an engraving, which represented unfrocked nuns and monks. The first were trying on fashionable dresses, the latter were getting their hair dressed; this engraving was always left in a closet, and never hung up. The Queen told me to have it taken away; for that she was hurt to see how much influence the philosophers had over her brother's mind and actions.

Note by Madame Campan.

Madame Elizabeth: these princesses, as well as the Queen, had equerries and pages, of whose fidelity no doubt could be entertained. The dauphin, likewise, was to have been at the place of rendezvous with Madame Tourzel: a large berlin and a chaise for the attendants, were sufficient for the whole family; the aides-de-camp were to have been gained over or mastered. The King was to leave a letter for the National Assembly upon his bureau at St. Cloud. The people in the service of the King and Queen would have waited until nine in the evening without anxiety, because the family sometimes did not return until that hour. The letter could not be forwarded to Paris until ten o'clock at the earliest. The Assembly would not be sitting at that hour; the president must have been sought for at his own house or elsewhere; it would have been midnight before the Assembly could have been summoned, and couriers could have been sent off to have the royal family stopped; but the latter would have been six or seven hours beforehand, as they would have started at six leagues distance from Paris; and at this period travelling was not as yet impeded in France. The Queen approved of this plan; but I did not venture to interrogate her, and I even thought if it was put in execution, she would leave me in ignorance of it. One evening in the month of June, the people of the castle, finding the King did not return by nine o'clock, were walking about the court-yards in a state of great anxiety. I thought the family was gone, and I could scarcely breathe amidst the confusion of my good wishes, when I heard the sound of the carriages. I confessed to the Queen that I thought she had set off; she told me she must first wait until the King's aunts had quitted France, and afterwards see whether the plan agreed with those formed abroad.*

* On his return from one of the visits to St. Cloud, the King wrote to the Duchess de Polignac:—

"I am returned from the country; the air has been of service to us; but how changed did the retreat appear to us! How desolate was the breakfast room! Neither of you were there. I do not give up the hope of our meeting there again: but when? I know not. How many

CHAPTER VI.

First Federation—Attempts to assassinate the Queen—Remarkable Observations of that Princess—Affecting Scene—Account of the Affair of Nancy, written by Madame Campan, at night, in the Council Chamber, by the King's Dictation—Madame Campan calumniated—Marks of confidence bestowed upon her by the Queen—Interview between that Princess and Mirabeau in the Gardens of Saint Cloud—He treats with the Court—Scoffs of the Revolutionary Party—Plan formed by the Princes for re-entering France through Lyons—Imprudence of persons attached to the Queen—Anecdote relative to M. de la Fayette—Departure of the King's Aunts—Death of Mirabeau.

THERE was a meeting at Paris for the first federation on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille.

things we shall have to say to one another! Your friend preserves her health, in spite of all the misfortunes which press upon her. Adieu, duchess! speak of me to your husband and all around you: and understand that I shall not be happy until the day I find myself with my old friends again."

"The farther the first National Assembly advanced in its labours," adds Montjoie, by whom this letter is given, "the more unhappy the Queen found herself." We have a proof of this, in these few words, from another note from Louis XVI., to the Duchess de Polignac :—

"For the last eighteen months, we have seen and heard nothing but disagreeable things: we do not lose our temper, but we are hurt and rendered melancholy at being thwarted in everything, and particularly at being misrepresented."

In a former letter from the King to the duchess, the following passage occurs:—

"Your friend is unhappy and exceedingly misrepresented; but I flatter myself that justice will one day be done to her. Still the wicked are very active; they are more readily believed than the good; you are a striking proof of it." (*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie, page 262.)—*Note by the Editor.*

What an astonishing assemblage was this, of four hundred thousand men, amongst whom there were not perhaps two hundred, who did not believe that the King found happiness and glory in the order of things then establishing. The love which was borne him by all, with the exception of those who meditated his ruin, still reigned in full force in the hearts of all the French of the departments; but if I may judge from those whom I had an opportunity of seeing, it was totally impossible to enlighten them, and rouse them from their enchantment; they were as much attached to the King as to the constitution, and to the constitution as to the King; and it was impossible to separate the one from the other, in their hearts and minds.*

* To the particulars respecting the federation contained in the *Memoirs, by Ferrieres*, we add the following. On one hand, they describe the enthusiasm excited by that festival, even among the English; and, on the other, characterize the far too licentious freedom of their stage.

"Two deputies from Nantes, who were sent to England to cement the fraternal union between the London revolutionary club, and all the friends of the French constitution, wrote the following letter:—

"'From all that we have seen and known, we can assure you, that the people of London are, at least, as enthusiastic on the subject of the French revolution, as the people of France. We went yesterday to see the opera of *The Confederation of the French at the Champ de Mars*. This piece has been played daily for six weeks. The house is filled by five o'clock, though the performance does not begin till seven. When we got there, there was no room; but as soon as they heard us speak French, without knowing us, they hastened to place us in the front of the boxes; they paid us every possible attention, and forced refreshments upon us.

"'The first act of this opera represents the arrival of several people at Paris, to the federation.

"'The second, the works of the Champ de Mars.

"'The third, the Confederation itself.

"'In the second act, capuchins are seen in grenadier caps, girls caressing abbés, the King comes in, and chops with a hatchet; everybody at work, and singing: *Ça ira, ça ira.*

"'At the third act, you see the municipal officers in scarfs, the National Assembly, the National Guard, officiating ministers in pontifical dresses, and priests singing. A regiment of children singing, *Moi je suis sol-*

The court returned to Saint Cloud after the federation: a wretch, named Rotondo, made his way into the palace, with the intention of assassinating the Queen. It is known that he penetrated to the inner gardens: the rain prevented her majesty from going out on that day. M. de la Fayette, who was aware of this plot, gave all the sentinels the strictest countersigns, and a description of the monster was distributed throughout the palace by order of the general. I do not know how he was saved from punishment. A counter police, belonging to the King, discovered that there was likewise a scheme on foot for poisoning the Queen. She spoke to me, as well as to her head physician, M. Vicq-d'Azyr, about it, without the slightest emotion. Both he and myself considered what precautions it would be proper to take; he relied much upon the Queen's temperance; yet he recommended me to have always a bottle of oil of sweet almonds within reach, and to renew it occasionally; that oil and milk being, as is known, the most certain antidotes to the devellication of corrosive poisons. The Queen had a habit, which rendered M. Vicq-d'Azyr particularly uneasy; there was always some pounded sugar upon the table in her majesty's bedchamber; and she frequently, without even calling anybody, put spoonfuls of it into a glass of water when she wished to drink. It was agreed that I should get a considerable quantity of sugar powdered; that I should always have some papers of it in my bag, and that three or four times a day, when alone in the Queen's room, I should substitute it for that in her sugar basin. We knew that the Queen would have prevented all such precautions, but we were not aware of her motive. One day she caught me alone, making such an exchange as I speak of, and told me she supposed it was an operation agreed on between myself and M. Vicq-d'Azyr, but that I gave myself very unnecessary trouble. "Remember," added she, "that not a grain of poison will be

dat pour la patrie, in French and English. All this appears to us something new upon the banks of the Thames, and every verse is encored, and enthusiastically applauded.'"—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. iv.—*Note by the Editor.*

used against me. The Brinvilliers do not belong to this century: this age possesses calumny, which is a much more convenient instrument of death; and it is by that I shall perish."

While similar melancholy presentiments, and the most criminal projects, afflicted and rent the heart of this unfortunate princess, the sincerest manifestations of attachment to her person, and to the King's cause, would frequently raise agreeable illusions in her mind, or present to her the affecting spectacle of tears shed for her sorrows. I was one day, during this same visit at Saint Cloud, witness of a very touching scene, which we took great care to keep secret. It was four in the afternoon; the guard was not set; there was scarcely anybody at Saint Cloud that day, and I was reading to the Queen, who was at work in a room, the balcony of which hung over the court-yard. The windows were closed, yet we heard a sort of murmur from a great number of voices, which seemed to articulate only stifled sounds. The Queen desired me to go and see what it was; I raised the muslin curtain, and perceived more than fifty persons beneath the balcony: this group consisted of women, young and old, perfectly well dressed in the country costume, old chevaliers of Saint Louis, young knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the Queen it was probably an assemblage of persons residing in the neighbourhood, who wished to see her. She rose, opened the window, and appeared in the balcony; immediately all these worthy people said to her, in an under tone: "Courage, madame; good Frenchmen suffer for you, and with you; they pray for you; Heaven will hear their prayers: we love you, we respect you, we will continue to venerate our virtuous King." The Queen burst into tears, and held her handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor Queen! she weeps!" said the women and young girls: but the dread of exposing her majesty, and even the persons who showed so much affection for her, prompted me to take her hand, and prevail upon her to retire into her room; and, raising my eyes, I gave the excellent people to understand that my conduct was dictated by prudence. They comprehended me, for I heard, *that lady is in the right;*

and afterwards, *Farewell, madame!* from several of them; and all this in accents of feeling so genuine and so mournful, that I am affected at the recollection of them even after a lapse of twenty years.

A few days afterwards, the insurrection of Nancy took place. Only the apparent cause of this insurrection is known; there was another, of which I might have been in full possession, if the great confusion I was in upon the subject, had not deprived me of the power of paying attention to it: I will endeavour to explain myself. In the early part of September, the Queen, as she was going to bed, desired me to let all her people go, and to remain with her myself: when were alone, she said to me: "The King will come here at midnight. You know that he has always shown you marks of distinction; he now proves his confidence in you, by selecting you to write down the whole affair of Nancy from his dictation. He must have several copies of it." At midnight the King came to the Queen's apartments, and said to me, smiling: "You did not expect to become my secretary, and that too during the night." I followed the King into the council chamber. I found there a blank paper book, an inkstand, and pens all ready prepared. He sat down by my side, and dictated to me the report of the Marquis de Bouillé, which he himself copied at the same time. My hand trembled; I wrote with difficulty; my reflections scarcely left me sufficient power of attention to listen to the King. The large table, the velvet carpet, seats which ought to have been filled by none but the King's chief counsellors; what that chamber had been, and what it was at that moment, when the King was employing a woman in an office which had so little affinity with her ordinary functions; the misfortunes which had brought him to the necessity of doing so; those which my affection, and my apprehension for my sovereigns, made me still dread—all these ideas made such an impression upon me, that when I had returned to the Queen's apartments, I could not sleep for the remainder of the night, nor could I remember what I had written.

The more I saw that I had the happiness to be of some utility

to my employers, the more scrupulously careful was I to live entirely with my family, and I never indulged in any conversation which could betray the intimacy into which I was admitted; but nothing at court remains long concealed, and I soon saw I had numerous enemies. The means of injuring others, especially in the minds of sovereigns, are but too easy; they were become still more so, since mere suspicion of communication with the partisans of the revolution, was sufficient to forfeit the esteem and confidence of the King and Queen; happily, my conduct protected me against the dangers of calumny. I had left Saint Cloud two days, when I received at Paris, a note from the Queen, containing these words: "Come to Saint Cloud immediately; I have something concerning you to communicate." I set off without loss of time. Her majesty told me she had a sacrifice to request of me: I answered that it was made. She said it went so far as the renunciation of a friend's society; that such a renunciation was always painful, but that it must be particularly so to me; that, for her own part, perhaps it might have suited her very well, that a deputy, a man of talent, should be constantly received at my house, which might be extremely useful to her; but that, at this moment, she thought only of my welfare. The Queen then informed me, that the ladies of the bedchamber had, the preceding evening, assured her that M. de Beaumetz, deputy from the nobility of Artois, who had taken his seat on the left of the Assembly, spent his whole time at my house. Perceiving upon what false grounds the attempt to injure me was founded, I replied respectfully, but at the same time smiling, that it was impossible for me to make the sacrifice exacted by her majesty; that M. de Beaumetz, a man of great judgment, had not determined to cross over to the left of the Assembly, with the intention of afterwards coming to make himself unpopular, by spending his time with the Queen's first woman; and that ever since the 1st of October, 1789, I had seen him nowhere but at the play, or in the public walks, and even then without his ever coming to speak to me; that this line of conduct had appeared to me perfectly consistent; for that,

whether he was desirous to please the popular party, or to be sought after by the court, he could not act in any other way towards me. The Queen closed this explanation, by saying, "Oh! it is clear, as clear as the day! this opportunity of attempting to do you an injury is very ill chosen; but be cautious in your slightest actions; you perceive that the confidence placed in you by the King and myself, creates you powerful enemies."

The private communications which were still kept up between the Court and Mirabeau, at length procured him an interview with the Queen, in the gardens of Saint Cloud.* He left Paris on horseback, on pretence of going into the country, to M. de Clavieres, one of our friends; but he stopped at one of the gates of the garden of Saint Cloud, and was led, I know not by whom, to a spot situated in the most elevated part of the private garden, where the Queen was waiting for him. She told me she accosted him, by saying, "With a common enemy, with a man who had sworn to destroy manarchy, without appreciating its utility among a great people, I should at this moment be guilty of a most ill-advised step: but in speaking to a Mirabeau," &c. The poor Queen was delighted at having discovered this method of exalting him above all others of his principles, and in imparting the particulars of this interview to me, she said, "Do you know, that those words, 'a Mirabeau,' appeared to flatter him exceedingly." However, to the best of my judgment, it was flattering him but little, for his abilities did more harm than ever they could do good. On leaving the Queen, he said to her with warmth: "Madam, the monarchy is saved!"† It must have been soon afterwards, that Mirabeau received very considerable sums of money. He suffered it to appear too plainly,

* It was not in her apartments, as is asserted by M. de Lacretelle, that the Queen received Mirabeau; his person was too generally known; she went alone into her garden, to a round tuft of ground, which is still upon the heights of the private garden of Saint Cloud.

Note by Madame Campan.

† Vide the anecdote given in Weber's Memoirs, vol. II., upon the subject of this interview.—*Note by the Editor.*

by the increase of his expenditure. Already did some of his remarks upon the necessity of arresting the progress of the factious, circulate in society.—Being once invited to meet a person at dinner, who was very much attached to the Queen, he learned that that person withdrew, on hearing that he was one of the guests; the party who invited him, told him this with some degree of satisfaction; but all were very much astonished, when they heard Mirabeau eulogize the absent guest, and declare, that in his place he would have done the same; but he added, they had only to invite that person again in a few months, and he would then dine with the restorer of the monarchy. Mirabeau forgot that it was more easy to do harm than good, and thought himself the Atlas of the whole world in politics.

Outrages and mockery were incessantly mingled with the audacious proceedings of the revolutionists; it was customary to give serenades under the King's windows on new year's day: the band of the National Guards repaired thither on that festival in 1791: in allusion to the liquidation of the debts of the state, decreed by the Assembly, they played solely and repeatedly that air from the comic opera of the *Debts*, the burthen of which is, *But our creditors are paid, and that makes us easy.*

On the same day, some *conquerors of the Bastille*, grenadiers of the Parisian guard, preceded by military music, came to present to the young dauphin, as a new year's gift, a box of dominos, made of some of the stone and marble of which that state prison was built. The Queen gave me this inauspicious curiosity, desiring me to preserve it, as it would be a curious illustration of the history of the revolution. Upon the lid were engraved some bad verses, the purport of which was as follows: *These stones from the walls which enclosed the innocent victims of arbitrary power, have been converted into a toy, to be presented to you, Monseigneur, as an homage of the people's love; and to teach you the extent of their power.*

The Queen said, that M. de la Fayette's thirst for popularity, doomed him to lend himself, without discrimination, to all popular follies. Her aversion for the general increased daily, and grew

so powerful, that when towards the end of the revolution, he seemed willing to support the tottering throne, she could never bring herself to incur so great an obligation to him.

Emigration had already removed a great many people; persons who, before this period, would never have dared to aspire to any office of distinction, now sought, under pretence of zeal for the King's cause, to get into the interior of the Tuileries. I knew many of them; some were mere wretched adventurers; others were well intentioned, but wanted the abilities which would have rendered them useful.

M. de J * * *, a colonel attached to the staff of the army, was fortunate enough to render several services to the Queen, and acquitted himself with discretion and dignity of various important missions.* Their majesties had the highest confidence in him, although it frequently happened that his prudent fears, when inconsiderate projects were under discussion, brought upon him, from thoughtless persons, and from enemies, the charge of following the principles of the constitutionals. Being sent to Turin, he had some difficulty in persuading the princes from a scheme they had formed at that period of re-entering France, with a very weak army, by the way of Lyons; and when, in a council which lasted till three o'clock in the morning, he showed his instructions, and demonstrated that the measure would endanger the King, the Count d'Artois alone declared against the plan, which emanated from the Prince de Condé.

Among the persons employed in subordinate situations, whom the critical circumstances of the times introduced into affairs of importance, was one M. de Goguelat, a geographical engineer at Versailles, and an excellent draughtsman. He had made plans of Saint Cloud and Trianon for the Queen; she was very much pleased with them, and got the engineer admitted into the staff of the army. At the commencement of the revolution, he was

* During the Queen's detention in the Temple, he introduced himself into that prison in the dirty dress of a lamp-lighter, and there discharged his duty unrecognised. This act of attachment is still known only to his family, and a few very intimate friends.—*Note by the Editor.*

sent to Count Esterhazy, at Valenciennes, in the capacity of aide-de-camp. The latter rank was given him solely to remove him from Versailles, where he endangered the Queen, during the earlier months of the Assembly of the States-general. Making a parade of his devotion to the King's interests, he went repeatedly to the tribunes of the Assembly, and there openly railed at all the motions of the deputies, and then returned to the Queen's antechamber, where he repeated all that he had just heard, or had had the imprudence to say.

I had warned the Queen of the ill effect that this officer's warmth produced; and she agreed with me in opinion respecting it. But, unfortunately, at the same time that she sent away M. de Goguelat, she continued in the belief, that, in a dangerous predicament, and one that required great self-devotion, the man might be employed advantageously. In 1791, he was commissioned to act in concert with the Marquis de Bouillé, in furtherance of the King's intended escape.*

Projectors in great numbers endeavoured to introduce themselves not only to the Queen, but to Madame Elizabeth, who had communications with many individuals, who took upon themselves to lay down plans for the conduct of the court. The Baron de Gillien and M. de Vanoise were of this description; they went to the Baroness de Mackau's, where the princess spent almost all her evenings. The Queen did not like these meetings, from which Madame Elizabeth might adopt views in manifest opposition to the King's intentions or her own.

The Queen gave frequent audiences to M. de la Fayette. One day, when he was in her inner closet, his aides-de-camp, who waited for him, were walking up and down the great room where the persons in attendance remained. Some imprudent young women were thoughtless enough to say, with the intention of being overheard by those officers, that it was very alarming to

* Upon the suject of this officer's conduct, consult the *Memoirs of M. de Bouillé*, those of the Duke de Choiseul, and the account of the journey to Varennes, by M. de Fontanges, in Weber's Memoirs.

Note by the Editor.

see the Queen alone with a rebel and a brigand. I was hurt at such indiscretion, which always produced bad effects, and I imposed silence on them. One of them persisted in the appellation brigand. I told her, that as to rebel, M. de la Fayette well deserved the name; but that the title of leader of a party was given by history to every man commanding forty thousand men, a capital, and forty leagues of country: that kings had frequently treated with such leaders, and if it was convenient to the Queen to do the same, it remained only for us to be silent and respect her actions. On the morrow, the Queen, with a serious air, but with the greatest kindness, asked what I had said respecting M. de la Fayette, on the preceding day; adding that she had been assured I had enjoined her women silence, because they did not like him, and that I had taken his part. I repeated what had passed to the Queen, word for word. She condescended to tell me that I had done perfectly right.

Whenever jealousy conveyed any false reports to her respecting me, she was kind enough to inform me of them; and they had no effect on the confidence with which she continued to honour me, and which I am happy to think I have justified, even at the risk of my life.

Mesdames, the King's aunts, set out from Bellevue in the beginning of the year 1791.* I went to take leave of Madame

* Alexander Berthier, Prince de Neufchatel, then a colonel on the staff of the army, and commandant of the national guard of Versailles, favoured the departure of Mesdames. The Jacobins of that town procured his dismissal, and he ran the greatest risk, on account of having rendered this service to these princesses.[a] —*Note by Madame Campan.*

[a] The departure of Mesdames possessed the importance of an event. It was an actual experiment made by the court, of the means to be taken to quit Paris. We will here relate, from the Memoirs devoted to the history of these princesses, what concerns General Berthier, and the part he took in the departure of Mesdames. In the Illustrations (letter I) will be found speeches, facts, and discussions, which prove the suspicions conceived by the national party, and the concealed intentions of the administration.

"A crowd of women collected at Bellevue, to oppose the setting out of Mesdames. On their arrival at the chateau, they were told that Mesdames were no longer there, and they were gone with a suite of twenty persons. The intelligence of this

Victoire. I little thought that I was then seeing that august and virtuous protectress of my earliest youth, for the last time in my life. She received me alone in her closet, and assured me that she hoped and wished to return to France very soon; that the French would be much to be pitied if the excesses of the revolution should arrive at such a pitch, as to force her to prolong her absence. I knew from the Queen that the departure of Mesdames was deemed necessary, in order to leave the King free to act when he should be compelled to go away with his family. It being impossible that the constitution of the clergy should be otherwise than in direct opposition to the religious principles of Mesdames, they thought that their journey to Rome

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departure caused a great ferment at the Palais Royal. All the clubs who were apprised of it, gave orders to the leaders to put the light troops in motion. The department of Seine and Oise came to a resolution, that there were no grounds for retaining the property of the princesses. The municipality of Versailles was charged to require the commandant of the national guard, and the troops of the line, to aid and assist. It was to have an understanding with the municipalities of Sevres and Meudon, to put down all obstacles.

"General Berthier justified the monarch's confidence, by a firm and prudent line of conduct which entitled him to the highest military honours and to the esteem of the warrior whose fortune, dangers, and glory he afterwards shared. He went to Bellevue, at midnight of the very day on which the order was made. As soon as the municipalities of Sevres and Meudon were informed of his arrival at the chateau, they both came to a resolution, by which they left the general full liberty to act for the department; but in order to leave their own sentiments, relative to mesdames, uncertain, these two municipalities made the arrangement, which provided, that no search should be made in either the chateau or its dependencies.

"The posts were relieved quietly enough; but when it was necessary to send off the carriages, murmurs broke out, and violent resistance was made. Part of the armed force, and the unarmed mob, declared that Mesdames should not go, and uttered horrible imprecations against those princesses. A sapper of the national guard of Sevres, an officer of the same guard, and an officer of chasseurs, distinguished themselves by formal and obstinate disobedience; several gunners, instead of keeping the refractory in awe, by remaining at their guns, cut the traces of one of the carriages. Such was the impotence of the laws, that General Berthier, although invested with full powers by reiterated acts of the departments and municipalities of Versailles and Meudon, could not send off the equipages. This officer, full of honour, and gifted with the highest courage, was shut into the court-yard of Bellevue, by his own troop, and ran great risk of being murdered. It was not until the 14th of March, that he succeeded in executing the law. Further on may be seen what obstacles he had to overcome, and to what dangers he was exposed. He was indebted to his coolness for his preservation, and he contrived to prevent the carnage which he might have made of the factious." Vide the note of the following page, and the explanation under letter (H). *Memoirs of Mesdames*, by Montigny, vol. I.—*Note by the Editor.*

would be attributed to piety alone. It was, however, difficult to deceive an Assembly which would, of course, weigh the slightest actions of the royal family, and from that moment they were more than ever alive to what was passing at the Tuileries.

Mesdames were desirous of taking Madame Elizabeth to Rome. The free exercise of religion, the happiness of taking refuge with the head of the church, and living in safety with her aunt, whom she tenderly loved, all was sacrificed by that virtuous princess, to her attachment to the King's person.*

The oath required of priests by the civil constitution of the clergy, introduced a division into France, which added to the multiplied dangers by which the King was already surrounded. Mirabeau spent a whole night with the Curé de Saint Eustache, confessor of the King and Queen, to persuade him to take the oath required by that constitution. Their majesties chose another confessor, who remained unknown.

A few months afterwards, the too celebrated Mirabeau, the

* The *Chronique de Paris*, a newspaper written under the influence of the constitutional party, contained the following article on the departure of Mesdames:—

"Two princesses, sedentary from condition, age, and choice, find themselves, all on a sudden, seized with a mania for travelling, and running all over the world.—*'Tis odd*, but 'tis *possible*. They are going, it is said, to kiss the Pope's toe—*comical*, but *edifying*.

"Thirty-two sections, and all good citizens, interpose between them and Rome.—*That's of course*.

"Mesdames, and particularly Madame Adelaide, wish to enjoy the rights of man.—*'Tis natural*.

"They do not go, say they, with intentions hostile to the revolution. —*Possible*, but *doubtful*.

"These fair travellers take eighty persons in their suite—*'tis pretty;* but they carry off twelve millions—*very ugly*.

"They want change of air—*that's common enough*. But their removal makes their creditors uneasy—*that's common enough also*.

"They burn to travel (a maid's desire is a consuming fire)—*of course* Others burn to stop them—*of course too*.

"Mesdames insist that they are free to go wherever they please,—*'tis true*."—*Note by the Editor*.

mercenary democrat and venal royalist, terminated his career. The Queen regretted him, and was herself astonished when she spoke of her regret; but she had hoped, that he, who had possessed adroitness and weight enough to throw everything into confusion, would have been able, by the same means, to repair the mischief caused by his fatal genius. Much has been said respecting the cause of Mirabeau's death. M. Cabanis, his friend and physician, denied that he was poisoned. I heard what follows said to the Queen, by M. Vicq-d'Azyr, the very day on which the body was opened. That gentleman assured her, that the process verbal, drawn up on the state of the intestines, would apply just as well to a case of death produced by violent remedies, as to one produced by poison. He said also, that the professional people had been faithful in their report; but that it was more prudent to conclude it by a declaration of natural death, since, in the critical state in which France then was, a person, innocent of any such crime, might be sacrificed to public vengeance.

CHAPTER VII.

Preparations for the Journey to Varennes—The Queen watched and betrayed—Madame Campan's departure for Auvergne precedes that of the Royal Family for Versailles—Madame Campan hears of the King's Arrest—Note written to her by the Queen, immediately upon her return to Paris—Anecdotes—Measures taken for keeping the King at the Tuileries—The Queen's hair turns white from grief—Barnave gains the Esteem and Confidence of Marie Antoinette, during the return from Versailles—His honourable and respectful conduct: she contrasts it with that of Petion—Anecdote honourable to Barnave—His advice to the Queen—Particulars respecting the Varennes Journey.

In the beginning of the spring of 1791, the King, tired of remaining at the Tuileries, wished to return to Saint Cloud. His whole household was gone, and his dinner was prepared there. He got into his carriage at one; the guard mutinied, shut the gates, and declared they would not let him pass. This event certainly proceeded from some appearances of a plan for an escape. Two persons, who drew near the King's carriage, were very ill treated. My father-in-law was violently laid hold of by the guards, who took his sword from him. The King and his family were obliged to alight and return to their apartments. They did not much regret this outrage in their hearts; they saw in it a justification, even in the eyes of the people, of their intention to leave Paris.

So early as the month of March, in the same year, the Queen began to busy herself in preparing for her departure. I spent that month with her, and executed a great number of secret orders which she gave me respecting the intended event. It was with uneasiness that I saw her thus occupied with cares,

which seemed to me useless, and even dangerous, and remarked to her that the Queen of France would find linen and gowns everywhere. My observations were made in vain; she determined to have a complete wardrobe with her at Brussels, as well for her children as herself. I went out alone, and almost disguised, to purchase the articles necessary, and have them made up.

I ordered six chemises at the shop of one seamstress, six at that of another, gowns, combing cloths, &c. My sister had a complete set of clothes made for Madame, by the measure of her eldest daughter, and I ordered clothes for the dauphin from those of my son. I filled a mail trunk with these things, and addressed them, by the Queen's orders, to one of her women, the widow of the mayor of Arras, where she lived, by virtue of an unlimited leave of absence, in order that she might be ready to start for Brussels, or any other place, as soon as she should be directed to do so. This lady had landed property in Austrian Flanders, and could at any time quit Arras unobserved.

The Queen was to take only her first woman in attendance with her from Paris. She apprised me, that if I should not be on duty at the moment of departure, she would make arrangements for my joining her. She determined also to take with her her travelling dressing-case. She consulted me upon her idea of sending it off, under pretence of making a present of it to the Archduchess Christina, governess of the Low Countries. I ventured to oppose this plan strongly, and observed to her, that amidst so many people who watched her slightest actions, it might reasonably be foreseen that there would be found a sufficient number sharp-sighted enough to discover, that the word present, was used only as a pretence for sending away the property in question, before her departure; she persisted in her intention, and all I could obtain, was that the dressing-case should not be removed from her apartment, and a consent, that M. de * * *, *chargé d'affaires* from the court of Vienna, during the absence of the Count de Mercy, should come and ask her at her toilette, before all her people, to order one exactly like her

own, for the governess of the Low Countries. The Queen, therefore, commanded me before the *chargé d'affaires*, to order the article in question. This way of putting her intention in execution, occasioned only the slight inconvenience of an expense of five hundred louis, and appeared calculated to lull suspicion completely. If I omit no circumstance concerning this dressing-case, it is, because these minute details are important, since the early preparations for the journey were discovered by a woman, whose conduct I had long suspected, and who I dreaded would give information of them. This was a woman belonging to the wardrobe; her duty continued uninterrupted throughout the year. As she had been placed with the Queen at the time of her marriage, her majesty was accustomed to see her, and was pleased with her address and intelligence. Her situation was above that to which a woman of her class was entitled; her salary and emoluments had been gradually increased, until they afforded her an income of about twelve thousand francs. She was handsome; she received, in her apartments above the Queen's, in the little rooms between the two floors, several deputies of the Tiers-etat; and she had M. de Gouvion, an aide-de-camp of M. de la Fayette, for her lover. We shall soon see how far she carried her ingratitude.

About the middle of May 1791, a month after the Queen had ordered me to bespeak the dressing-case, she asked me whether it would soon be finished. I sent for the ivory-turner, who had it in hand. He could not complete it until the end of six weeks; I informed the Queen of this, and she told me she should not be able to wait for it, as she was to set out in the course of June. She added, that as she had ordered her sister's dressing-case, in the presence of all her attendants, she had taken a sufficient precaution, especially in saying that her sister was out of patience at not receiving it, and that, therefore, her own must be emptied and cleaned, and taken to the *chargé d'affaires*, who would sent it off. I executed this order without appearing to conceal it by the slightest mystery. I desired the wardrobe woman to take out of the dressing-case all that it contained, be-

cause that intended for the archduchess could not be finished for some time; and to take great care to leave no remains of the perfumes, which might not suit that princess. I will anticipate the order of events, to show that all these precautions were no less useless than dangerous.

After the return from Varennes, the mayor of Paris put into the Queen's hands an information by the wardrobe woman, dated the 21st of May, in which she declared, that preparations were making at the Tuileries for departure; that it was supposed she would not guess the true reason for the dressing-case being sent from the Queen to Brussels, but that the mention of a present made by her majesty to her sister, was but a mere pretence; that her majesty liked the article in question too well, to deprive herself of it; and that she had often said, it would be highly useful to her, in case she should have a journey to perform. She declared, also, that I was shut up a whole evening with the Queen, busied in packing her diamonds; and that she had found them separated with cotton upon the sofa in the Queen's closet at the Tuileries. From this information, the Queen concluded that this woman had, unknown to her, a double key to the closet. Her majesty did, one evening, it is true, break off the arranging of her diamonds at seven o'clock, to go to the card-table, and took the key of her closet, saying, that she would come the next day, and finish packing with me; that there was a sentinel under the window; that she had the key of her closet in her pocket, and, therefore, saw no danger of her jewels being stolen. It must then, have been in the evening, after we left the closet, or very early the next morning, that the wretch discovered the secret preparations. The box of diamonds was placed in the hands of Leonard, the Queen's hairdresser,* who went away with the Duke de Choiseul, and the deposit was left at Brussels. Their majesties had already delivered up the crown diamonds, which they had in use, to the commissioners of

* This unfortunate man, after having emigrated for some time, returned to France, and perished upon the scaffold.—*Note by the Editor.*

the Assembly; those which the Queen sent out of France, belonged to her in her own right.

It was during these preparations for departure, that the Queen told me she had a very precious charge to intrust to me, and that I must find out some persons who could be relied upon in an independent situation of life, and entirely devoted to their sovereigns, to whom I should confide a portfolio that she would place in my hands. I pitched upon Madame Valayer Coster, a member of the Academy of Painting, who lodged in the galleries of the Louvre, and in whom, as well as in her husband, I knew that all the qualifications required by the Queen, were to be found. They proved as faithful as I had foretold they would be. It was not until September, 1791, after the acceptance of the constitution, that they returned the portfolio to me. The guilty woman, of whom I have had but too much to say, made her communications respecting this fact also. She said she had seen a portfolio upon a chair, where there was not usually one placed; that the Queen, pointing to it, spoke to me in a whisper, and that it had disappeared from that time. M. Bailly, who sent two whole pages of these denunciations to the Queen, made no use of them which could possibly be injurious to her majesty.

Madame, the Duchess d'Angouleme, must have come into possession of all the Queen's diamonds. Her majesty retained nothing but a suite of pearls, and a pair of ear-rings, composed of a ring and two drops, each formed of a single diamond. These ear-rings and several fancy trinkets, which were not worth the trouble of packing up, remained in her majesty's commode at the Tuileries, and were, of course, seized by the committee which took possession of the palace, on the 10th of August.

After having made the preparations of which I have spoken, I had yet many private commissions, all relative to the departure, to fulfil. I was myself upon the eve of quitting Paris with my father-in-law. The Queen, apprehensive of the excesses in which the people might indulge, at the moment of her flight, against those whose attachment to her person was known, being unwilling that he should remain in the capital, desired M. Vicq-

d'Azyr to prescribe the waters of Mont-d'Or for him. Her majesty had also the goodness to regret, that my situation about her did not admit of my going away with her, and she offered me five hundred louis for the journey I had to take, until the time when I should rejoin her. I had as much money as was necessary for myself, and I knew, besides, of how much consequence it was to her to keep as much as possible; I therefore did not accept them. As for the rest, she assured me, that the King was only going to the frontiers, there to treat with the Assembly, and would quit France only in case his plan and proposals did not produce the effect hoped for. She relied upon a numerous party in the Assembly, many of the members of which, she said, were cured of their first enthusiasm. I set off, therefore, on the 1st of June, and on the 6th reached Mont-d'Or, daily expecting to hear of the departure. At length the news arrived. I had already prepared what I thought would make my escape certain; but the steps taken by the Assembly after the departure of their majesties, would have rendered that escape more difficult than the Queen had thought. I was ready to begin my journey, when I heard a courier, who came from the little town of Besse, shouting to the inhabitants of Mont-d'Or, with transports of joy, that the King and Queen were stopped.* That same evening the intelligence was confirmed, and two days afterwards we received a letter from the Queen, written under her dictation, by one of her gentlemen ushers,† whose devotion and discretion were known to her. It contained these words: "I dictate from my bath, into which I have just thrown myself, to support, at least, my physical strength. I can say nothing of the state of my mind; we exist, that is all. Do not return here, excepting upon the receipt of a letter from myself: this is very important." This letter, unsigned, bore date the day of

* See further on, the note at page 118. See also, among the Illustrations furnished by Madame Campan, Note marked (No. 3).

Note by the Editor.

† This officer was massacred in the Queen's chamber, on the 10th of August, 1792.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

the Queen's arrival at Paris. We recognised the hand of him who wrote it, and were much affected at seeing, that at such a moment, the unfortunate princess had deigned to think of us. After the receipt of this letter, I returned to Clermont, where the Assembly's committee *de surveillance* would have had us arrested: but as it was proved that M. Campan was really ill at the moment of his departure from Paris, that rigorous course was waived. In the early part of August, the Queen desired me to return to Paris; writing word, that she did not see there was now any further danger in my going there, and that my speedy return would be agreeable to her. I therefore cannot give any other particulars of their majesties' flight, than those which I have heard related by the Queen, and those persons who witnessed her return home.

When the royal family was brought back from Varennes to the Tuileries, the Queen's attendants found the greatest difficulty in making their way to her apartments; everything had been arranged so that the wardrobe woman, who had acted as spy, should alone have the duty; and she was to be assisted in it by her sister and her sister's daughter.

M. de Gouvion, M. de la Fayette's aide-de-camp, had this woman's portrait placed at the foot of the staircase which led to the Queen's apartments, in order that the sentinel should not permit any other women to make their way in. As soon as the Queen was informed of this pitiful precaution, she informed the King of it, who, not being able to credit it, sent to the bottom of the staircase to ascertain the fact. His majesty then called for M. de la Fayette, claimed freedom in his household, and particularly in that of the Queen, and ordered him to send a woman in whom no one but himself could confide, out of the palace. M. de la Fayette was obliged to comply.*

* The orders by which all the women attached to the Queen's service were kept out, were broken by the people, in a manner which is an instance of those sudden changes which striking circumstances never fail to effect in mobs. On the day when the return of the unfortunate travellers was expected, there were no carriages in motion in the streets of

The measures adopted for guarding the King, were at the same time, rigorous, with respect to the entrance into the palace, and insulting as to his household. The commandants of battalion, stationed in the saloon called the *grand cabinet*, and which preceded the Queen's bedchamber, were ordered to keep the door of it always open, in order that they might have their eyes upon the royal family. The King shut this door one day; the officer of the guard opened it, and told him such were his orders, and that he would always open it; so that his majesty, in shutting it, gave himself useless trouble. It remained open even during the night, when the Queen was in bed; and the officer placed himself in an arm-chair, between the two doors, with his head turned towards her majesty. They only obtained permission to have the inner door shut when the Queen was rising and dressing. The Queen had the bed of her first femme de chambre placed very near her own; this bed, which ran on castors, and was furnished with curtains, hid her from the officer's sight.

Paris. Five or six of the Queen's women, after being refused admittance at all the other gates, went with one of my sisters, who had the honour to be attached to her majesty, to that of the Feuillans, earnestly insisting that the sentinel should admit them. The poissardes attacked them for their boldness in resisting the orders. One of them seized my sister by the arm, calling her slave of the Austrian. "Hear me," said my sister to her, firmly, and in the true accent of the feeling which inspired her; "I have been attached to the Queen ever since I was fifteen years of age; she portioned me, and married me; I served her when she was powerful and happy. She is now unfortunate! Ought I to abandon her?"—"She is right," cried these furies; "she ought not to abandon her mistress; let us make a passage for them." They instantly surrounded the sentinel, forced the passage, and introduced the Queen's women, accompanying them to the terrace of the Feuillans. One of these furies, whom the slightest impulse would have driven to tear my sister to pieces, then taking her under her protection, gave her some advice, by which she might reach the palace in safety. "But of all things, my dear friend," said she to her, "pull off that green ribbon sash; it is the sash of that D'Artois, whom we will never forgive."

Note by Madame Campan.

Madame de Jarjaye, my companion, who continued her functions during the whole period of my absence, told me, that one night, the commandant of battalion, who slept between the two doors, seeing that she was sleeping soundly, and that the Queen was awake, quitted his post, and went close to her majesty, to advise her as to the line of conduct she was to pursue. Although she had the kindness to desire him to speak lower, in order that he might not disturb Madame de Jarjaye's rest, the latter awoke, and was near dying with the shock of seeing a man in the uniform of the Parisian guard so near the Queen's bed. Her majesty comforted her, and told her not to rise; that the person she saw was a good Frenchman, who was deceived respecting the intentions and situation of his sovereign and herself, but whose conversation showed a sincere attachment to the King. There was a sentinel in the black corridor, which runs behind the apartments in question, where there is a staircase, which was at that time a private one, and enabled the King and Queen to communicate freely. This post, which was very disagreeable, because it was to be kept four-and-twenty hours, was often claimed by St. Prix, an actor belonging to the French theatre. He devoted himself to it, if I may use the expression, in order to facilitate short interviews between the King and Queen in this corridor. He used to leave them at a distance, and give them notice if he heard the slightest noise. M. Collot, commandant of battalion of the national guard, who was charged with the military duty of the Queen's household, in like manner softened down, as far as he could with prudence, all the harsh orders he received; for instance, one to follow the Queen to the very door of her wardrobe, was never executed. An officer of the Parisian guard dared to speak insolently to the Queen in her own apartment. M. Collot wished to make a complaint to M. de la Fayette against him, and have him broken. The Queen opposed it, and condescended to say a few words of explanation and kindness to the man; he instantly became one of her most devoted partisans.

The first time I saw her majesty, after the unfortunate catas-

trophe of the Varennes journey, I found her getting out of bed; her features were not very much altered; but after the first kind words she uttered to me, she took off her cap, and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It became, in one single night, as white as that of a woman of seventy. I will not here describe the feelings which lacerated my heart. To speak of my own troubles would be very injudicious, when I am retracing those of so exalted an unfortunate. Her majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princess de Lamballe; it contained a lock of her whitened hair, with the inscription, *bleached by sorrow*. At the period of the acceptance of the constitution, the princess wished to return to France. The Queen, who had no expectation that tranquillity would be restored, opposed this; but the attachment which Madame de Lamballe had vowed, impelled her to come and tempt her own destruction.

When I returned to Paris, most of the harsh precautions were abandoned: the doors were kept open; greater respect was paid to the sovereign; it was known that the constitution, soon to be completed, would be accepted, and a better order of things was hoped for.

On the day of my arrival, the Queen took me into her closet, to tell me that she should have great need of me in a communication she had established with Barnave, Duport, and Alexandre Lameth. She informed me, that M. de J * * *† was her negotiator with those remnants of the constitutional party, who had good intentions, but unfortunately too late; and told me that Barnave was a man worthy of esteem. I was astonished to hear Barnave's name pronounced with so much good-will. When I quitted Paris, a great number of persons spoke of him only with horror. I observed this to her, and she was not surprised at it, but told me he was much altered; that the young man, who was full of talent and noble feeling, belonged to that class which is distinguished by education, and merely misled by the ambition

† It was the Queen who ordered M. de J*** to see those three deputies.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

to which real merit gives birth. "A feeling of pride, which I cannot much blame in a young man belonging to the Tiers-etat," said the Queen, speaking of Barnave, "made him support everything, which smoothed the road to rank and fame, for that class in which he was born; and, if we get the power into our own hands again, Barnave's pardon is beforehand written in our hearts."—The Queen added, that she had not the same feeling towards those nobles, who had thrown themselves into the revolutionary party, they who obtained all the marks of favour, and that very often to the injury of those of an inferior order among whom the greatest talent was to be found: in short, that the nobles, who were born to be the safeguard of the monarchy, were too guilty, in having betrayed its cause, ever to deserve their pardon. The Queen astonished me more and more, by the warmth with which she justified the favourable opinion she had formed of Barnave. She then told me, that his conduct upon the road was perfectly correct, while Petion's republican rudeness was disgusting; that the latter ate and drank in the King's berlin, in a slovenly manner, throwing the bones of the fowls out through the window, at the risk of sending them even into the King's face; lifting up his glass, when Madame Elizabeth poured him out wine, to show her that there was enough, without saying a word; that this offensive behaviour must have been by design, because the man was not without education; and that Barnave was hurt at it. On being pressed by the Queen to take something, "Madame," replied Barnave, "on so solemn an occasion, the deputies of the National Assembly ought to engage your majesties' attention solely by their mission, and by no means about their wants." In short, his respectful delicacy, his considerate attentions, and all that he uttered gained the esteem, not only of the Queen, but of Madame Elizabeth also.

The King began to talk to Petion, about the situation of France, and the motives of his conduct, which were founded upon the necessity of giving to the executive power a strength necessary for its action, for the good even of the constitutional act, since France could not be a republic.—"Not yet, 'tis true."

replied Petion, "because the French are not ripe enough for that." This audacious and cruel answer silenced the King, who said no more until his arrival at Paris. Petion held the little dauphin upon his knees, and amused himself with curling the beautiful light air of the interesting child round his fingers; and, as he spoke with much gesticulation, he pulled his locks hard enough to make the dauphin cry out.—"Give me my son," said the Queen to him, "he is accustomed to tenderness and delicacy, which render him little fit for such familiarity."

The Chevalier de Dampierre was killed near the King's carriage, upon leaving Varennes. A poor village curé, some leagues from the place where the crime was committed, was imprudent enough to draw near to speak to the King; the cannibals, who surrounded the carriage, rushed upon him. "Tigers," exclaimed Barnave, "have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, are you become a set of assassins?"—These words alone saved the curé, who was already upon the ground, from certain death. Barnave, as he spoke to them, threw himself almost out of the coach-window; and Madame Elizabeth, affected by this noble burst of feeling, held him by the skirt of his coat. The Queen, while speaking of this event, said, that in the most important and momentous events, whimsical contrasts always struck her; and that, on this occasion, the pious Elizabeth holding Barnave by the flap of his coat, was a surprising sight. The deputy was astonished in another way. Madame Elizabeth's comments upon the state of France, her mild and persuasive eloquence, and the noble simplicity with which she talked to him, at the same time without sacrificing her dignity in the slightest degree, everything about that divine princess appeared to him celestial; and his heart, which was doubtless inclined to noble feelings, if he had not followed the wrong path, was overcome by the most affecting admiration. The conduct of the two deputies convinced the Queen of the total separation between the republican and constitutional parties. At the inns, where she alighted, she had some private conversation with Barnave. The latter said a great deal about the errors committed by the

royalists, during the revolution, and declared he had found the interests of the court so feeble, and so badly defended, that he had been frequently tempted to go and offer it, in himself, a courageous wrestler, who knew the spirit of the age and nation. The Queen asked him, what were the weapons he would have recommended her to use. "Popularity, madam."—"And how could I use that," replied her majesty, "of which I had been deprived?" "Ah! madame, it was much more easy for you to regain it, than for me to acquire it." This assertion would furnish matter for comment: I confine myself to the relation of this curious conversation.

The Queen mainly attributed the arrest at Varennes to M. Goguelat; she said he calculated the time that would be spent in the journey erroneously. He performed that from Montmedy to Paris before taking the King's last orders, alone, in a post-chaise, and he founded all his calculations upon the time he spent in making that transit. The trial has been made since; and it was found that a light carriage, without any courier, was nearly three hours less in running the distance, than a heavy carriage preceded by a courier.

The Queen also blamed him for having quitted the high road at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where the carriage was to meet the forty hussars commanded by him. She thought that he ought to have dispersed the very small number of people at Varennes, and not to have asked the hussars whether they were for King or the nation; that, particularly, he ought to have avoided taking the King's orders, as he was aware of the reply M. d'Inisdal had received, when it was proposed to carry off the King; and that the King having said to Goguelat, *If force should be employed, will it be hot work?* he answered, *Very hot, Sire:* which was sufficient to drive the King to give twenty counter orders. Is it possible to conceive how such neglect could occur, as that of sending a courier to M. de Bouillé, who would have had time to reach Varennes with an imposing force? or how nobody even thought of stopping the courier, who should follow the King? Their majesties alighted at the house of a grocer, called M.

Sauce, the mayor of Varennes. The King talked to him a long time respecting his reasons for quitting Paris, and wanted to prove to him the expediency of the measure, which, far from being hostile, was suggested by his love for his subjects. This mayor could have saved the King. The Queen sat down in the shop between two piles of candles, and conversed with Madame Sauce, who seemed to be a woman of weight in her own household, and whom M. Sauce eyed, from time to time, as if to consult her: but the only reply the Queen got was: "What would you have, madame? your situation is very unfortunate; but you see that would expose M. Sauce; they would cut his head off. A wife ought to think for her husband." "Well!" replied the Queen, "mine is your King; he has long made you happy, and wishes to do so still." Madame Sauce went on again about the dangers of her husband: the aides-de-camp came up, and the return to Paris was decided.

The dauphin's first femme de chambre, calculating that delay might give M. de Bouillé time to bring up assistance, threw herself on a bed, and began to cry out that she was dying of a dreadful colic. The Queen went up to her, and the lady squeezed her hand to give her to understand what she was aiming at. Her majesty said she could not leave a woman, who had sacrificed herself to attend her in a dangerous journey, in such a condition, and that she owed her every attention; but this innocent stratagem was probably seen through, and not the slightest delay was granted.*

After all that the Queen had said to me respecting the mistakes made by M. Goguelat, I thought him of course disgraced. What

* The Queen informed me, while summing up all the events of that ill-omened journey, that at two leagues from Varennes, a stranger passed close to the King's carriage, full gallop, uttering aloud some words, which the noise of the wheels upon the pavement prevented their hearing; but that subsequently to their arrest, the King and herself, recalling the sound of the stranger's words, were almost certain that he had said to them, *You are known;* or *you are discovered.*

Note by Madame Campan.

was my surprise, when, having been set at liberty after the amnesty which followed the acceptance of the constitution, he presented himself to the Queen, and was received with marks of the greatest kindness. She said he had done his best, and that the sincerity of his zeal ought to form an excuse for all the rest.*

* We have seen, at page 30 of this volume, that Madame Campan related the affair of the necklace twice, and that the two narratives, although essentially the same, differed in the nature and interest of the circumstances detailed. There are, in like manner, among her manuscripts, two accounts of the Varennes journey. The narrative, which we place among the Illustrations (Note No. 3), contains particulars relative to the preparation for the departure, the espionage to which the Queen was subjected, the value and richness of her jewels, the noble pride which she displayed at the moment of the arrest, upon the journey, and during the return, which we ought to preserve for history: they are materials for forming a judgment. We will add, that these minute accounts of places, persons, and the slightest circumstances, form one of the greatest attractions of the Memoirs, and that they will be found less correct, perhaps, but in greater abundance, in the second version, which the reader may consult.—*Note by the Editor.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Acceptance of the Constitution—Opinion of Barnave and his Friends approved of by the Court of Vienna—Secret Policy of the Court—The Legislative Assembly deliberates upon the Ceremony to be observed on receiving the King—Offensive Motion—Louis XVI. is received by the Assembly with Transport—He gives way to profound grief, when with his Family—Public Fêtes and Rejoicings—M. de Montmorin's Conversation with Madame Campan, upon the continual Indiscretions of the People about the Court—The Royal Family go to the Theatre Français—Play changed—Personal Conflicts in the Pit of the Italiens—Double Correspondence of the Court with Foreign Powers—Maison Civile—Method adopted by the Queen respecting her Secret Correspondence—Madame Campan's Conduct, when attacked by both parties—Particulars respecting the Conduct of M. Genet, her Brother, Chargé d'Affaires from France to Russia—Written Testimony of the Queen, in favour of Madame Campan's Zeal and Fidelity—The King comes to see her, and confirms these Marks of Confidence and Satisfaction—Projected Interview between Louis XVI. and Barnave—Attempts to poison Louis XVI.—Precautions taken—The Queen consults Pitt about the Revolution—His Reply—The Emigrés oppose all Alliance with the Constitutionals—Letter from Barnave to the Queen.

On my arrival at Paris, on the 25th of August, I found the state of feeling there much more temperate than I had dared to hope; the conversation generally ran upon the acceptance of the constitution, and the fêtes which would be given in consequence. The Queen began to hope affairs would take a better turn. The conversation between the Jacobins and the constitutionals on the 27th of July, nevertheless threw her into great terror for some moments; and the firing of the cannon from the Champ de Mars, upon a party which called for the trial of the King, and the leaders of which were in the very bosom of the Assembly,

left impressions of the most gloomy description upon the Queen's mind.

The constitutionals, with whom her connection was not slackened, by the intervention of the three members already mentioned, had faithfully served the royal family during their detention.

"We still hold the wire by which this popular mass is moved," said Barnave to M. de S——, one day, at the same time showing him a large volume, in which the names of all those who were made to act at will, by the power of gold alone, were registered. It was at that time proposed to hire a considerable number of persons, in order to secure loud acclamations when the King and his family should make their appearance at play, upon the acceptance of the constitution. That day, which afforded a glimmering hope of tranquillity, was the 14th of September; the fêtes were brilliant: but already new alarms but too imperiously forbade the royal family to give way to any consolatory feeling.

The Legislative Assembly, which had just succeeded the Constituent Assembly, founded their conduct upon the wildest republican principles; created from the midst of popular societies; it was wholly inspired by the spirit which animated them. The constitution, as I have said, was presented to the King on the 30th of September; I return to this presentation, because it gave rise to a highly important subject of discussion. All the ministers, with the exception of M. de Montmorin, insisted upon the necessity of accepting the constitutional act in all its parts. The Prince de Kaunitz was likewise of the same opinion. Malouet wished the King to express himself candidly, respecting any errors or dangers that he might observe in the constitution. But Duport and Barnave, alarmed at the spirit prevailing in the Société des Jacobins, and even in the Assembly, where Robespierre had already denounced them as traitors to the country; and dreading the occurrence of still greater evils, added their opinions to those of the majority of the ministers and M. de Kaunitz; those who really desired that the constitution should

be maintained, advised that it should not be accepted thus purely and simply; and of this number, as I have already said, were M. Montmorin and M. Malouet. The King seemed inclined to this advice; and this is one of the strongest proofs of the unfortunate monarch's sincerity.*

* In order to confirm the opinion Madame Campan expressed above, respecting the intentions of Louis XVI., we think we ought to present the account given by Bertrand de Molleville, of his first interview with that prince.

"As it was the first time I ever had the honour of being so close to him, and tête à tête with him, the most stupid diffidence so completely came over me, that if it had been my duty to speak first, it would have been impossible for me to have framed a single phrase; but I took courage when I saw the King still more embarrassed than myself, and, with difficulty, stammering out a few unconnected words, he, in his turn became composed, on seeing me at ease, and our conversation soon became highly interesting.

"After a few general observations upon the perplexities of the existing state of things, the King said to me, 'Well! have you any objection remaining?'—'No, sire; a desire to obey and gratify your majesty, is the only feeling I am sensible of; but in order that I may really be able to serve you, it is necessary that your majesty should have the goodness to inform me what is your intention, with regard to the constitution, and what is the line of conduct you would wish your ministers to adopt.' 'That is true,' replied the King; 'this is my opinion: I do not consider the constitution by any means a master-piece; I think there are very great errors in it; and, if I had been at liberty to observe upon it, advantageous alterations would have been made in it. But the time is now gone by: such as it is I have sworn to maintain it; I ought to be, and I will be, strictly true to my oath, and the rather, as I think the utmost exactness in executing the mandates of the constitution, is the most certain way to draw the attention of the nation to the alterations that ought to be made in it. I neither can, nor ought to have any other object than this; I certainly will not abandon my intention, and I wish my ministers to forward it.'—'Your scheme appears infinitely judicious, Sire; I feel myself in a condition to accomplish it, and I engage to do so. I have not sufficiently studied the constitution as a whole, and in all its parts, to form a decided opinion, and I will refrain from forming one, until the operation of the constitution shall have enabled the nation to estimate it by its effects. But may I venture to ask your majesty whether the Queen's opinion upon this point is in accordance with your own?'—'Yes, certain-

Alexander Lameth, Duport and Barnave, still relying on the resources of their party, hoped to have credit for controlling the King, through the influence they believed they had acquired over the mind of the Queen. They also consulted people of acknowledged talent, but belonging to no counsel nor to any assembly. Among these was M. Dubucq, formerly intendant of the marine, and the colonies. He answered in one line :—*Prevent disorder from organizing itself.*

Opinions, such as those of the sententious and laconic M. Dubucq, emanated from the aristocratic party, who preferred anything, even the Jacobins, to the establishment of the constitutional laws; and who, in fact, believed that any acceptance which should have any other appearance than that of compulsion, would amount to a real sanction, sufficient to uphold the new government. The most unbridled disorders seemed preferable, because they buoyed up the hope of a total change; and twenty times over, upon occasions, when persons but little acquainted with the secret policy of the court, expressed the apprehensions they entertained of the popular societies, the initiated answered, that a sincere royalist ought to favour the Jacobins. My avowal of the terror with which they inspired me, often brought this answer upon me, and must even have often procured me the epithet of constitutional! while all the time, through principle, and from the want of that sort of information which I think ought never to be found among persons of my sex, I was intent only upon diligently serving the unfortunate princess, with whom my destiny was united.

ly it is; she will tell you so herself.' I immediately went to the Queen, who, after assuring me, with the greatest kindness, how truly she felt the obligation under which the King lay to me, for having accepted the administration in so perplexing a juncture, added, 'The King has informed you of his views with regard to the constitution; do you not think the only way is to be faithful to the oath?'—'Yes, certainly, madam.'—'Well, then, be assured that we shall not be induced to swerve. Courage, M. Bertrand; I hope, that with patience, firmness and consistency, all is not yet lost.'"—(*Private Memoirs of the latter end of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by M. Bertrand de Molleville, minister and secretary of state, under that reign, Vol. i.)—*Note by the Editors.*

The letter written by the King to the Assembly, claiming to accept the constitution in the very place where it had been created, and where he announced he would be on the 14th, at mid-day, was received with transport, and the reading of it was repeatedly interrupted by very general plaudits. The sitting was terminated by the highest flight of enthusiasm, and M. de la Fayette obtained the release of all those who were detained on account of the King's departure; the immediate quashing of all proceedings relative to the events of the revolution, and the discontinuance of the use of passports and of all temporary restraints upon free travelling, as well in the interior as without. The whole was conceded by acclamation. Sixty members were deputed to go to the King and express to him fully the satisfaction his majesty's letter had given. The keeper of the seals quitted the chamber, in the midst of applause, to precede the deputation to the King.

The King answered the speech addressed to him, and concluded by saying to the Assembly, that a decree of that morning, which had abolished the order of the Holy Ghost, had left him and his son alone permission to be decorated with it; but that an order having no value in his eyes, but for the power of conferring it, he would not use it.

The Queen, her son, and Madame, were at the door of the chamber into which the deputation was admitted. The King said to the deputies: "You see there my wife and children, who participate in my sentiments;" and the Queen herself confirmed the King's assurance. These apparent marks of confidence were very inconsistent with the agitated state of her mind. "These people will have no sovereigns," said she. "We shall fall before their treacherous, though well-planned tactics; they are demolishing the monarchy stone by stone."

On the day after that of the deputation, the particulars of their reception by the King were reported to the Assembly; and they excited warm approbation. But the president, having put the question, whether the Assembly ought not to remain seated while the King took the oath: "Certainly," was repeated by

many voices; "*and the King, standing, uncovered.*" M. Malouet observed, that there was no occasion on which the nation assembled in the presence of the King, did not acknowledge him as its head; that the omission to treat the head of the state with the respect due to him, would be an offence to the nation, as well as to the monarch. He moved, that the King should take the oath standing, and that the Assembly should be in the same posture while he was doing so. M. Malouet's observations would have carried the degree, but a deputy from Brittany exclaimed, with a shrill voice, "That he had an amendment to propose, which would render all unanimous. Let us decree," said he, "that M. Malouet, and whoever else shall so please, may have leave to receive the King upon their knees; but let us stick to the decree."

The King repaired to the chamber at mid-day. His speech was followed by plaudits which lasted several minutes. After the signing of the constitutional act, all sat down. The president rose to deliver his speech; but, after he had begun, perceiving that the King did not rise to hear him, he sat down again. His speech made a powerful impression; the sentence with which it concluded, excited fresh acclamations, cries of, *Bravo, and Vive le Roi!* "Sire," said he, "how important in our eyes, and how dear to our hearts—how sublime a feature in our history must be the epoch of that regeneration which gives citizens to France, and a country to Frenchmen—to you, as a King, a new title of greatness and glory—and, as a man, a fresh source of enjoyment and of new feelings."

At length I hoped to see a return of that tranquillity which had so long been chased from the countenances of my august master and mistress. Their suite left them in the saloon: the Queen hastily saluted the ladies, and returned much affected. The King followed her, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, put his handkerchief to his eyes. "Ah! madame," cried he, his voice choked by his tears, "why were you present at this sitting; why did you witness it?" I heard these words and no more; pierced at their affliction, and feeling the propriety of respecting the display of it, I withdrew, struck with the con-

trast between the shouts of joy without the palace, and the profound grief which oppressed the sovereigns within.* Half an hour afterwards the Queen sent for me. She desired to see M. Goguelat, to announce to him her departure on that very night for Vienna. The new attacks upon the dignity of the throne, which had been exhibited during the sitting; the spirit of an Assembly, worse than the former; the monarch put upon a level with the president, without any deference to the throne: all this proclaimed but too loudly, that the sovereignty itself was aimed at. The Queen no longer saw any ground for hope from the interior of the country. The King wrote to the Emperor; she told me that she would herself, at midnight, bring the letter which M. Goguelat was to bear to the Emperor, to my room. During all the remainder of the day, the castle and the Tuileries were prodigiously crowded; the illuminations were magnificent. The King and Queen were requested to take an airing in their carriage, in the Champs-Elysées, escorted by the aides-de-camp and leaders of the Parisian army, the constitutional-guard not being at that time organized. Many shouts of, *Vive le Roi!* were heard; but as often as they terminated, one of the

* Madame Campan, in one of her manuscripts, relates the preceding anecdote in a still more affecting manner.

"The Queen attended the sitting in a private box. I remarked her total silence, and the deep grief which was depicted in her countenance on her return.

"The King came to her apartment the private way; he was pale; his features were much changed; the Queen uttered an exclamation of surprise at his appearance. I thought he was ill; but what was my affliction when I heard the unfortunate monarch say, as he threw himself into a chair and put his handkerchief to his eyes: "All is lost! Ah! madame, and you are witness to this humiliation! What! You are come into France to see——." These words were interrupted by sobs; the Queen threw herself upon her knees before him, and pressed him in her arms. I remained with them, not from any blameable curiosity, but from a stupefaction, which rendered me incapable of determining what I ought to do. The Queen said to me: *Oh! go, go!* with an accent which expressed: Do not remain to witness the dejection and despair of your sovereign!"—*Note by the Editor.*

mob, who never quitted the door of the King's carriage for a single instant, exclaimed, with a Stentorian voice: *No, don't believe them: vive la nation!* This ill-omened cry struck terror into the Queen; she thought it not right, however, to make any complaint upon the subject, and pretended not to hear the isolated croak of this fanatic or base hireling, as if it had been drowned in the public acclamations.

A few days afterwards, M. de Montmorin sent me a few lines, to say he wanted to speak to me; that he would have come to me, if he had not apprehended that his doing so would attract observation, and that he thought it would appear less particular, if he should see me in the Queen's great closet, at a time which he specified, and when nobody would be there; I went. After having made some polite observations upon the services I had already performed, and those I might yet perform, for my master and mistress, under existing circumstances, he spoke to me of the King's imminent danger; of the plots which were hatching, and of the lamentable composition of the Legislative Assembly; but he particularly dwelt upon the necessity of appearing, by prudence and circumspection in conversation, as firmly attached as possible to the act the King had just recognised. I told him, that could not be done without committing ourselves in the eyes of the royalist party, which considered moderation a crime; that it was painful to hear ourselves taxed with being constitutionals, at the same time that it was our opinion, that the only constitution which was consistent with the King's honour, and the happiness and tranquillity of his people, was the entire power of the sovereign; that this was my creed, and it would hurt me to give any room for suspicion that I was wavering in it. "Could you ever believe," said he, "that I should desire any other order of things? Have you any doubt of my attachment to the King's person, and the maintenance of his rights?"—"I know it, count," replied I; "but you are not ignorant, that you lie under the imputation of having adopted revolutionary ideas."—"Well, madam, have resolution enough to dissemble, and to conceal your real sentiments; dissimulation was never more ne-

cessary: the most strenuous endeavours are making to paralyze the evil intentions of the factious, to the utmost possible extent; but we must not be counteracted here by certain dangerous expressions which are circulated in Paris, as dropping from the King and Queen." I told him that I had been already struck with an apprehension of the evil which might be done by the intemperate observations of persons, who had no power to act; and that having repeatedly enjoined silence to those in the Queen's service, in a very decided manner, I had felt ill consequences from so doing. "I know that," said the count: "the Queen informed me of it, and that it was which determined me to come and request you to cherish, as much as you can, that spirit of discretion which is so necessary."

While the household of the King and Queen were a prey to all these fears, the festivities in celebration of the acceptation of the constitution, proceeded. Their majesties went to the opera. The audience consisted entirely of persons who sided with the King, and on that day, the happiness of seeing him for a short time, surrounded by faithful subjects, might be enjoyed; then were the acclamations sincere.

La Coquette corrigée was selected for representation at the Theatre Français, solely because it was the piece in which Mademoiselle Contat shone most. Yet the notions propagated by the Queen's enemies, clashing in my mind with the name of the play, I thought the choice very ill-judged. I was at a loss, however, to tell her majesty so. But sincere attachment gives courage; I explained myself; she was obliged to me, and desired another play might be performed: they accordingly acted *La Gouvernante.*

The Queen, Madame the King's daughter, and Madame Elizabeth, were all well received on this occasion. It is true, that the opinions and feelings of the whole of the spectators in the boxes, could not be otherwise than favourable: great pains had been taken, previously to these two performances, to fill the pit with proper persons. But, on the other hand, the Jacobins took the same precautions on their side, at the Theatre Italien,

and the tumult was excessive there. The play was Gretry's *Les Evénemens imprévus;* unfortunately, Madame Dugazon thought proper to bow to the Queen, as she sang the words, *Ah! how I love my mistress!* in a duet. Above twenty voices immediately exclaimed from the pit, *No mistress! no master! liberty!* A few replied from the boxes and slips, *Vive le Roi! vive la Reine: long live the King and Queen.* Those in the pit answered, *No master, no Queen.* The quarrel increased; the pit formed into parties; they began fighting, and the Jacobins were beaten. Tufts of their black hair flew about the theatre;* a strong guard arrived; the faubourg of Saint Antoine, hearing of what was going forward at the Theatre Italien, flocked together, and began to talk of marching towards the scene of action. The Queen preserved the coolest and calmest demeanour; the commandants of the guard surrounded and encouraged her. They conducted themselves promptly and discreetly: no accident happened. The Queen was highly applauded as she quitted the theatre. It was the last time she was ever in a play-house.

While couriers were bearing confidential letters from the King to the princes, his brothers, and to the foreign sovereigns, the Assembly invited him to write to the princes, in order to induce them to return into France. The King desired the Abbé de Montesquieu to write the letter he was to send. This letter, which was admirably composed in a simple and affecting style, suited to the character of Louis XVI., and filled with very powerful arguments in favour of the advantages to be derived from rallying round the principles of the constitution, was confided to me by the King, who desired me to make him a copy of it.

At this period, M. Mor—, one of the intendants of Monsieur's household, obtained a passport from the Assembly, to join that prince, on account of some indispensable business relative to his domestic concerns. The Queen selected him to be the bearer of this letter; she determined to give it to him herself, and to inform him of the origin of it. I was astonished at her choice

* At this time none but the Jacobins had discontinued the use of hair-powder.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

of this courier; the Queen assured me he was exactly the man for her purpose; that she relied even upon his indiscretion; and it was merely necessary that the letter from the King to his brothers should be known to exist. The princes were, doubtless, pre-informed on the subject by the private correspondence. Monsieur, nevertheless, manifested some degree of surprise, and the messenger returned more grieved than pleased at this mark of confidence, which had nearly cost him his life during the reign of terror.

Among the causes of uneasiness to the Queen, there was one which was but too well founded—it was the thoughtlessness of the French whom she sent to foreign courts. She used to say, that, in order to plume themselves upon the confidence with which they were honoured, they had no sooner passed the frontiers, than they disclosed the most secret matters relative to the King's private sentiments; and that the leaders of the revolution were informed of them through their agents, many of whom were Frenchmen who passed themselves off as emigrants in the cause of their King.

After the acceptance of the constitution, the formation of the King's household, as well military as civil, formed a subject of attention. The Duke de Brissac had the command of the constitutional guard, which was composed of officers and men selected from the regiments, and of several officers drawn from the national guard of Paris. The King was satisfied with the feelings and conduct of this band, which, as is well known, existed but a very short time.

The new constitution abolished what were called honours, and the prerogatives belonging to them. The Duchess de Duras resigned her place of lady of the bedchamber, not choosing to lose her right to the tabouret at court. This step hurt the Queen, who saw herself forsaken, for obsolete privileges, at a time when her rights were so warmly attacked. Many ladies of rank left the court for the same reason. However, the King and Queen did not dare to form the civil part of their household, lest by the offices of new denominations, they should confirm the

dissolution of the old ones; and also lest they should admit into the highest offices persons not calculated to fill them. Some time was spent in discussing the question, *whether the household should be formed without equerries and without ladies of honour.* The Queen's constitutional advisers were of opinion, that the Assembly, having decreed a civil list adequate to uphold the splendour of the throne, would be dissatisfied at seeing the King adopting only a military household, and not forming his civil household upon the new constitutional plan. "How is it, madame," wrote Barnave to the Queen, "that you will persist in giving these people even the smallest doubt as to your sentiments? When they decree you a civil and a military household, you, like young Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes, eagerly seize the sword, and scorn the mere ornaments." The Queen persisted in her determination to have no civil household. "If," said she, "this constitutional household be formed, not a single person of rank will remain with us, and upon a change of affairs, we should be obliged to discharge the persons received into their place."

"Perhaps," added she, "perhaps I might find, one day, that I had saved the nobility, if I now had resolution enough to afflict them for a time: I have it not. When any measure which injures them is wrested from us, I am mortified; nobody comes to my card party; the King goes solitarily to bed. No allowance is made for political necessity; we are punished for our very misfortunes."

The Queen wrote almost all day, and spent a part of the night in reading: her courage supported her physical strength; her temper was not at all soured by misfortune, and she was never seen in an ill humour for a moment. She was, however, the same person who was held up to the people as a woman who was absolutely furious and mad, whenever the rights of the crown were in any way attacked.

I was with her one day, at one of her windows. We saw a man plainly dressed, like an ecclesiastic, surrounded by an immense crowd. The Queen imagined it was some abbé whom

they were about to throw into the basin of the Tuileries: she hastily opened her window, and sent a valet de chambre to know what was going forward in the garden. It was Abbé Gregoire, whom the men and women of the tribunes were bringing back in triumph, on account of a motion he had just made in the National Assembly, against the royal authority. On the following day, the democratic journalists described the Queen as witnessing this triumph, and showing, by expressive gestures at her window, how highly she was exasperated by the honours conferred upon the patriot.

The correspondence between the Queen and the foreign powers was carried on in cipher. That to which she gave the preference, can never be detected, but the greatest patience is requisite for its use. Each correspondent must have a copy of the same edition of some work. She selected Paul and Virginia. The page and line in which the letters required, and occasionally a monosyllable, are to be found, are pointed out in ciphers agreed upon. I assisted her in the operation of finding the letters; and very frequently I made an exact copy for her, of all that she had ciphered, without knowing a single word of its meaning.

There were always several secret committees in Paris, occupied on the part of the King, in collecting information respecting the measures of the factions, and in influencing some of the committees of the Assembly.

M. Bertrand de Molleville was in close correspondence with the Queen.* The King employed M. Talon and others; much money was dissipated through the latter channel, on account of the expenses necessary for the secret measures. The Queen had no confidence in them. M. de Laporte, minister of the civil list and of the household, also attempted to give a bias to public

* About the same time, Bertrand de Molleville employed himself more successfully respecting the means of counterbalancing the influence of the tribunes by spectators, and applauses favourable to the court. Vide Historical Illustrations, letter (J), for the success of this experiment, and the circumstances which compelled him to give it up.
Note by the Editors.

opinion, by means of hireling publications; but these papers influenced none but the royalist party, which needed no bias. M. de Laporte had a private police, which gave him some useful information.

I determined to sacrifice myself to my duty, but by no means to any intrigue, and I thought that, circumstanced as I was, I ought to confine myself to obedience to the Queen's orders. I frequently sent off couriers to foreign countries, and they were never discovered, so many precautions did I take. I am indebted for the preservation of my own existence to the care I took, never to admit any deputy whatever to my abode, and to refuse all interviews which even people of the highest importance often requested of me. This line of conduct appeared to me the only one suitable to my sex and my situation at court; but it left me exposed to every species of ill-will, and on one and the same day, I saw myself denounced by Prud'homme, in his *Gazette Revolutionnaire*, as capable of making an aristocrat of the mother of the Gracchi, if a person so dangerous as myself could have got into her household; and by Gauthier's *Gazette Royaliste*, as a *monarchist*, a *constitutional*, more dangerous to the Queen's interests than a Jacobin.

At this period an event, with which I had nothing to do, placed me in a still more critical situation. My brother, M. Genet, began his diplomatic career successfully. At eighteen, he was attached to the embassy to Vienna; at twenty, he was appointed chief secretary of legation in England, on occasion of the peace of 1783. A memorial which he presented to M. de Vergennes, upon the dangers of the treaty of commerce then entered into with England, gave offence to M. de Calonne, a patron of that treaty, and particularly to M. Gerard de Rayneval, chief clerk for foreign affairs. So long as M. de Vergennes lived, having upon my father's death declared himself the protector of my brother, he supported him against the enemies his memorial had raised up. But upon his death, M. de Montmorin, being much in need of the long experience in business which he found in M. de Rayneval, guided himself solely by the latter,

and according to his instigation. The office, of which my brother was the head, was suppressed, and added to the other offices of foreign affairs. My brother went to Petersburg, strongly recommended to the Count de Segur, minister from France to that court, who appointed him secretary of legation. Some time afterwards the Count de Segur left him at Petersburg, charged with the affairs of France.*

My brother quitted Versailles, much hurt at being deprived of a considerable income, for having penned a memorial, which his zeal alone had dictated, and the importance of which was afterwards but too well understood. I had perceived from his correspondence, that he inclined to some of the new notions, and had taken the alarm at it, when he wrote me a letter, which left me no further room for doubt as to his opinions. He told me, it was right he should no longer conceal from me that he sided with the constitutional party; that the King had, in fact, commanded it, having himself accepted the constitution; that he would proceed firmly in that course, because, in this case, disingenuousness would be fatal, and that he took that side of the question, because he had had it proved to him, that the foreign powers would not serve the King's cause without advancing pretensions prompted by the most ancient interests, and which always would remain in the spirit of their councils; that he saw no salvation for the King and Queen but from the interior of France, and that only by using every exertion to calm existing

* After his return from Russia, M. Genet was appointed ambassador to the United States, by the party called Girondists, the deputies who headed it being from the department of the Gironde. He was shortly afterwards recalled by the Robespierre party, which overthrew the former faction, on the 31st of May, 1793, and condemned to appear at the bar of the Convention, that is to say, to ascend the scaffold. Vice-president Clinton, at that time Governor of New York, offered him an asylum in his house, and the hand of Cornelia Clinton, his daughter. M. Genet's crime was the execution of instructions which he had received on setting out from the party then in power. He settled in America, and lives there as a rich planter, and the beloved father of a family.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

apprehensions, and to restore harmony to the minds of men; and that he would serve the constitutional king, as he served him before the revolution had created a necessity for settling the destinies of France by a new code. And lastly, he requested me to impart to the Queen, the real sentiments of one of his majesty's agents at a foreign court. I immediately went to the Queen, and gave her my brother's letter; she read it attentively, and said, "This is the letter of a young man, led astray by discontent and ambition; I know you do not think as he does; do not fear that you will lose the confidence of the King, or mine." I offered to discontinue all correspondence with my brother; she opposed that, saying it would be dangerous. I then entreated she would permit me in future to show her my own and my brother's letters; to which she consented. I wrote warmly to my brother against the course he had adopted. I sent my letters by sure channels: he answered me by the post, and no longer touched upon anything but his family affairs. Once only he wrote to me, that if I should write to him respecting the affairs of the day, he would give me no answer. "Serve your august mistress with the unbounded devotion which is due from you," said he; "and let us each do our duty. I will only observe to you, that at Paris the fogs of the Seine prevent people from seeing that immense capital, even from the pavilion of Flora, and I see it more clearly from Petersburg." The Queen said, as she read this letter: "Perhaps he speaks but too truly: who can decide upon so disastrous a position as ours is become?" The very day on which I gave the Queen my brother's first letter to read, she had several audiences to give to ladies, and other persons belonging to the court, who came on purpose to inform her that my brother was an avowed constitutional and revolutionist. The Queen replied, "I know it; Madame Campan came to tell me so." Persons envious of my situation, and some of ill regulated minds, having subjected me to mortifications, and these unpleasant circumstances recurring daily, I requested the Queen's permission to withdraw from the court. She exclaimed against the very idea; represented it to me as extremely dan-

gerous for my own reputation; and had the kindness to add, that for my sake, as well as for her own, she never would consent to it. After this conversation, during which I was at her majesty's knees, bathing her hands with my tears, I retired to my apartment. A few minutes afterwards a footman brought me a note from her, couched in these terms:—"I have never ceased to distinguish you, nor to give you and yours proofs of my attachment; I wish to tell you in writing, that I have full faith in your honour and fidelity, as well as in your other good qualities; and that I ever rely on the zeal and address you exert to serve me."*

At the very moment that I was going to express to the Queen the gratitude with which I was penetrated, I heard a tapping at

* I had just received this letter from the Queen, when M. de la Chapelle, commissary general of the King's household and head of the offices of M. de Laporte, minister of the civil list, came to see me. The palace having been already forced by the brigands on the 20th of June, he proposed that I should intrust the paper to him, that he might place it in a safer situation than the apartments of the unfortunate Queen would be. When he returned into his offices, he placed the letter she had condescended to write to me, behind a large picture in his closet; but on the 10th of August, M. de la Chapelle was thrown into the prisons of the Abbaye, and the committee of public safety established themselves in his offices, whence they issued all their decrees of death. There it was that a villanous servant belonging to M. de Laporte, went to declare, that in the minister's apartment, under a board in the floor, a number of papers would be found. They were brought forth, and M. de Laporte was sent the first of all to the scaffold, where he suffered, *for having betrayed the State, by serving his master and sovereign.* M. de la Chapelle was saved, as if by a miracle, from the massacres of the 2d of September. The committee of public safety having abolished his employments, in order to seat itself in the King's apartments, at the Tuileries, M. de la Chapelle had permission to return to his closet, to take away some property belonging to him. Turning up the picture, behind which he had hidden the Queen's letter, he found it in the place into which he had slipped it; and, delighted to see that I was safe from the ill consequences the discovery of this paper might have brought upon me, he burnt it instantly. In troublesome times, a mere nothing may save life, or destroy it.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

the door of my room, which opened upon the Queen's inner corridor; I opened it: it was the King. I was confused: he perceived it, and said to me kindly,—"I alarm you, Madame Campan; I come, however, to comfort you; the Queen has told me how much she is hurt at the injustice of several persons towards you. But how is it that you complain of injustice and calumny, when you see that we are victims of them? In some of your companions it is jealousy; in the people belonging to the court, it is anxiety. Our situation is so disastrous, and we have met with so much ingratitude and treachery, that the apprehensions of those who love us are excusable! I could quiet them by telling them all the secret services you perform for us daily; but I will not do it. Out of good-will to you, they would repeat all I should say, and you would be lost with the Assembly. It is much better both for you and for us, that you should be thought a constitutional. It has been mentioned to me a hundred times already; I have never contradicted it; but I come to give you my word, that if we are fortunate enough to see an end of all this, I will, at the Queen's residence, and in the presence of my brothers, relate the important services you have rendered us, and I will recompense you and your son for them." I threw myself at the King's feet, and kissed his hand. He raised me up, saying, "Come, come, do not grieve; the Queen, who loves you, confides in your sentiments as I do."

Occasions for mysterious and secret services recurred every moment. Barnave was the only one of the three coalesced deputies who had not seen the King and Queen since the Varennes journey. The espionage of the Assembly was more apprehended on his account than on that of any other.

Down to the day of the acceptance it was impossible to introduce Barnave into the interior of the palace; but as the Queen was now rid of the inner guard, she said she would see him. The very great precautions which it was necessary for the deputy to take, in order to conceal his connection with the King and Queen, compelled them to spend two hours in waiting for him in one of the corridors of the Tuileries, and all in vain. The

first day that he was to be admitted, a man whom Barnave knew to be suspicious, having met him in the court-yard of the palace, he determined to cross it without stopping, and walked in the gardens in order to lull suspicion. I was desired to wait for Barnave at a little door belonging to the entresols of the palace, with my hand upon the open lock. I had been in that position an hour. The King came to me frequently, and always to speak to me of the uneasiness which a servant belonging to the castle, who was a patriot, gave him. He came again to ask me, whether I had heard the door called *de Decret* opened. I assured him nobody had been in the corridor, and he became easy. He was dreadfully apprehensive that his connection with Barnave would be discovered. "It would," said the King, "be a ground for capital accusations, and the unfortunate man would be lost." I then ventured to remind his majesty, that as I was not the only one in the secret of the business, which brought Barnave in contact with their majesties; one of his colleagues might be induced to speak of the communication with which they were honoured, and that, in letting them know by my presence that I also was informed of it, a risk was incurred of removing from those gentlemen part of the responsibility of the secret. Upon this observation, the King quitted me hastily, and returned a moment afterwards with the Queen. "Give me your place," said she; "I will wait for him in my turn. You have convinced the King. We must not increase, in their eyes, the number of persons informed of their communications with us."

The police of M. Laporte, intendant of the civil list, apprised him, as early as the latter end of 1791, that a man, belonging to the King's officers, who had set up as a pastry-cook at the Palais Royal, was about to re-enter upon the duties of his situation, which had devolved upon him again, on the death of one who held it for life; that he was so furious a Jacobin, that he had dared to say, it would be a good thing for France, if the King's days were shortened. His duty was confined to the mere laying out of the pastry; he was closely watched by the head officers of the kitchen, who were devoted to his majesty; but it is so

easy to introduce a subtle poison into made-dishes, that it was determined the King and Queen should eat only plain roasted meat in future; that their bread should be brought to them by M. Thierry de Ville-d'Array, intendant of the smaller apartments, who was likewise to take upon himself to supply the wine. The King was fond of pastry; I was directed to order some, as if for myself; sometimes of one pastry-cook, and sometimes of another. The pounded sugar, too, was kept in my room. The King, the Queen, and Madame Elizabeth, ate together, and nobody remained to wait on them. Each had a dumb waiter, and a little bell to call the servants when they were wanted. M. Thierry used himself to bring me their majesties' bread and wine, and I locked them up in a private cupboard in the King's closet, on the ground floor. As soon as the King sat down to table, I took in the pastry and bread. All was hidden under the table, lest it might be necessary to have the servants in. The King thought it dangerous as well as distressing, to show any apprehension of attempts against his person, or any mistrust of his officers of the kitchen. As he never drank a whole bottle of wine at his meals (the princesses drank nothing but water), he filled up that out of which he had drank about half, from the bottle served up by the officers of his butlery. I took it away after dinner. Although he never ate any other pastry than that which I brought, he took care in the same manner, that it should seem that he had eaten of that served at table. The lady who succeeded, found this duty all regulated, and she executed it in the same manner; the public never was in possession of these particulars, nor of the apprehensions which gave rise to them. At the end of three or four months, the police of M. de Laporte gave notice, that nothing more was to be dreaded from that sort of plot against the King's life; that the plan was entirely changed; and that all future attempts would be directed as much against the throne, as against the person of the sovereign.*

* The details which Madame Campan gives above, add weight to the various pieces of information she took pains to collect respecting the

There are others besides myself, who know that, about this time, one of the things about which the Queen most desired to be satisfied, was the opinion of the famous Pitt. She would sometimes say to me: "I never pronounce the name of *Pitt*, but I feel death at my shoulder, (I repeat here her very expressions.) That man is the mortal enemy of France; and he takes a dreadful revenge for the impolitic support given by the cabinet of Versailles to the American insurgents. He wishes, by our destruction, to guarantee the maritime power of his country for ever, against the efforts made by the King to improve his marine power, and their happy results during the last war. He knows that it is not only the King's policy, but his private inclination, to be solicitous about his fleets; and that the most active step he has taken, during his whole reign, was to visit the port of Cherbourg. Pitt has served the cause of the French revolution from the first disturbances; he will perhaps serve it until its annihilation. I will endeavour to learn to what point he intends to lead us, and I am sending M. ***† to London for that purpose. He has been intimately connected with Pitt, and they have often had political conversations respecting the French government. I will get him to make him speak out, at least as far as such a man can speak out."

Some time afterwards the Queen told me that her secret envoy was returned from London; and that all he had been able to wring from Pitt, whom he found alarmingly reserved, was that *he would not suffer the French monarchy to fall;* that to suffer the revolutionary spirit to erect an organized republic in France, would be a great error, as regarding the tranquillity of all

administration of the Queen's household, the service and expenses of the table, &c. &c. These accounts will be found among the Historical Illustrations, Note 4.—*Note by the Editor.*

† I thought, for some time, that this secret agent was M. Crawford. His Memoirs, which I read very eagerly, have altered my opinion, because he certainly would have mentioned this mission. I have forgotten the name of the person whom the Queen sent to London, though she condescended to intrust me with it.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

Europe. "Whenever," said she, "Pitt expressed himself upon the necessity of supporting a *monarchy* in France, he maintained the most profound silence upon what concerns the monarch. The result of these conversations is anything but encouraging; but even as to that monarchy, which he wishes to save, will he have means and strength to save it, if he suffers us to fall?"

The death of the Emperor Leopold took place on the 1st of March, 1792. When the news of this event reached the Tuileries, the Queen was gone out. Upon her return, I put the letter containing it, into her hands. She exclaimed, that the Emperor had been poisoned; that she had remarked, and preserved a newspaper, in which, in an article upon the sitting of the Jacobins, at the time when the Emperor Leopold declared for the coalition, it was said, speaking of him, that a *piecrust* would settle that matter. From this moment, the Queen considered the expression as one which had involuntarily escaped the propagandists. She lamented her brother. However, the education of Francis II., which had been superintended by the Emperor Joseph, inspired her with new hopes; she thought he must have inherited the sentiments of the latter for her, and did not doubt, that he had, under the care of his uncle, imbibed that valiant spirit so necessary for the support of a crown. At this period, Barnave obtained the Queen's consent, that he should read all the letters she should write. He was fearful of private correspondences, that might clog the plan marked out for her: he mistrusted her majesty's sincerity upon this point; and the diversity of counsels, and the necessity of yielding, on one hand, to some of the views of the constitutionals, and on the other, to those of the French princes, and even of the foreign courts, were unfortunately the circumstances which most rapidly impelled the court towards its ruin.

The Queen wished to have shown Barnave the letter of condolence, which she wrote to Francis II. This letter was to be shown to her *triumvirate* (for thus did she sometimes designate the three deputies whom I have named). She would not have a single word, which, from its interference with their plans,

might prevent its going; she was, also, fearful of introducing into it anything contradictory to her private sentiments, which the Emperor might learn by other means. "Sit down at that table," said she to me, "and sketch me out a letter: dwell upon the idea that I see in my nephew the pupil of Joseph. If yours be better than mine, you shall dictate it to me." I wrote a letter; she read it, and said: "It is the very thing; I was too deeply interested to keep the true line, as you have done."

The party of the princes was much alarmed, on being informed of the connection of the wreck of the constitutional party with the Queen; and the Queen, on her part, always dreaded the party of the princes and the attempts of the French who composed it. She did justice to the Count d'Artois, and often said that his party would act in contravention of his sentiments towards the King, his brother and herself; but, that he would be led away by people over whom Calonne had a most lamentable ascendancy. She reproached Count Esterhazy, whom she had loaded with favours, for having sided with Calonne so entirely, that she had reason to consider him absolutely as an enemy.

However, the emigrants showed great apprehensions of the consequences which might follow in the interior, from a connection with the constitutionals, whom they described as a party existing no longer but in idea, and totally without means of repairing their errors. The Jacobins were preferred to them, because, said they, there would be no treaty to be made with any one at the moment of extricating the King and his family from the abyss in which they are plunged.

I frequently read to the Queen the letters written to her by Barnave. One, among others, struck me forcibly, and I think I have retained the substance of it sufficiently well to enable me to give a faithful account of it. He told the Queen she did not rely sufficiently on the strength remaining in the constitutional party; that their flag was indeed, torn, but the word *constitution* was still legible upon it; that this word would recover its virtue, if the King and his friends would rally round it sincerely; that

the authors of the constitution, enlightened with respect to their own errors, might yet amend it, and restore to the throne all its splendour; that the Queen must not believe the public mind was favourably disposed towards the Jacobins; that the weak joined them because there was no strength elsewhere: but the general opinion was for the constitution; that the party of the French princes, unfortunately shackled by the policy of foreign courts, ought not to be depended on; that the majority of the emigrants had already destroyed by misconduct, much of the interest excited by their misfortunes; that entire confidence ought not to be reposed in the foreign powers, guided, as they were, by the policy of their cabinets, and not by the ties of blood; and that the interior alone was capable of supporting the integrity of the kingdom. He concluded the letter by saying, that he laid at her majesty's feet the only national party still in existence; that he feared to name it; but that she ought not to forget that Henry IV. was not assisted by foreign princes in regaining his dominions, and that he ascended a catholic throne, after having fought at the head of a protestant party.

Barnave and his friends presumed too far upon their strength; it was exhausted in the contest with the court. The Queen was aware of this, and if she did seem to have any confidence in them, it is probable that she was actuated by a policy which it must be confessed, could only prove injurious to her.

CHAPTER IX.

Fresh Libel by Madame Lamotte—The Queen refuses to purchase the Manuscript—The King buys it—The Queen performs her Easter Devotions secretly, in 1792—She dares not confide in General Dumouriez—Barnave's last advice—Gross Insult offered to the Queen by one of the Mob—The King's Dejection—20th of June—The King's kindness to Madame Campan—Iron Closet—Louis XVI. intrusts a Portfolio to Madame Campan—Importance of the Documents it contained—Procedure of M. de la Fayette: why it is unsuccessful—An Assassin conceals himself in the Queen's Apartments.

In the beginning of the year 1792, a worthy priest requested a private interview with me. He had heard of the existence of a new libel by Madame Lamotte. He told me, he had observed in the people who came from London to get it printed in Paris, nothing more than a desire of gain, and that they were ready to deliver him the manuscript for a thousand louis, if he could find any friend of the Queen disposed to make that sacrifice for her peace; that he had thought of me, and that if her majesty would give him the twenty-four thousand francs, he would deliver me the manuscript upon receiving them.

I communicated this proposal to the Queen, who rejected it, and desired me to answer, that at the time when she had power to punish the hawkers of these libels, she deemed them so atrocious and improbable, that she despised the means of arresting their progress; that if she were to be imprudent and weak enough to buy a single one of them, the Jacobins might possibly discover the circumstance through their espionage; that were this libel bought up, it would be printed nevertheless, and would be much more dangerous, when they apprised the public of the means she had used to suppress it.

The Baron d'Aubier, gentleman in ordinary to the King, and my particular friend, had a strong memory, and a plain and easy way of communicating the substance of the discussions, debates, and decrees of the National Assembly. I went daily to the Queen's apartments, to repeat all this to the King, who used to say, on seeing me, "Ah! here's the *postillon par Calais.*"*

M. d'Aubier came one day, and said to me, "The Assembly has been much occupied with an information laid by the workmen of the Sevres manufactory. They brought to the president's office a bundle of pamphlets, which they said were the life of Marie Antoinette. The director of the manufactory was ordered up to the bar, and declared he had received orders to burn the printed sheets in question, in the furnaces used for baking his china."

While I was relating this business to the Queen, the King coloured, and held his head down over his plate. The Queen said to him: "Do you know anything about this, sir?" The King made no answer. Madame Elizabeth requested him to explain what all this meant;—still silent. I withdrew hastily. A few minutes afterwards the Queen came to my room, and informed me that the King, out of regard for her, had purchased the whole edition struck off from the manuscript which I had proposed to her; and that M. de Laporte had not been able to devise any more secret way of destroying the whole of the work, than that of having it burnt at Sevres among two hundred workmen; one hundred and eighty of whom, must, in all probability, be Jacobins. She told me she had concealed her vexation from the King; that he was in consternation, and that she should say nothing, since his affection and his good intentions towards her had been the cause of the accident.†

* The name of a newspaper of the time.

† Bertrand de Molleville gives the following account of this circumstance, in his private Memoirs:—

"M. de Laporte had, by order of the King, bought up the whole edition of the Memoirs of the notorious Madame Lamotte, against the Queen. Instead of burning them, or having them pounded to atoms

Some time afterwards the Assembly received a denunciation against M. de Montmorin. The ex-minister was accused of

immediately, he shut them up in one of the closets in his house. The alarming and rapid growth of the spirit of rebellion, the arrogance of the crowd of brigands, who directed, and in a great measure composed the populace of Paris, and the fresh excesses daily resulting from it, rendered the intendant of the civil list apprehensive that some mob might break into his house, at a time when he should least expect it, carry off these Memoirs, and spread them among the public. In order to prevent this mischance, he gave orders for having the Memoirs burnt, with every necessary precaution and secrecy; and the clerk who received the order, intrusted the execution of it to a man named Riston, a dangerous intriguer, and a detestable fellow, formerly an advocate of Nancy, who had a twelvemonth before escaped the gallows, by favour of the new principles, and the patriotism of the new tribunals, although convicted of forging the great seal, and fabricating decrees of the council, in a proceeding instituted at the instance of the sovereign's hotel, in which I examined and confronted the parties, at the risk of attempts at assassination, not only by the accused, who, during one of the sittings, was so enraged, that he rushed at me with a knife in his hand, but also by the brigands in his pay, who filled the court, and were furious at seeing that their menacing howlings did not prevent my repressing the insults incessantly offered by the accused to the witnesses who deposed against him.

"This very Riston, who, a year before, was labouring under a capital accusation preferred against him, in the name, and by the direction of the King, finding himself intrusted with a commission which concerned her majesty, and the mystery attending which bespoke something of importance, was far less anxious to execute it faithfully, than to make a parade of this mark of confidence. On the 30th of May, at ten in the morning, he had the sheets carried to the porcelain manufactory at Sevres, in a cart which he himself accompanied, and made a large fire of them before all the workmen, who were expressly forbidden to approach it. All these precautions, and the suspicions to which they naturally gave rise, under such critical circumstances, gave so much publicity to this mysterious affair, that it was denounced to the Assembly that very night. Brissot and the whole Jacobin party, with equal effrontery and vehemence, insisted that the papers thus secretly burnt, were not, and could not be, any other than the registers and documents of the correspondence of the Austrian committee. M. de Laporte was ordered to the bar, and there gave the most exact account of the cir-

having neglected forty despatches from M. Genet, the chargé d'affaires from France, in Russia, without having even unsealed them, because M. Genet acted on constitutional principles. M. de Montmorin appeared at the bar to answer this accusation. Whatever distress I might feel at the moment, in obeying the order I had received from the King, to go and give him an account of the sitting, I thought I ought not to fail in doing so. But instead of giving my brother his family name, I merely said *your majesty's chargé d'affaires at St. Petersburg.*

The King did me the favour to say, that he observed a reserve in my account, of which he approved. The Queen condescended to add a few obliging remarks to those of the King, by which I was already so much affected, that I withdrew in great emotion. However, my office of journalist gave me, in this instance, so much pain, that I took an opportunity, when the King was expressing his satisfaction to me at the manner in which I gave him this daily account, to tell him that its merits belonged wholly to M. d'Aubier, who attended all the sittings, to give me a summary of them; and I ventured to request the King would suffer that excellent man to come and give him an account of the sittings himself. I went so far as to add, that, at a time when the King's feelings were wounded by the conduct of so many faithless subjects, it appeared to me that men, warmly devoted, as M. d'Aubier was, deserved the honour of being about his majesty. I assured the King that, if he would permit it, that gentleman might proceed to the Queen's apartments, through mine, unseen; the King consented to the arrangement. Thenceforward, M. d'Aubier was admitted into the interior, and gave the King repeated proofs of zeal and attachment, with much intelligence.

The curé of Saint-Eustache ceased to be the Queen's confessor when he took the constitutional oath. I do not remember the

cumstances. Riston was also called up, and confirmed M. de Laporte's deposition. But these explanations, however satisfactory, did not calm the violent ferment raised in the Assembly by this affair.

Note by the Editor.

name of the ecclesiastic who succeeded him in that office; I only know that he was conducted into her apartments with the greatest mystery. Their majesties did not perform their Easter devotions in public, because they could neither declare for the constitutional clergy, nor act so as to show that they were against them.

The Queen did perform her Easter devotions in 1792; but she went to the chapel attended only by myself. She desired me beforehand to request one of my relations, who was her chaplain, to perform a mass for her at five o'clock in the morning. It was still dark; she gave me her arm, and I lighted her with a taper. I left her entirely alone at the chapel door; she did not return to her room until the dawn of day. This piece of duty performed with so much mystery, could not tend to edify the public, but demonstrates the Queen's religious principles.

Dangers increased daily. The Assembly was strengthened in the eyes of the people, by the hostilities of the foreign armies, and the army of the princes. The communication with the latter party became more active: the Queen wrote almost every day. M. de Goguelat possessed her confidence for all correspondence with the foreign parties, and I was obliged to have him in my apartments; the Queen asked for him very frequently, and at times which she could not previously appoint.

All parties were exerting themselves either to ruin or to save the King. One day I found the Queen extremely agitated; she told me she no longer knew whereabouts she was; that the leaders of the Jacobins offered themselves to her through the medium of Dumouriez; or that Dumouriez, abandoning the Jacobins, had come and offered himself to her; that she had granted to him an audience; that when alone with her, he had thrown himself at her feet, and told her that he had drawn the *bonnet rouge* over his head to the very ears; but that he neither was, nor could be, a Jacobin; that the revolution had been suffered to extend even to that rabble of destroyers, who, thinking of nothing but pillage, were ripe for anything, and might furnish the Assembly with a formidable army, ready to undermine

the remains of a throne already too much shaken. Whilst speaking, with the utmost ardour he seized the Queen's hand, and kissed it with transport, exclaiming, *Suffer yourself to be saved.* The Queen told me, that the protestations of a traitor were not to be relied on; that the whole of his conduct was so well known, that, undoubtedly, the wisest course was not to trust to it;* that, moreover, the princes particularly recommended that no confidence should be placed in any proposition emanating from within the kingdom; that the force without became imposing; and that it was better to rely upon their success, and upon the protection due from heaven to a sovereign so virtuous as Louis XVI. and to so just a cause.

The constitutionals, on their part, saw that there had been nothing more than a mere pretence of listening to them. Barnave's last advice was as to the means of continuing a few weeks longer the constitutional guard, which had been denounced to the Assembly, and was to be disbanded. The denunciation against the constitutional guard affected only *its staff and the Duke de Brissac.* Barnave wrote to the Queen, that the staff of the guard was already attacked; that the Assembly was about to pass a decree to reduce it; and he entreated her to prevail on the King, the very instant the decree should appear, to form the staff afresh, and to make it up of persons whose names he sent her. I did not see the list, but Barnave said that all who were set down in it passed for decided Jacobins, but were not so in fact; that they, as well as himself, were in despair at seeing the monarchical government attacked; that they had learned to dissemble their sentiments; and that it would be at least a fortnight before the Assembly could know them well, and certainly

* The sincerity of General Dumouriez cannot be the object of a single doubt, in this instance. The second volume of his Memoirs shows how unjust the mistrust and reproaches of the Queen were. By rejecting his offers, and refusing his services, Marie Antoinette deprived herself of her only remaining support. He who saved France in the defiles of Argonne, would perhaps have saved France before the 20th of June, had he obtained the full confidence of Louis XVI. and the Queen.—*Note by the Editors.*

before it could succeed in making them unpopular; that it would be necessary to take advantage of that short space of time to get away from Paris; and that immediately after the nomination of those whom he pointed out. The Queen was of opinion that she ought not to yield to this advice. The Duke de Brissac was sent to Orleans, and the guard was reduced.

Barnave, seeing that the Queen did not follow his counsel in anything, and convinced that she placed all her reliance on assistance from abroad, determined to quit Paris. He obtained a last audience. "Your misfortunes, madame," said he, "and those which I anticipate for France, determined me to sacrifice myself to serve you. I see, that my advice does not agree with the views of your majesties. I augur but little advantage from the plan you are induced to pursue; you are too remote from your succours; you will be lost before they reach you. Most ardently do I wish I may be mistaken in so lamentable a prediction; but I am sure to pay my head for the interest your misfortunes have raised in me, and the services I have sought to render you. I request, for my sole reward, the honour of kissing your hand." The Queen, her eyes suffused with tears, granted him that favour, and remained impressed with the most favourable idea of this deputy's elevated sentiments. Madame Elizabeth participated in this opinion, and the two princesses frequently spoke of Barnave. She also received M. Duport several times, but with less mystery. Her connection with the constitutional deputies transpired. Alexandre de Lameth was the only one of the three who survived the vengeance of the Jacobins.*

* After what we have just read respecting Barnave, after his well-known labours in the cause of liberty, his efforts to support the throne, his talents and his eloquence, the latter circumstances of his life possess a high degree of interest. The Biographie de Bruxelles relates them in these words:—

"When, after the revolution of the 10th of August, 1792, the iron-closet of the castle of the Tuileries had been discovered, and forced, a considerable number of documents, which had been imprudently preserved in it, and which were communicated to the Convention by Gohier, who

The national guard, which succeeded the King's guard, having occupied the gates of the Tuileries, all who came to see the Queen were incessantly insulted with impunity.

The most menacing cries were uttered aloud, even in the Tuileries; they called for the destruction of the throne, and the murder of the sovereign. These insults assumed the character of the very lowest of the mob. The Queen one day, hearing roars of laughter under her windows, desired me to see what it

had just succeeded Danton in the administration of justice, proved that the court had established and maintained, during the latter months of the session of the Constituent Assembly, and from the time of the meeting of the Legislative Assembly, constant communication with the most powerful members of those Assemblies. Barnave being accused, on the 15th of August, 1792, with Alexandre de Lameth, ex-member of the Constituent Assembly, Bertrand de Molleville, Duport de Tertre, Duportail, Montmorin, and Tarbé, ex-ministers of the marine, of justice, of war, of foreign affairs, and of public contributions, was arrested at Grenoble, and shut up in the prisons of that town. He remained there fifteen months, and his friends began to indulge the hope that he would be forgotten, when an order arrived that he should be removed to Paris. At first he was imprisoned in the Abbaye, but transferred a few days afterwards to the Conciergerie, and almost immediately taken before the revolutionary tribunal. He appeared there with wonderful firmness, summed up the services he had rendered to the cause of liberty, with his usual eloquence, and without losing anything of the dignity of misfortune; and made such an impression upon the numerous auditory present at the debates, that, although accustomed to behold only conspirators worthy of death in all those who appeared before the tribunal, they themselves considered his acquittal certain. The decree of death was read, amidst the deepest silence; but Barnave's firmness was immoveable. When he left the court, he cast upon the judges, the jurors, and the public, looks expressive of contempt and indignation. He was led to his fate with the respected Duport de Tertre, one of the last ministers of Louis XVI. When he had ascended the scaffold, Barnave stamped, raised his eyes to heaven, and said: "This, then, is the reward of all that I have done for liberty!" He fell on the 29th of October, 1793, in the thirty-second year of his age; his bust is now in the Grenoble Museum. The consular government placed his statue next to that of Vergniaud, on the great staircase of the senatorial palace.

Note by the Editor.

was about. I saw a man almost undressed, turning his back towards her apartments; my astonishment and indignation were apparent. The Queen rose to come forward; I held her back, telling her it was a very gross insult offered by one of the rabble.

About this time, the King fell into a state of despondence, which amounted almost to physical helplessness. He passed ten successive days, without uttering a single word, even in the bosom of his family; except, indeed, in playing at back-gammon, which he played after his dinner, with Madame Elizabeth, when he was obliged to pronounce the words belonging to that game. The Queen roused him from this state, so fatal at a critical period, when every minute increased the necessity for action, by throwing herself at his feet, urging every idea calculated to excite alarm, and employing every affectionate expression. She represented also, what he owed to his family, and went so far as to tell him, that if they were doomed to fall, they ought to fall honourably, and not to wait to be both smothered upon the floor of their apartment.

About the 15th of June, the King refused his sanction to the two decrees, ordaining the deportation of priests, and the formation of a camp of twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris. He wished himself to sanction them, and said that the general insurrection only waited for a pretence to burst forth:* the

* This assertion contradicts the almost unanimous testimony of historians. When we reflect on the piety of Louis XVI., his respect for religion, and the deference he always manifested toward its ministers, we must hesitate to believe that Madame Campan could be well informed as to this fact. To say nothing of Dumouriez, who tells us precisely the contrary, Bertrand de Molleville enters into some particulars upon the subject, which leave no room for doubt.

"The Assembly," says he, "which kept up its credit by acts of violence, passed a decree against non-constitutional priests, to oblige them to take a fresh oath, or quit the kingdom. The bishops then at Paris met to draw up a petition against this decree, under a conviction that the King, who had already shown the deepest regret at having sanctioned the decrees relating to the clergy, would rejoice at having grounds pointed out to him for refusing his sanction to this. When the petition was drawn up, they applied to put it into his majesty's hands; and the

Queen insisted upon the *veto*, and reproached herself bitterly, when this last act of the constitutional authority had occasioned the scenes of the 20th of June.

bishop of Uzes had a private correspondence with me upon this occasion. For at this period, no minister could have received a bishop publicly, without becoming an object of suspicion *to the nation*.

"The King appeared much moved, upon reading the petition; and said to me, with all that energy which always warmed him, when religion was under discussion: 'They may be very sure I will never sanction it. But the question is, whether I ought to assign a reason for my refusal, or give it plainly and simply, according to the usual formula; or whether, under all circumstances, it is not more prudent to temporize. Try to find out what your colleagues think about it, before it is discussed in council.' I observed to the King, that the Constitution dispensed with any reason for his refusal to sanction; and that although the Assembly ought to be pleased at seeing his majesty waive so important a prerogative, they were so ill-disposed, that they were capable of carrying their insolence so far as to refuse to hear the King's reasons, and would even reproach him for this departure from the Constitution, as a manifest violation of his oath; that, as to temporizing, it would be showing weakness, and inviting the Assembly, already very enterprising, to become still more so; and, therefore, that a plain unexplained refusal of the sanction, was the safest and most expedient course.

"This matter was discussed the next day, at the council of the ministers. They all saw the unavoidable necessity for refusing the sanction, and at the following council, they unanimously recommended that course to the King, who determined upon it with the greatest satisfaction. But this gleam of happiness was clouded, by a proposal made to him by the minister of the interior, immediately to form his chapel, and that of the Queen, of constitutional priests, as the most certain way to shut the mouth of malevolence, and completely convince the people of his sincere attachment to the Constitution. 'No sir, no,' replied the King, in the firmest tone; 'do not speak of that to me; let me be left at rest upon that point. When the liberty of worship was established, it was established generally; I ought therefore to enjoy it.' The warmth with which the King spoke, surprised us all, and silenced M. Cahier de Gorville." Consult the interesting particulars contained in the latter part of these Memoirs, upon the subject, and generally upon the religious sentiments of Louis XVI.

Note by the Editors.

A few days previously, above twenty thousand men had gone to the commune, to announce that on the 20th, they would plant the tree of liberty at the door of the National Assembly, and present a petition to the King respecting the *veto*, which he had placed upon the decree for the deportation of the priests. This dreadful army crossed the garden of the Tuileries, and marched under the Queen's windows. It consisted of people, who called themselves the citizens of the faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau. Covered as they were with filthy clothes, they all bore the most terrifying appearance, and the steam from them infected the air. People asked each other, whence such an army could come; nothing so disgusting had ever before appeared in Paris.

On the 20th of June, this mob thronged about the Tuileries in still greater numbers, armed with pikes, hatchets, and murderous instruments of all kinds, decorated with ribbons of the national colours, shouting,—*The nation for ever! down with the veto!* The King was without guards. Part of these demoniacs rushed up to his apartment. The door was about to be forced in, when the King commanded that it should be opened. Messieurs de Bougainville, d'Hervilly, de Parvis, d'Aubier, Acloque,* Gentil, and other courageous men who were in the apartment of M. de Septenil, the King's first valet de chambre, instantly ran to his majesty's apartment. M. de Bougainville, seeing the torrent furiously advancing, cried out,—"Put the King in the recess of the window, and place benches before him." Six royalist grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles-Saint-Thomas made their way by an inner staircase, and ranged themselves before the benches. The order given by M. de Bougainville saved the King from the blades of the assassins, among whom was a Pole named Lazousky, who was to strike the first blow. The King's brave defenders said,—"Sire, fear nothing." The

* A citizen of Paris, commandant of battalion, who, during the whole of the revolution, was, both in virtue and conduct, in direct opposition to the regicide Santerre.[a]—*Note by Madame Campan.*

[a] His son is now a major of the national guard of Paris.—*Note by the Editors.*

King's reply is well known :—"Put your hand upon my heart, and you will perceive whether I am afraid or not." M. Vauot, commandant of battalion, warded off a blow aimed by a wretch against the King's person : a grenadier of the Filles-Saint-Thomas parried a sword-thrust made in the same direction. Madame Elizabeth ran to her brother's apartments. When she reached his room door, she heard loud threats of death against the Queen : they called for the head of the Austrian. "Ah ! let them think I am the Queen," said she to those around her, "that she may have time to escape."

The Queen could not join the King; she was in the council chamber, where the idea had also been suggested of placing her behind the great table, to protect her, as much as possible, against the approach of the barbarians. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the dauphin before her, seated upon the table. Madame was at her side; the Princess de Lamballe, the Princess de Tarente, Madame de la Roche-Aymon, Madame de Tourzel, and Madame de Mackau surrounded her. She had fixed a tri-coloured cockade, which one of the national guard had given her, upon her head. The poor little dauphin was, as well as the King, shrouded in an enormous red cap.* The horde passed in files before the table; the sort of standards which they carried were symbols of the most atrocious barbarity. There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended; the words, *Marie Antoinette à la lanterne,* were written beneath it. Another was a board, to which a bullock's heart was fastened, with an inscription round it, *Heart of Louis XVI.* And then a third showed the horns of an ox, with an obscene legend.

* "One of the circumstances of the day of the 20th of June, which most vexed the King's friends," says Bertrand de Molleville, "being that of the bonnet rouge having remained upon his head nearly three hours, I ventured to ask him for some explanation upon the fact, which was so strikingly in contrast with the extraordinary intrepidity and courage shown by his majesty during that horrible day. This was his answer : 'The cries of, *the nation for ever !* violently increasing around

One of the most furious Jacobin women, who marched with these wretches, stopped to give vent to a thousand imprecations against the Queen. Her majesty asked her, whether she had ever seen her. She replied, that she had not.—Whether she had done her any personal wrong. Her answer was the same; but she added, "It is you who have caused the misery of the nation." "You have been told so," answered the Queen;—"you are deceived. As the wife of the King of France, and mother of the dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman; I shall never see my own country again—I can be happy or unhappy only in France; I was happy when you loved me." The fury began to weep, asked her pardon, and said,—"It was because I did not know you; I see that you are good."

Santerre, the monarch of the Faubourgs, made his subjects file off as quickly as he could; and it was thought, at the time, that he was ignorant of the object of this insurrection, which was the murder of the royal family.* However, it was eight

me, and seeming to be addressed to me, I replied that the nation had not a warmer friend than myself. Upon this an ill looking man making his way through the crowd, came up to me, and said rather roughly: *Well, if you speak the truth, prove it, by putting on this red cap.* I consent, replied I. One or two of them immediately came forward and placed the cap upon my hair, for it was too small for my head. I was convinced, I knew not why, that his intention was merely to place the cap upon my head for a moment, and then to take it off again; and I was so completely taken up with what was passing before me, that I did not feel whether the cap did or did not remain upon my hair. I was so little aware of it, that when I returned to my room, I knew only, from being told so, that it was still there. I was very much surprised to find it upon my head; and was the more vexed at it, because I might have taken it off immediately, without the smallest difficulty. But I am satisfied, that if I had hesitated to consent to its being placed upon my head, the drunken fellow who offered it to me would have thrust his pike into my stomach."—*Note by the Editors.*

* Montjoie, one of the most decided royalist writers, thus expresses himself respecting Santerre, in the history of Marie Antoinette; and this testimony of his appears the more remarkable, as it was the less to be expected:—

o'clock in the evening, before the palace was completely cleared. Twelve deputies, impelled by their attachment to the King's person, came and ranged themselves near him, at the very commencement of the insurrection; but the deputation from the Assembly did not reach the Tuileries until six in the evening; all the doors of the apartments were broken. The Queen pointed out to the deputies the state of the King's palace, and the disgraceful manner in which his asylum had been violated under the very eyes of the Assembly: she saw that Merlin de Thionville was so much affected as to shed tears while she spoke. "You weep, M. Merlin," said she to him, "at seeing the King and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he always wished to make happy."

"True, madame," replied Merlin; "I weep for the misfortunes of a beautiful and feeling woman, the mother of a family; but do not mistake; not one of my tears falls for either King or Queen; I hate Kings and Queens; it is the only feeling they inspire me with: it is my religion." The Queen could not understand this madness, and saw all that was to be apprehended from persons who were attacked with it.

All hope was gone, and nothing was thought of but succour from abroad. The Queen entreated her family and the King's brothers; her letters probably became more pressing, and expressed her apprehensions upon the tardiness of relief. Her majesty read me one to herself from the Archduchess Christina, gouvernante of the Low Countries: she reproached her for some of

"The muscular expansion of his tall person, the sonorous hoarseness of his voice, his rough manners, and his easy and vulgar eloquence, of course made him a hero among the lower rabble. And, in truth, he had gained a despotic empire over the dregs of the faubourgs. He moved them at will, but that was all he knew how to do, or could do; for, as to the rest, he was neither wicked nor cruel. He engaged blindly in all conspiracies, but he was never guilty of the execution of them, either by himself or by those who obeyed him. He was always concerned for an unfortunate person, of whatever party he might be. Affliction and tears disarmed his hands." (*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie, pages 295 and 296.)—*Note by the Editor.*

her expressions, and told her that those out of France were at least as much alarmed as herself at the King's situation, and her own; but that the manner of attempting to assist her, might either save her or endanger her safety; and that the members of the coalition were bound to act prudently, intrusted as they were with interests so dear to them.

The 14th of July, fixed by the constitution, as the anniversary of the independence of the nation, drew near. The King and Queen were compelled to make their appearance on the occasion; aware that the plot of the 20th of June had their assassination for its object, they had no doubt but that their death was determined on for the day of this national festival. The Queen was recommended, in order to give the King's friends time to defend him, if the attack should be made, to guard him against the first stroke of a dagger, by making him wear a breast-plate. I was directed to get one made in my apartments: it was composed of fifteen folds of Italian taffety, and formed into an under waistcoat, and a wide belt. This breast-plate was tried; it resisted all thrusts of the dagger, and several balls fired for the purpose, were turned aside by it. When it was completed, the difficulty was to let the King try it on without running the risk of being surprised. I wore the immense heavy waistcoat as an under-petticoat, for three days, without being able to find the favourable moment. At length the King found an opportunity one morning, to pull off his coat in the Queen's chamber, and try on the breast-plate.*

The Queen was in bed; the King pulled me gently by the gown, and drew me as far as he could from the Queen's bed, and said to me, in a very low tone of voice: "It is to satisfy her that I submit to this inconvenience: they will not assassinate me; their scheme is changed; they will put me to death another way." The Queen heard the King whispering to me, and

* M. Gentil, the first valet of the wardrobe, assisted me to try on this under-waistcoat, which the King wore on the 14th July, 1792; but M. de Paris had a second made a few days before the 10th of August.

Note by Madame Campan.

when he was gone out, she asked me what he had said. I hesitated to answer; she insisted that I should, saying, that nothing must be concealed from her; and that she was resigned upon every point. When she was informed of the King's remark she told me she had guessed it; that he had long since observed to her, that all which was going forward in France, was an imitation of the revolution in England, in the time of Charles the First, and that he was incessantly reading the history of that unfortunate monarch, in order that he might act better than Charles had done at a similar crisis.* "I begin to be fearful

* A passage in Bertrand de Molleville, shows by what gloomy presentiments the unfortunate prince was overwhelmed, and proves with what courageous resignation he foresaw his fate, and prepared to undergo it. His family were his only care. He had no apprehension, but for them. The affecting feelings of the friend, the husband, and the father, constantly weakened or suspended in him the resolutions of the King.

"His usual book was the History of Charles I., and his principal attention was directed to avoiding, in all his actions, everything that, it appeared to him, would serve as a pretence for a judicial accusation. He would readily have sacrificed his life, but not the glory of France, which an assassination, that would have been only the crime of a few individuals, would not have tarnished.

"It was not until the private conversation which I had with the King, at nine o'clock on the evening of the 21st of June, that I was able to judge how far he was governed by these dismal anticipations. To all my congratulations upon his good fortune, in escaping the dangers of the preceding day, his majesty answered with the utmost indifference: 'All my uneasiness was about the Queen and my sister; for as to myself—' 'But it appears to me,' said I, 'this insurrection was directed chiefly against your majesty.'—'I know it well; I saw that they wished to assassinate me, and I cannot tell how it was that they did not so. But I shall not escape them another time: so that I am no better off: there is but little difference in being assassinated two months earlier or later.'—'Good Heavens! Sire," exclaimed I, 'can your majesty, then, so steadfastly believe that you will be assassinated?'—'Yes, I am certain of it; I have long expected it, and have made up my mind. Do you think I fear death?'—'No surely; but I should be glad to see your majesty less determined to expect that event, and more disposed to adopt vigorous measures, which are now become the only means by

of the King's being brought to trial," continued the Queen; "as to me, I am a foreigner; they will assassinate me. What will become of my poor children?" These sad ejaculations were followed by a torrent of tears.* I wished to give her an antispasmodic; she refused it, saying, that it was only for women who were happy to feel nervous; that the cruel situation to which she was reduced rendered these succours useless. In fact the

which the King can look to be rescued.'—'I believe that; but still there would be many chances against me, and I am not fortunate. I should be at no loss, if I had not my family with me. It would soon be seen, that I am not so weak as they think me; but what will become of my wife and children, if I do not succeed?'—'But does your Majesty think, that if you were assassinated, your family would be more secure?'—'Yes, I do think so; at least I hope so: and if it happened otherwise, I should not have to reproach myself with being the cause of their misfortunes. Besides, what could I do?'—'I think your majesty might at this moment leave Paris with greater ease than ever; because the events of yesterday but too clearly prove that your life is not safe in the capital.'—'Oh! I will not fly a second time: I suffered too much before.'—'I am of opinion, too, that your majesty should not think of it, at least at this moment: but it seems to me, that existing circumstances, and the general indignation which the affair of yesterday appears to have excited, present the King with the most favourable opportunity that can possibly offer for leaving Paris publicly, and without any opposition, not only with the consent of the great majority of the citizens, but with their approbation. I ask your majesty's permission, to reflect upon this step, and to give you my ideas upon the mode and means of executing it.'—'Do so, but it is a more difficult matter than you imagine.'"—*Note by the Editors.*

* These distressing scenes were often renewed: there is nothing in history to which the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette can be compared, but those of Henriette of France, the daughter of Henry IV., wife of Charles I., and mother of Charles II. Like Henriette, she was accused of having exercised too much control over the King's mind; like her she was haunted by continual fears, for the lives of her husband and her children: they were both most deeply afflicted; but she had not, like Henriette, the consolation, after protracted misfortunes, of seeing her family reascend the throne. The tragic and deplorable end of Mary Stuart awaited her, who had experienced all the griefs of Henriette of France.—*Note by the Editors.*

Queen, who during her better times was frequently attacked by hysterical disorders, enjoyed a more uniform state of health, when all the faculties of her soul were called forth to support her physical strength.

I had prepared a corset for her, for the same purpose as the King's under-waistcoat, without her knowledge; but she would not make use of it; all my entreaties, all my tears, were in vain. "If the rebels assassinate me," she replied, "it will be a fortunate event for me; they will deliver me from a most painful existence." A few days after the King had tried on his breast-plate, I met him upon a back staircase. I drew back to let him pass. He stopped, and took my hand; I wished to kiss his; he would not suffer it, but drew me towards him by the hand, and kissed both my cheeks without saying a single word. This silent mark of his approbation so confused me, that I should afterwards have confounded the remembrance of it with the dreams which frequently brought my unhappy sovereigns again before me, if my sisters had not reminded me, that I had communicated this proof of the King's goodness to them, shortly after he had given it.

The fear of another attack upon the Tuileries, occasioned the most scrupulous searches among the King's papers: I burned almost all those belonging to the Queen. She put her family letters, a great deal of correspondence, which she thought it necessary to preserve for the history of the era of the revolution, and particularly Barnave's letters, and her answers, of which she had preserved copies, into a portfolio, which she intrusted to M. de J * * *. That gentleman was unable to save this deposit, and it was burnt. The Queen left a few papers in her secretary. Among them was a paper of instructions to Madame de Tourzel, respecting the dispositions of her children, and the characters and abilities of the governesses, under that lady's orders. This paper, which the Queen drew up at the time of Madame de Tourzel's appointment, with several letters from Maria Theresa, filled with the best advice, and the most laudable instructions, were printed after the 10th of August, by order of the Assembly,

in the collection of all the pieces found in the secretaries of the King and Queen.

Her majesty had still, without reckoning the current money of the month, one hundred and forty thousand francs in gold. She was desirous of depositing the whole of it with me; but I advised her to retain fifteen hundred louis, as a sum of rather considerable amount might, the next moment, be very necessary for her. The King had an immense quantity of papers, and unfortunately conceived the idea of privately making a place of concealment in an inner corridor of his apartments, with the assistance of a locksmith, who had worked with him above ten years. The place of concealment, but for the man's information, would have been long undiscovered.* The wall in which it was made, was painted to imitate large stones, and the opening was entirely concealed among the brown grooves which formed the shaded part of these painted stones. But even before this locksmith had denounced what was afterwards called *the iron closet*, to the Assembly, the Queen was aware that he had talked of it to some of his friends; and that this man, in whom the King, from long habit, placed too much confidence, was a Jacobin. She warned the King of it, and prevailed on him to fill a very large portfolio with all the papers he was most interested in preserving, and intrust it to me. She entreated him, in my presence, to leave nothing in this closet; and the King, in order to quiet her, told her that he had left nothing there. I would have taken the portfolio, and carried it to my apartment; but it was too heavy for me to lift. The King said he would carry it himself; I went before to open the doors to him. When he placed the portfolio in my inner closet, he

* See Note (M) of the first volume, upon the subject of this workman, who was named Gamin, the confidence placed in him by Louis XVI., and even the kind of familiarity into which that prince had admitted him. It is remarkable, that Soulavie himself, from whom those particulars are extracted, makes use of the expression, *the infamous Gamin*, and reproaches him with the pension of 1200 francs, given him by the Convention, when he accused Louis XVI. of having wished to poison him.

Note by the Editor.

merely said, "The Queen will tell you what it contains." Upon my return to the Queen, I put the question to her, deeming, from what the King had said, that it was necessary I should know. "They are," the Queen answered me, "such documents as would be most dangerous to the King, should they go so far as to proceed to a trial against him. But what he most wishes me to tell you is, no doubt, that the portfolio contains a procès-verbal of a cabinet-council, in which the King gave his opinion against war. He had it signed by all the ministers, and, in case of a proceeding, he trusts that this document will be very useful to him." I asked the Queen to whom she thought I ought to commit the portfolio. "To whom you please," answered she; "*you alone are answerable for it:* do not quit the palace, even during your vacation months. There may be circumstances under which it would be very desirable that we should be able to have it instantly."

At this period M. de la Fayette, who had probably given up the idea of establishing a republic in France, similar to that of the United States, and was desirous to support the first constitution, which he had sworn to defend, quitted his army and came to the Assembly for the purpose of supporting, by his presence, and by an energetic speech, a petition signed by twenty thousand citizens, against the late violation of the residence of the King and his family. The general found the constitutional party powerless, and saw that he himself had lost his popularity. The Assembly disapproved of the step he had taken; the King, for whom it was taken, showed no satisfaction at it, and he saw himself compelled to return to his army as quickly as he could. He thought he could rely on the national guard; but, on the day of his arrival, those officers who were in the King's interest, inquired of his majesty, whether they were to forward the views of General la Fayette, by joining him in such measures, as he should pursue during his stay at Paris. The King enjoined them not to do so. From this answer M. de la Fayette perceived that he was abandoned by the remainder of his party in the Paris guard.

Upon his arrival, a plan was presented to the Queen, in which it was proposed, by a junction between La Fayette's army and the King's party, to rescue the royal family, and convey them to Rouen. I did not learn the particulars of this plan; the Queen only said to me upon the subject, "That M. de la Fayette was offered to them as a resource; but that it would be better for them to perish, than to owe their safety to the man who had done them the most mischief, or to place themselves under the necessity of treating with him."

I passed the whole month of July without going to bed; I was fearful of some attack by night. There was one plot against the Queen's life, which has never been made known. I was alone by her bedside, at one o'clock in the morning; we heard somebody walking softly along the corridor, which passes along the whole line of her apartments, and which was then locked at each end. I went out to fetch the valet de chambre; he entered the corridor, and the Queen and myself soon heard the noise of two men fighting. The unfortunate princess held me locked in her arms, and said to me: "What a situation! insults by day, and assassins by night!" The valet de chambre cried out to her from the corridor: "Madame, I know the wretch; I have him." "Let him go," said the Queen; "open the door to him; he came to murder me; the Jacobins would carry him about in triumph to-morrow." The man was a servant of the King's toilet, who had taken the key of the corridor out of his majesty's pocket, after he was in bed, no doubt with the intention of committing the crime suspected. The valet de chambre, who was a very strong man, held him by the wrists, and thrust him out at the door. The wretch did not speak a word: the valet de chambre said, in answer to the Queen, who spoke to him gratefully of the danger to which he had exposed himself, "That he feared nothing; and that he had always a pair of excellent pistols about him, for no other purpose than to defend her majesty."

On the next day, M. de Septeuil had all the locks of the King's inner apartments changed: I did the same by those of the Queen.

We were every moment told, that the faubourg Saint Antoine

was preparing to march against the palace. At four o'clock one morning, towards the latter end of July, a person came to give me information to that effect. I instantly sent off two men, on whom I could rely, with orders to proceed to the usual places of assembling, and to come back speedily and give me an account of the state of the city. We knew that at least an hour must elapse before the populace of the faubourgs assembled upon the site of the Bastille, could reach the Tuileries. It seemed to me sufficient for the Queen's safety, that all about her should be awakened. I went softly into her room; she was asleep; I did not awaken her. I found General de W——, in the great closet; he told me the meeting was, for this once, dispersing. The general had endeavoured to please the populace by the same means that M. de la Fayette had employed. He saluted the lowest poissarde, and lowered his hat down to his very stirrup. But the populace, who had been flattered for three years, required far different homage to its power, and the poor man was unnoticed. The King had been awakened, and so had Madame Elizabeth, who had gone to him. The Queen, yielding to the weight of her griefs, slept till nine o'clock on that day, which was very unusual with her. The King had already been to know whether she was awake: I told him what I had done, and the care I had taken not to disturb her rest. He thanked me, and said, "I was awake, and so was the whole palace; she ran no risk. I am very glad to see her take a little rest.—Alas! her griefs double mine!" added the King, as he left me. What was my chagrin, when, upon awaking and learning what had passed, the Queen began to weep bitterly, from regret at not having been called, and to upbraid me, on whose friendship she ought to have been able to rely, for having served her so ill, under such circumstances! In vain did I reiterate, that it had been only a false alarm, and that she required to have her strength recruited. "It is not diminished," said she: "misfortune gives us additional strength. Elizabeth was with the King, and I was asleep! I, who am determined to perish by his side; I am his wife; I will not suffer him to incur the smallest risk, without my sharing it."

CHAPTER X.

Madame Campan's Communications with M. Bertrand de Molleville, for the King's Service—Hope of a speedy deliverance—The Queen's Reflections upon the Character of Louis XVI.—Insults—Inquiry set on foot by the Princess de Lamballe, respecting the persons of the Queen's Household—The 10th of August—Curious Particulars—Battle—Scenes of Carnage—The Royal Family at the Feuillans.

During the month of July, the correspondence of M. Bertrand de Molleville with the King and Queen, was most active. M. de Marsilly, formerly a lieutenant of the *Cent-Suisses* of the guard, was the bearer of the letters.* He came to me the first time with a note from the Queen, directed to M. Bertrand himself. In this note the Queen said, "Address yourself with full confidence to Madame Campan; the conduct of her brother in Russia has not at all influenced her sentiments; she is wholly

* Bertrand de Molleville thus relates the measures adopted for his communications with the Queen and Louis XVI.

"I received, by night only, the King's answer, written with his own hand, in the margin of my letter. Such was the usual form of my correspondence with him: I always sent him back, with the day's letter, that to which he had replied the day before; so that my letters, and his answers, of which I contented myself with taking notes only, never remained with me twenty-four hours. I proposed this arrangement to his majesty, to remove all uneasiness from his mind; my letters were generally delivered to the King or the Queen by M. de Marsilly, captain of the King's guard, whose attachment and fidelity were known to their majesties. I also sometimes employed M. Bernard de Marigny, who had left Brest, entirely for the purpose of facing the dangers which threatened the King, and sharing with all his majesty's faithful servants, the honour of forming a rampart round him with their bodies." (*Private Memoirs*, vol. ii. page 12.)—*Note by the Editors.*

devoted to us; and if, hereafter, you should have anything to say to us verbally, you may rely entirely upon her self-devotion and discretion."

The mobs which gathered, almost nightly, in the faubourgs, alarmed the Queen's friends; they entreated her not to sleep in her room on the ground-floor of the Tuileries. She removed to the first-floor, to a room which was between the King's apartments and those of the dauphin. Being awake always from day-break, she ordered that neither the shutters nor the window blinds should be closed, that her long sleepless nights might be the less weary. About the middle of one of these nights, when the moon was shining into her bedchamber, she gazed at it, and told me, that in a month she should not see that moon, unless freed from her chains, and beholding the King at liberty. She then imparted to me, that all was concurring to deliver them; but that the opinions of their intimate advisers were alarmingly at variance: that some vouched for complete success, while others pointed out insurmountable dangers. She added that she possessed the itinerary of the march of the princes and the King of Prussia; that on such a day, they would be at Verdun; on another day, at such a place; that Lisle was about to be besieged, but that M. de J***, whose prudence and intelligence the King, as well as herself, highly valued, alarmed them much respecting the success of that siege, and made them apprehensive that, even were the commandant devoted to them, the civil authority, which, by the constitution, gave great power to the mayors of towns, would overrule the military commandant. She was also very uneasy as to what would take place at Paris during the interval, and spoke to me upon the King's want of energy, but always in terms expressive of her veneration of his virtues, and her attachment to himself. "The King," said she, "is not a coward; he possesses abundance of passive courage, but he is overwhelmed by an awkward shyness, a mistrust of himself, which proceeds from his education as much as from his disposition. He is afraid to command, and, above all things, dreads speaking to assembled numbers. He lived like a child, and

always ill at ease, under the eyes of Louis XV., until the age of twenty-one. This constraint confirmed his timidity.* Cir-

* The following extract points out the causes to which the extreme timidity of Louis XVI. is to be attributed, and in what circumstances he succeeded in overcoming it. It adds, also, some interesting and faithful particulars, to those we have already collected, respecting the disposition, qualifications, and mind of that prince.

"One of the most remarkable features of the King's character, and the nature of his mind, was, that his natural timidity, and the difficulty which he generally felt in expressing himself, were never perceptible, when religion, the relief of the people, or the welfare of the French, were the subjects in question; he would then speak with a facility and an energy, which astonished new ministers in particular, who almost invariably came at first to the council possessed with the generally received opinion, that the King had a very limited intellect. I do not mean to say, that Louis XVI. was a genius; but I am convinced, that if he had received a different education, and his abilities had been cultivated and exercised, he would have been taught to do himself credit by them: he would have shown as much talent, as those princes who have had the reputation of possessing the most. This, however, is certain, that we saw him daily, and with the greatest ease, do a thing which is considered an exploit for people who have the greatest talent, and which it is impossible to perform without talent: and that is, to read a letter, a newspaper, or a memorial, and at the same time to listen to the relation of some affair, and yet to understand both perfectly well. The King's constant practice was to come to the council with the *Journal du Soir*, and the letters, or memorials, which had been presented to him during the day, in his hand. He spent the first half hour of each sitting, in reading them; handed the memorials, which required attention, to the proper ministers; and lighted the others, and the newspaper, at the taper next to him, and threw them in flames upon the floor. During all this time, the ministers reported the business of their respective departments, and the King understood them so well, that in an affair of some delicacy, reported while he was reading, by M. Cahier de Gerville, and adjourned for a week for consideration, his majesty astonished us upon the second report of the same affair, by the exactness with which he fixed upon the omission of a fact extremely important to the decision, and which M. Cahier de Gerville no longer remembered. True it is, that none of us could cope with the King in point of memory; I never knew one so true. His judgment was not less sound, not only in business, but in the compo-

cumstanced as we are, a few well-delivered words, addressed to the Parisians, who are devoted to him, would multiply the strength of our party a hundred fold; he will not utter them. What can we expect from those addresses to the people, which he has been advised to post up? Nothing but fresh outrages. As for myself, I could do anything, and would appear on horseback, if necessary. But if I were really to begin to act, that would be furnishing arms to the King's enemies; the cry against the Austrian, and against the sway of a female, would become general in France, and, moreover, by showing myself, I should render the King a mere nothing. A Queen, who is not regent, ought, under these circumstances, to remain passive, and prepare to die."

The garden of the Tuileries was full of madmen, who insulted all who seemed to side with the court. *The Life of Marie Antoinette* was cried under the Queen's windows; infamous plates were annexed to the book; the hawkers showed them to the passers-by.* On all sides were heard the joyous outcries of a people in a state of delirium, almost as frightful as the explosion of their rage. The Queen and her children were unable to

sition of proclamations, or of letters, or speeches addressed to the Assembly. In fact, I can bear witness, that all the important documents of that nature which appeared during my administration, were submitted to the King's examination in particular, after having been discussed, and frequently settled, at the committee of the ministers; and that there are few of them in which his majesty did not make some corrections which were perfectly proper."—(*Memoirs by Bertrand de Molleville*, vol. i.)—*Note by the Editor.*

* The editor, who pens these notes, has seen these obscene engravings, and read these detestable pamphlets. He has expressed the impression of sorrow and disgust he retains respecting them, in the biographical notice. What he has to add here, and which gives rise to a painful degree of astonishment, is, that among these writings, and particularly among the verses, are to be found some which bespeak a very considerable extent of talent; some passages recall the force of Rousseau's epigrams, and the libertine *point* of Piron. What a scandalous and criminal abuse of endowments of mind!

Note by the Editor.

breathe the open air any longer; it was determined that the garden of the Tuileries should be closed: as soon as this step was taken, the Assembly decreed that the whole length of the Terrace des Tuileries belonged to it, and fixed the boundary between what was called the *national ground*, and the *Coblentz ground*, by a tri-coloured ribbon stretched from one end of the terrace to the other. All good citizens were ordered, by notices affixed to it, not to go down into the garden, under pain of being treated in the same manner as Foulon and Berthier.* The shutting up of the Tuileries did not enable the Queen and her children to walk in the garden. The people on the terrace sent forth dreadful howls, and she was twice compelled to return to her apartments.

In the early part of August, many zealous persons offered the King money; he refused considerable sums, being unwilling to injure the fortunes of individuals. M. de la Ferte, intendant of the *menus plaisirs*, brought me a thousand louis, requesting me to lay them at the feet of the Queen. He thought she could not have too much money at so perilous a time, and that every good Frenchman should hasten to place all his ready money in her hands. She refused this sum, and others of much greater amount which were offered to her.† However, a few days afterwards, she told me she would accept of M. de la Ferte's twenty-

* A young man, who did not observe this written order, went down into the garden: furious outcries, threats of, *la lanterne*, and the crowd of people which collected upon the terrace, warned him of his imprudence, and the danger which he ran. He immediately pulled off his shoes, took out his handkercief, and wiped the dust from off their soles. The people cried out, *Bravo! the good citizen for ever!* He was carried off in triumph.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

† M. Auguié, my brother-in-law, receiver-general of the finances, offered her, through the medium of his wife, a portfolio, containing one hundred thousand crowns, in paper money. On this occasion, the Queen said the most affecting things to my sister, expressive of her happiness at having contributed to the fortunes of such faithful subjects as herself and her husband, but declined accepting her offer.

Note by Madame Campan

four thousand francs, because they would make up a sum which the King had to expend. She therefore directed me to go and receive those twenty-four thousand francs; to add them to the one hundred thousand francs she had placed in my hands, and to change the whole into assignats, to increase their amount. Her orders were executed, and the assignats were delivered to the King. The Queen informed me, that Madame Elizabeth had found a well-meaning man, who had engaged to gain over Petion by the bribe of a large sum of money; and that that deputy would, by a preconcerted signal, inform the King of the success of the project. His majesty soon had an opportunity of seeing Petion, and, on the Queen asking him before me, if he was satisfied with him, the King replied,—"Neither more nor less satisfied than usual; he did not make the concerted signal, and I believe I have been cheated." The Queen then condescended to explain the whole of the enigma to me. "Petion," said she, "was, while talking to the King, to have kept his finger fixed upon his right eye, for at least two seconds." "He did not even put his hand up to his chin," said the King; "after all, it is but so much money stolen: the thief will not boast of it, and the affair will remain a secret. Let us talk of something else." He turned to me, and said, "Your father was an intimate friend of Mandat, who now commands the national guard; describe him to me; what ought I to expect from him?" I answered, that he was one of his majesty's most faithful subjects, but, at the same time that he possessed a great deal of loyalty, he had likewise very little sense, and that he was involved in the constitutional vortex. "I understand," said the King; "he is a man who would defend my palace and my person, because that is enjoined by the constitution which he has sworn to support; but who would fight against the party in favour of sovereign authority: it is well to know this with certainty."

On the next day, the Princess de Lamballe sent for me very early in the morning; I found her sitting upon a sofa opposite a window, looking out upon the Pont-Royal. She then occupied that apartment of the pavilion of Flora, which was on a level

with that of the Queen. She desired me to sit down by her; her highness had a writing-desk upon her knees. "You have had many enemies," said she; "attempts have been made to deprive you of the Queen's favour; they have been far from successful. Do you know, that even I myself, not being so well acquainted with you as the Queen, was rendered suspicious of you; and that, upon the arrival of the court at the Tuileries, I gave you a companion to be a spy upon you;* and that I had another, belonging to the police, placed at your door! I was assured, that you received five or six of the most virulent deputies of the Tiers-etat; but this report came from that woman belonging to the wardrobe who was lodged above you. In short," said the princess, "persons of integrity have nothing to fear from the evil-disposed, when they belong to so upright a prince as the King. As to the Queen, she knows you, and has loved you ever since she came into France. You shall judge of the King's opinion of you: it was yesterday evening decided, in the family circle, that at a time when the Tuileries is likely to be attacked, it was necessary to have the most faithful account of the opinions and conduct of all the individuals composing the Queen's service. The King takes the same precaution, on his part, respecting all who are about him. He said there was with him a person of great integrity, to whom he would commit this inquiry; and that, with regard to the Queen's household, you must be spoken to; that he had long studied your character, and that he esteemed your veracity."

The princess had the names of all who belonged to the Queen's chamber, upon her desk. She asked me for information respecting each individual. At such a moment, honour and duty efface even the recollection of enmity. I was fortunate in having none but the most favourable information to give. I had to

* This was M. de P——, who afterwards owned it to me, telling me, that though he did accept of this base employment, it was because he was sure that my acquaintance consisted only of royalists; and that, moreover, he did not doubt the sincerity of my sentiments.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

speak of my avowed enemy in the Queen's chamber: of her, who most wished to make me responsible for my brother's political opinions. The princess, as the head of the chamber, could not be ignorant of this circumstance; but, as the female in question, who idolized the King and Queen, would not have hesitated to sacrifice her life, in order to save theirs; and as, possibly, her attachment to them, united to considerable narrowness of intellect, and a limited education, contributed to her jealousy of me, I spoke of her in the highest terms.

The princess wrote as I dictated, and occasionally looked at me with astonishment. When I had done, I entreated her highness to write down in the margin, that the lady alluded to was my declared enemy. She embraced me, saying, "Ah! write it! we should not record an injustice which must be forgotten." We came to a man of genius, who was much attached to the Queen, and I described him as a man born solely for disputation, showing himself, out of mere spirit of contradiction, an aristocrat with democrats, and a democrat among aristocrats; but still a man of probity, and well affected to his sovereign. The princess said she knew many persons of that disposition, and that she was delighted I had nothing to say against this man, because she herself had placed him about the Queen.

The whole of her majesty's chamber, which consisted entirely of persons of fidelity, gave, throughout all the dreadful convulsions of the revolution, proofs of the greatest prudence and the most absolute self-devotion. The same cannot be said of the antechambers. With the exception of three or four, all the servants of that class were outrageous Jacobins; and I saw, on those occasions, the necessity of composing the private household of princes, of persons completely separated from the class of the people.

The situation of the royal family was so horrid, during the months which immediately preceded the 10th of August, that the Queen was worked up to long for the coming of the crisis, whatever might be its issue. She frequently said that a long confinement in a tower by the sea-side, would seem to her less

intolerable, than those feuds in which the weakness of her party daily announced an inevitable catastrophe.*

Not only were their majesties prevented from breathing the open air, but they were also insulted at the very foot of the altar. The Sunday before the last day of the monarchy, while the royal family went through the gallery to the chapel, half the soldiers of the national guard exclaimed, *Long live the King*, and the other half, *No, no King! down with the Veto!* and on that day, at vespers, the choristers preconcerted to increase the loudness of their voices three-fold in an alarming manner, when they chanted the words, *Deposuit potentes de sede*, in the *Magnificat*. Incensed at such an infamous proceeding, the royalists in their turn thrice exclaimed, *Et reginam*, after the *Domine salvum fac regem:* the tumult, during the whole time of divine service, was excessive.

At length arrived that terrible night of the 10th of August. On the preceding evening, Petion went to the Assembly, and informed it, that preparations were making for a great insurrection on the following day: that the tocsin would sound at midnight; and that he feared he had not sufficient means for resisting the attack which was about to take place. Upon this information the Assembly passed to the order of the day.

* A few days before the 10th of August, the squabbles between the royalists and Jacobins, and between the Jacobins and the constitutionals, increased in warmth: among the latter, those men who defended the principles they professed, with the greatest talent, courage, and constancy, were at the same time the most exposed to danger.—Montjoie relates the following anecdote:—

"The question of abdication was discussed with a degree of frenzy in the Assembly. Such of the deputies as voted against that scandalous discussion, were abused, ill treated, and surrounded by assassins. They had a battle to fight at every step they took; and at length they did not dare to sleep in their own houses. Of this number, were Regnault de Beaucaron, Frondiere, Girardin, and Vaublanc.

"Girardin complained of having been struck in one of the lobbies of the Assembly; a voice cried out to him, *Say where you were struck?—Where*, replied Girardin; *what a question! Behind. Do assassins ever strike otherwise?*—(*History of Marie Antoinette.*)—*Note by the Editor.*

Petion, however, gave an order for repelling force by force. M. Mandat was armed with this order: and finding his fidelity to the King's person supported by what he considered the law of the state, he conducted himself, in all his operations, with the greatest energy. On the evening of the 9th, I was present at the King's supper. While his majesty was giving me various orders, we heard a great noise at the door of the apartment. I went to see what was the cause of it, and I found the two sentinels fighting. One said, speaking of the King, that he was hearty in the cause of the constitution, and would defend it at the peril of his life; the other maintained that he was an incumbrance to the only constitution suitable to a free people; they were near destroying each other. I returned with a countenance which betrayed my emotion. The King desired to know what was going forward at his door: I could not conceal it from him. The Queen said she was not at all surprised at it, and that more than half the guard belonged to the Jacobin party.

The tocsin sounded at midnight. The Swiss were drawn up like real walls; and, in the midst of their soldier-like silence, which formed a striking contrast with the perpetual din of the town guard, the King informed M. de J***, an officer of the staff, of the plan of defence laid down by General Viomenil. M. de J*** said to me, after this private conference: "Put your jewels and money into your pockets; our dangers are unavoidable; the means of defence are unavailing: safety might be obtained from some degree of energy in the King, but that is the only virtue in which he is deficient."

An hour after midnight, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth said they would lie down on a sofa in a closet in the *entresols*, the windows of which commanded the court-yard of the Tuileries.

The Queen told me, the King had just refused to put on his quilted under-waistcoat; that he had consented to wear it on the 14th of July, because he was merely going to a ceremony, where the poniard of an assassin was to be apprehended: but that, on a day on which his party might fight against the revolutionists,

he thought there was something cowardly in preserving his life by such means.

During this time, Madame Elizabeth disengaged herself of some of her clothing which encumbered her, in order to lie down on the sofa: she took a cornelian pin out of her tippet, and before she laid it down on the table, she showed it to me, and desired me to read a motto engraved upon it, round a stalk of lilies. The words were, *Oblivion of injuries—pardon for offences.* "I much fear," added that virtuous princess, "this maxim has but little influence among our enemies; but it ought not to be less dear to us on that account."*

The Queen desired me to sit down by her; the two princesses could not sleep; they were conversing mournfully upon their situation, when a musket was discharged in the court-yard. They both quitted the sofa, saying; "There is the first shot, unfortunately it will not be the last: let us go up to the King." The Queen desired me to follow her; several of her women went with me.

At four o'clock, the Queen came out of the King's chamber, and told us she had no longer any hope; that M. Mandat, who had gone to the Hotel de Ville, to receive further orders, had just been assassinated; and that the people were at that time carrying his head about the streets. Day came; the King, the

* The princess did not take this precious trinket when she quitted the Queen's *entresol*. Into what hands did it fall? It would adorn the richest treasury.

The exalted piety of Madame Elizabeth gave to all she said and did, a noble character, descriptive of that of her soul. On the day on which this worthy descendant of Saint Louis was sacrificed, the executioner, in tying her hands behind her back, raised up one of the ends of her handkerchief in front. Madame Elizabeth, with calmness, and with a voice which seemed not to come from the earth, said to him: "In the name of modesty, cover my bosom." I learned this trait of heroism from Madame de Serilly, who was condemned the same day as the princess, but who obtained a respite at the moment of the execution, Madame de Montmorin, her relation, declaring that her cousin was pregnant.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame, and the dauphin, went down to pass through the ranks of the sections of the national guard: the cry of, *Vive le Roi!* was heard from a few places. I was at a window on the garden sides; I saw some of the gunners quit their posts, go up to the King, and thrust their fists in his face, insulting him by the most brutal language. Messieurs de Salvert and M. de Briges drove them off in a spirited manner. The King was as pale as a corpse. The royal family came in again; the Queen told me that all was lost; that the King had shown no energy; and that this sort of review had done more harm than good.*

I was in the billiard-room with my companions; we placed ourselves upon some high benches. I then saw M. d'Hervilly with a drawn sword in his hand, ordering the usher to open the door to the French *noblesse*. Two hundred persons entered the room, which was nearest to that in which the family were; others also drew up in two lines in the preceding rooms. I saw a few people belonging to the court, many others whose features

* Montjoie, in his *History of Marie Antoinette*, gives an account of the affair of the Chateau, which he says was furnished by an eye-witness. The narrator thus expresses himself:—

"M. Mandat being gone, the command devolved on M. de la Chesnaye.

"I then perceived a considerable degree of bustle in the interior of the castle.

"The national guard, and the Swiss guards, being called to their posts, all went to them in the greatest order. The interior of the apartments, the staircases, and vestibules, were occupied by soldiers; the posts of the court-yards were distributed, and cannon were brought from different parts of the great court. All these preparations announced the most terrible resolves; they seemed to express a determination to offer a vigorous resistance. I turned my eyes away, and lamented, first the manner, and then the inefficiency, of the means employed; the manner, because I saw a scene of bloodshed and murders without number, in preparation; the inefficiency, because, in spite of the wild and criminal scheme of an unavailing resistance, I was convinced beforehand, there was no fence strong enough to stem the impetuous torrent."—(*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie.)

Note by the Editor.

were unknown to me, and a few who figured ridiculously enough, among what was called the *noblesse*, but whose self-devotion ennobled them at once. They were all so badly armed that even in that situation, the French vivacity, which yields to nothing, indulged in jests upon that which was no jesting matter. M. de St. Souplet, one of the King's equerries, and a page, instead of muskets, carried upon their shoulders the tongs belonging to the King's antechamber, which they had broken and divided between them. Another page, who had a pocket pistol in his hand, stuck the end of it against the back of the person who stood before him, and who begged he would be good enough to rest it elsewhere. A sword and a pair of pistols, were the only arms of those who had had the precaution to provide themselves with arms at all. Meanwhile the numerous bands from the faubourgs, armed with pikes and cutlasses, filled the Carrousel and the streets adjacent to the Tuileries. The sanguinary Marseillois were at their head, with cannon pointed against the castle. In this emergency, the King's council sent M. Dejoly, the minister of justice, to the Assembly, to request they would send the King a deputation, which might serve as a safeguard to the executive power. Its ruin was resolved on; they passed to the order of the day. At eight o'clock, the department repaired to the castle; the attorney-syndic, seeing that the guard within was ready to join the assailants, went into the King's closet, and requested to speak to him in private. The King received him in his chamber; the Queen was with him. There M. Rœderer told him, that the King, all his family, and the people about them, would inevitably fall, unless his majesty immediately determined to go to the National Assembly. The Queen at first opposed this advice; but the attorney-syndic told her, that she rendered herself responsible for the deaths of the King, her children, and all who were in the palace: upon this she no longer objected. The King then consented to go to the Assembly: as he set out, he said to the minister and persons who surrounded: *Come, gentlemen, there is nothing more to be done here.** The

* The informant, cited by Montjoie, thus relates the efforts made by

Queen said to me, as she left the King's chamber: "Wait in my apartments; I will come to you, or I will send for you, to go I know not whither." She took with her only the Princess de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel. The Princess de Tarente and Madame de la Roche-Aymon were inconsolable at being left

M. Rœderer with the people, and the national guard, and the conversation he afterwards had with the King in his closet. This account of the 10th of August, contains also several other important particulars; but we refer them all to the Historical Illustrations (letter K), not to interrupt Madame Campan's narrative.

"M. Rœderer, it must be said to his praise, tried all means. At last, being unable to subdue the fury of the people, he calmed it for a few minutes; they granted him half an hour, and the depositaries of the law instantly returned into the castle-yard.

"Here they met with obstacles of another kind: the national guards seemed perfectly resolute, and well disposed.

"M. Rœderer called their attention to the extent of the danger; he made them promise to remain firm at their posts; he exhorted them not to attack their fellow-citizens, their brethren, as long as they should remain inactive; but he foresaw the approaching moment when the chateau would be attacked. He explained to them the principles of lawful defence, and made the requisition, prescribed by the law of the month of May, 1791, relative to the public force. The national guard, however, remained silent, and the gunners discharged their cannon.

"What could the authorities of the department then do? They joined the King's ministers; and all, with one consent, conjured him to save himself with his family, and take refuge in the bosom of the National Assembly. 'There, only, Sire,' said M. Rœderer, 'in the midst of the representatives of the people, can your majesty, the Queen, and the royal family, be in safety. Come; let us fly: in another quarter of an hour, perhaps, we shall not be able to command a retreat.'

"The King hesitated; the Queen manifested the highest dissatisfaction. 'What!' said she, 'are we alone; is there nobody who can act—? 'Yes, madame, alone: action is useless—resistance is impossible.' One of the members of the department, M. Gerdret, resolved to add his voice; he insisted upon the prompt execution of the proposed measure. 'Silence, sir,' said the Queen to him; 'silence; you are the only person who ought to be silent here; when the mischief is done, those who did it, should not pretend to wish to remedy it.'"

Note by the Editor.

at the Tuileries. They, and all who belonged to the chamber, went down into the Queen's apartments.

We saw the royal family pass between two lines, formed by the Swiss grenadiers, and those of the battalions of the Petits-Peres, and the Filles-Saint-Thomas. They were so pressed upon by the crowd, that during that short passage, the Queen was robbed of her watch and purse. A man of frightful height and atrocious appearance, one of such as were to be seen at the head of all the insurrections, drew near the dauphin, whom the Queen was leading by the hand, and took him up in his arms. The Queen uttered a scream of terror, and was ready to faint. The man said to her: "Don't be frightened; I will do him no harm;" and he gave him back to her at the entrance of the chamber.

I leave to history all the details of that too memorable day, confining myself to retracing a few of the frightful scenes acted in the interior of the Tuileries, after the King had quitted the palace.

The assailants did not know that the King and his family had betaken themselves to the bosom of the Assembly; and those who defended the palace on the court side, were equally ignorant of it: it is supposed, that if they had been aware of the fact, the siege would never have taken place.

The Marseillois began by driving several Swiss, who yielded without resistance, from their posts; a few of the assailants fired upon them; some of the Swiss officers, unable to contain themselves at seeing their men fall thus, and perhaps thinking the King was still at the Tuileries, gave the word to a whole battalion to fire. The aggressors were thrown into disorder, and the Carrousel was cleared in a moment; but they soon returned, spurred on by rage and revenge. The Swiss were but eight hundred strong; they fell back into the interior of the castle; some of the doors were battered in by the guns, others broken through with hatchets; the populace rushed from all quarters into the interior of the palace; almost all the Swiss were massacred; the nobles, flying through the gallery, which leads to the Louvre, were either stabbed or pistolled, and the bodies were thrown out

of the windows. M. Pallas, and M. de Marchais, ushers of the King's chamber, were killed in defending the door of the council chamber; many others of the King's servants fell victims of their attachment to their master. I mention these two persons in particular, because, with their hats pulled over their brows, and their swords in their hands, they exclaimed, as they defended themselves, with unavailing but praiseworthy courage: "We will not survive—this is our post; our duty is to die at it." M. Diet behaved in the same manner at the door of the Queen's bedchamber; he experienced the same fate. The Princess de Tarente had fortunately opened the door of the entrance into the apartments; otherwise, the dreadful band, seeing several women collected in the Queen's saloon, would have fancied she was among us, and would have immediately massacred us, if their rage had been increased by resistance. However, we were all about to perish, when a man, with a long beard, came up, exclaiming, in the name of Petion: "*Spare the women! don't disgrace the nation!*" A particular circumstance placed me in greater danger than the others. In my confusion, I imagined, a moment before the assailants entered the Queen's apartments, that my sister was not among the group of women collected there; and I went up into an *entresol*, where I supposed she had taken refuge, to induce her to come down, fancying it of consequence to our safety that we should not be separated. I did not find her in the room in question; I saw there only our two femmes de chambre, and one of the Queen's two heydukes, a man of great height, and a perfectly martial physiognomy; I cried out to him: "Fly, the footmen and our people are already safe." "I cannot," said the man to me; "I am dying of fear." As he spoke, I heard a number of men rushing hastily up the staircase: they threw themselves upon him, and I saw him assassinated. I ran towards the staircase, followed by our women. The murderers left the heyduke to come to me. The women threw themselves at their feet, and held their sabres. The narrowness of the staircase impeded the assassins; but I had already felt a horrid hand thrust down my back, to seize me by my clothes, when some one

called out from the bottom of the staircase: *What are you doing above there?* The terrible Marseillois who was going to massacre me, answered by a *hem!* the sound of which will never escape my memory. The other voice replied only by these words: *We don't kill women.*

I was on my knees: my executioner quitted his hold of me, and said, "*Get up, you jade; the nation pardons you.*"

The brutality of these words did not prevent my suddenly experiencing an indescribable feeling, which partook almost equally of the love of life, and the idea, that I was going to see my son, and all that was dear to me, again. A moment before, I had thought less of death, than of the pain which the steel, suspended over my head, would occasion me. Death is seldom seen so close, without striking his blow. I can assert, that upon such an occasion, the organs, unless fainting ensues, are in full activity, and that I heard every syllable uttered by the assassins, just as if I had been calm.

Five or six men seized me and my women, and having made us get upon benches placed before the windows, ordered us to call out, "*The nation for ever!*"

I passed over several corpses; I recognised that of the old Viscount de Broves, to whom the Queen had sent me, at the beginning of the night, to desire him and another old gentleman, in her name, to go home. These brave men desired I would tell her majesty, that they had but too strictly obeyed the King's orders in all circumstances, under which they ought to have exposed their own lives, in order to preserve his; and that, for this once, they would not obey, but would cherish the recollection of the Queen's goodness.

Near the grating, on the side next the bridge, the men who conducted me, asked whither I wished to go. Upon my asking, in my turn, whether they were at liberty to take me wherever I might wish to go, one of them, who was a Marseillois, asked me, giving me at the same time a push with the butt end of his musket, whether I still doubted the power of the people? I answered, *No;* and I mentioned the number of my father-in-

law's house. I saw my sister ascending the steps of the parapet of the bridge, surrounded by men of the national guard. I called to her, and she turned round. "Would you have her go with you?" said my guardian to me. I told him I did wish it; they called the people, who were leading my sister to prison: she joined me.

Madame de La Roche-Aymon and her daughter, Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel, lady to the Princess de Lamballe, the other females belonging to the Queen, and the old Count d'Affry, were led off together to the prisons of the Abbaye.

Our progress from the palace of the Tuileries to my sister's house, was most distressing We saw several Swiss pursued and killed; and musket shots were crossing each other in all directions. We passed under the walls of the gallery of the Louvre; they were firing from the parapet into the windows of the gallery, to hit the *knights of the dagger;* for thus did the populace designate those faithful subjects, who had assembled at the Tuileries to defend the King.

The brigands broke some vessels of water in the Queen's first antechamber; the mixture of blood and water stained the bottoms of our white gowns. The poissardes screamed after us in the streets, that we were attached to the *Austrian.* Our protectors then showed some consideration for us, and made us go up a gateway, to pull off our gowns; but our petticoats being too short, and making us look like persons in disguise, other poissardes began to bawl out, that we were young Swiss, dressed up like women. We then saw a tribe of female cannibals enter the street, carrying the head of poor Mandat. Our guards hastily made us enter a little public-house, called for wine, and desired us to drink with them. They assured the landlady that we were their sisters, and good patriots. Happily the Marseillois had quitted us to return to the Tuileries. One of the men who remained with us, said to me in an under-voice, "I am a gauzeworker in the faubourg; I was forced to march; I am not for all this. I have not killed anybody, and have rescued you; you ran a great risk when we met the mad women, who are

carrying Mandat's head. These horrible women said yesterday at midnight, upon the site of the Bastille, that they must have their revenge for the 6th of October, at Versailles, and that they had sworn to kill the Queen, and all the women attached to her. The danger of the action saved you all."

As I crossed the Carrousel, I saw my house in flames; but as soon as the first moment of affright was over, I thought no more of my personal misfortunes. My ideas turned solely upon the dreadful situation of the Queen.

On reaching my sister's, we found all our family in despair, believing they should never see us again. I could not remain at her house; some of the mob, collected round the door, exclaimed that Marie Antoinette's confidante was in the house; and that they must have her head. I disguised myself, and was concealed at the house of M. Morel, secretary for the lottery. On the morrow I was inquired for there, in the name of the Queen. A deputy, whose sentiments were known to her, took upon himself to find me out.

I borrowed clothes, and went with my sister to the Feuillans; we got there at the same time with M. Thierry de Ville-d'Avry, the King's first valet de chambre. We were taken into an office, where we wrote down our names and places of abode, and we received tickets for admission up into the rooms belonging to Camus, the keeper of the archives, where the King was with his family.

As we entered the first room, a person who was there, said to me;—"Ah! you are a good creature; but where is that Thierry,* that man loaded with his master's bounties?" "He is here," said I; "he is following me, and I perceive that even scenes of death do not banish jealous feelings from among you."

Having belonged to the court from my earliest youth, I was known to many persons whom I did not know. As I traversed a corridor above the cloisters, which led to the cells inhabited by

* M. Thierry, who never ceased to give his sovereign proofs of the most respectful and unalterable attachment, was one of the victims of the 2d of September.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family, several of the grenadiers spoke to me, calling me by my name. One of them said to me,—"Well! the poor King is lost! the Count d'Artois would have managed it better." "Not a bit," said another.

The royal family occupied a small suite of apartments, consisting of four cells, formerly belonging to the ancient monastery of the *Feuillans*. In the first were the men who had accompanied the King: the Prince de Poix, the Baron d'Aubier, M. de Saint Pardou, equerry to Madame Elizabeth, M. Goguelat, M. Chamilly, and M. Hue. In the second, we found the King: he was having his hair dressed; he took two locks of it, and gave one to my sister and one to me. We offered to kiss his hand; he opposed it, and embraced us without saying anything. In the third, was the Queen, in bed, and in an indescribable state of affliction. We found her accompanied only by a bulky woman, who appeared tolerably civil; she was the keeper of the apartments; she waited upon the Queen, who as yet had none of her own people about her. Her majesty stretched out her arms to us, saying, "Come, unfortunate women; come, and see one still more unhappy than yourself, since she has been the cause of all your misfortunes. We are ruined," continued she; "we are arrived at that point to which they have been leading us for three years, through all possible outrages; we shall fall in this dreadful revolution, and many others will perish after us. All have alike contributed to our downfall; the reformers have urged it like mad people, and others through ambition for their own interests, for the wildest Jacobin seeks wealth and distinction, and the mob is eager for plunder. There is not one lover of his country among all this infamous horde; the emigrant party had their intrigues and schemes; foreigners sought to profit by the dissensions of France: every one had a share in our misfortunes."

The dauphin came in with Madame and the Marchioness de Tourzel. On seeing them, the Queen said to me,—"Poor children! how heart-rending it is, instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say, It ends with us!" She afterwards

conversed with me about the Tuileries, and the persons who had fallen; she condescended also to mention the burning of my house. Without the smallest affectation I say it, I looked upon that loss as a mischance which ought not to dwell upon her mind, and I told her so. She spoke of the Princess de Tarente, whom she greatly loved and valued, of Madame de la Roche-Aymon and her daughter, of other persons whom she had left at the palace, and of the Duchess de Luynes, who was to have passed the night at the Tuileries. Respecting her she said, "Hers was one of the first heads turned by the rage for that mischievous philosophy; but her heart brought her back, and I again found a friend in her."* I asked the Queen what the ambassadors from foreign powers had done under existing circumstances? She told me that they could do nothing; and that the wife of the English ambassador had just given her a proof of the private interest she took in her welfare, by sending her linen for her son.

I informed her that, in the pillaging of my house, all my accounts with her had been thrown into the Carrousel, and that every sheet of my month's expenditure was signed by her, sometimes leaving four or five inches of blank paper above her signature, a circumstance which rendered me very uneasy, from an apprehension that an improper use might be made of those signatures. She desired me to demand admission into the committee of general safety, and to make this declaration there. I repaired thither instantly, and found a deputy, with whose name I have never yet become acquainted. After hearing me, he said, "that he would not receive my deposition; that Marie Antoinette was now nothing more than any other Frenchwoman; and that if any of those detached papers, bearing her signature,

* During the reign of terror, I withdrew to the Chateau de Coubertin, near that of De Dampierre. The Duchess de Luynes frequently came, to request I would repeat to her what the Queen had said about her at the Feuillans; we wept together, and she would say, as she went away, *I have often need to request you to repeat those words of the Queen.—Note by Madame Campan.*

should be misapplied, she would have, at a future period, a right to make a complaint, and to support her declaration by the facts which I had just related." The Queen regretted having sent me, and entertained an apprehension that she had, by her very caution, pointed out a method of fabricating forgeries which might be dangerous to her; then again she exclaimed,—"My apprehensions are as absurd as the step I made you take. They need nothing more for our ruin; all is over." She gave us an account of what had taken place subsequently to the King's arrival at the Assembly. It is all well known, and I have no occasion to repeat it; I will merely mention that she told us, though with much delicacy, that she was not a little hurt at the King's conduct since he had been at the Feuillans; that his habit of laying no restraint upon himself, and his great appetite, had prompted him to eat as if he had been at his palace; that those who did not know him as she did, did not feel the piety and the magnanimity of his resignation, all which produced so bad an effect, that deputies, who were devoted to him, had warned him of it; but that no change could be effected.

I still see in imagination, and shall always see, that narrow cell at the Feuillans, hung with green paper, that wretched couch whence the dethroned Queen stretched out her arms to us, saying that our misfortunes, of which she was the cause, aggravated her own. There, for the last time, I saw the tears, I heard the sobs, of her whom her high birth, the endowments of nature, and above all, the goodness of her heart, had seemed to destine for the ornament of a throne, and the happiness of her people! It is impossible for those who have lived with Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, not to be fully convinced, even doing all justice to the King's virtues, that if the Queen had been, from the moment of her arrival in France, the object of the care and affection of a prince of decision and authority, she would have greatly contributed to the glory of his reign.

What affecting things I have heard the Queen say, in the depth of her affliction, occasioned by the ill-founded opinion of a part of the court and the whole of the people, that she did not

love France! How did that opinion shock those who knew her heart and her sentiments! Twice did I see her on the point of going forth from her apartments in the Tuileries, into the gardens, for the purpose of addressing the immense throng constantly assembled there to insult her: "Yes," exclaimed she, as she paced her chamber with hurried steps; "I will say to them,—Frenchmen, they have had the cruelty to persuade you, that I do not love France! I! the mother of a dauphin who will reign over this noble country! I! whom Providence has seated upon the most powerful throne of Europe! Of all the daughters of Maria Theresa, am I not that one whom fortune has most highly favoured? And ought I not to feel all these advantages? What should I find at Vienna? Nothing but sepulchres! What should I lose in France?—Everything by which honourable pride and sensibility can be flattered!"

I protest I only repeat her own words here; but if, prompted by existing circumstances, her noble heart did at first send forth this burst of feeling, the soundness of her judgment soon pointed out to her the dangers of such a proceeding with regard to the people. "I should descend from the throne," said she, "merely, perhaps, to excite a momentary sensibility, which the factious would soon render more injurious than beneficial to me."

Yes, not only did Marie Antoinette love France, but few women possessed, in greater vigour than herself, that feeling of pride, which the courage of Frenchmen must inspire. I could adduce a multitude of proofs of this; I will relate two traits, which demonstrate the noblest national enthusiasm. The Queen was telling me, that at the period of the coronation of the Emperor Francis II., that prince, in bespeaking the admiration of a French general officer, who was then an emigrant, in favour of the fine appearance of his troops, said to him, *There are the men to beat your sans culottes! That remains to be seen, sire,* instantly replied the officer. The Queen added: "I don't know the name of the brave Frenchman, but I will learn it; the King ought to be in possession of it." As she was reading the public papers, a few days before the 10th of August, she observed, that

mention was made of the courage of a young man who died in defending the flag he carried, and shouting, *Vive la nation!* "Ah! the fine fellow!" said the Queen; "what a happiness it would have been for us, if such men had never left off crying, *Vive le Roi!*"

In all that I have hitherto said of this most unfortunate of women and of queens, those who did not live with her, those who knew her but partially, and especially the majority of foreigners, prejudiced by infamous libels, may imagine I have thought it my duty to sacrifice truth on the altar of gratitude. Fortunately, there are still in existence unexceptionable witnesses, whom I can invoke; they will declare whether what I assert that I have seen and heard, appears to them either untrue or improbable.

CONCLUSION.

Petion refuses Madame Campan permission to be confined in the Temple with the Queen—She excites the suspicions of Robespierre—Domiciliary Visits—Madame Campan opens the Portfolio she had received from the King—Papers in it, with the Seals of State—Mirabeau's Secret Correspondence with the Court—It is destroyed as well as the other Papers—The only Document preserved—It is delivered to M. de Malesherbes, upon the Trial of the unfortunate Louis XVI. —End of the Memoirs.

The Queen, having lost her watch and purse, as she was passing from the Tuileries to the Feuillans, requested my sister to lend her twenty-five louis.*

I spent part of the day at the Feuillans, and her majesty told me, she would ask Petion to let me be with her in the place which the Assembly should decree for the prison; I then returned home, to prepare everything that might be necessary for me to accompany her.

* On being interrogated, the Queen declared that these five-and-twenty louis had been lent to her by my sister; this formed a pretence for arresting her and myself, and led to the death of that virtuous mother of a family.[a] —*Note by Madame Campan.*

[a] Madame Augnié, who was remarkable for her height and beauty, was a woman of the greatest resolution. Death had no terrors for her; but the idea of perishing innocent upon a scaffold, aroused her indignation. "Never," said she, "shall the executioner lay his hand on me." Her religious sentiments would, perhaps, have inspired her with more resignation; but she was a mother, and the desire of preserving her property to her family, suffered her to think of nothing but the means of anticipating an arrest, otherwise inevitable. At the instant when the officers presented themselves, for the purpose of arresting her, she precipitated herself from a third floor. This last sacrifice of maternal tenderness, renders her end as honourable, as her self-devotion to the Queen had been praiseworthy and affecting.

Note by the Editor

On the same day (11th August), at nine in the evening, I returned to the Feuillans; I found there were orders at all the gates, forbidding my being admitted. I claimed a right to enter, by virtue of the first permission which had been given to me; I was again refused. I was told, that the Queen had as many people as were requisite about her. My sister was with her, as well as one of my companions, who came out of the prisons of the Abbaye on the 11th. I renewed my solicitations on the 12th; my tears and entreaties moved neither the keepers of the gates, nor even a deputy, to whom I addressed myself.

I soon heard of the transfer of Louis XVI., and his family, to the Temple. I went to Petion's, accompanied by a man, for whom I had procured a place in the post-office,* and who was much disposed to serve me. He determined to go up to Petion alone; he supplicated him, and told him, that those who requested to be confined could not be suspected of evil designs, and that no political opinion could afford a ground of objection to these solicitations. Seeing that the well-meaning man did not succeed, I thought to do more in person; but Petion persisted in his refusal, and threatened to send me to the prison of La Force. He was still more cruel when, thinking to give me a sort of consolation, he added, I might be certain that all those who were then with Louis XVI. and his family, would not stay with them long. And, in fact, two or three days afterwards, the Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, her daughter, the Queen's first woman, the first woman of the dauphin and Madame, M. de Chamilly, and M. Hue, were carried off during the night, and transferred to La Force.

After the departure of the King and Queen for the Temple, my sister was detained a prisoner in the apartments their majesties had quitted, for twenty-four hours.

From this time, I was reduced to the misery of having no further intelligence of my august and unfortunate mistress, but through the medium of the newspapers, or the national guard, who did duty at the Temple.

* M. Valadon.

The King and Queen said nothing to me at the Feuillans, about the portfolio which had been deposited with me; no doubt, they expected to see me again. The minister, Roland, and the deputies composing the provisional government, were very intent on search for papers belonging to their majesties. They had the whole of the Tuileries ransacked. The infamous Robespierre bethought himself of M. Campan, the Queen's private secretary, and said that his death was feigned, that he was living unknown in some obscure part of France, and was, doubtless, the depositary of all the important papers. In a great portfolio belonging to the King, there had been found a solitary letter from the Count d'Artois, which, by its date, and the subjects of which it treated, indicated the existence of a continued correspondence. (This letter appears among the documents used on the trial of Louis XVI.) A former preceptor of my son's had studied with Robespierre; the latter meeting him in the street, and knowing the connection which had subsisted between him and the family of M. Campan, required him to say, upon his honour, whether he was certain of the death of the latter. The man replied, that M. Campan had died at La Briche, in 1791, and that he had seen him interred in the cemetery of Epinay. "Well, then!" resumed Robespierre, "bring me the certificate of his burial, at twelve to-morrow; it is a document for which I have pressing occasion." Upon hearing the deputy's demand, I instantly sent for a certificate of M. Campan's burial, and Robespierre received it at nine o'clock the next morning. But I considered that in thinking of my father-in-law, they were coming very near me, the real depositary of these important papers. I passed days and nights in considering what I could do for the best, or what would be least mischievous under such circumstances.

I was thus situated, when the order to inform against what were called the *attentats* of the 10th of August led to domiciliary visits. My servants were informed, that the people of the quarter in which I lived, talked much of the search that would be made in my house, and came to apprise me of it. I heard that fifty armed men would make themselves masters of M. Auguié's house, where I then was. I had just received this intelligence,

when M. Gougenot, the King's maitre d'hotel, and receiver-general of the household, a man much attached to his sovereign, came into my room, wrapped up in a riding cloak, under which, with great difficulty, he carried the King's portfolio, which I had intrusted to him. He threw it down at my feet, and said to me, "There is your deposit; I did not receive it from our unfortunate King's own hands; in delivering it to you, I have executed my trust." After saying this, he was about to withdraw. I stopped him, praying him to concert with me what I ought to do in such a trying emergency. He would not listen to my entreaties, or even hear me describe the course I intended to pursue. I told him my abode was about to be surrounded; I imparted to him what the Queen had said to me about the contents of the portfolio. To all this he answered, "There it is; decide for yourself; I will have no hand in it." Upon that I remained a few seconds buried in thought; and I remember, that my conduct was founded upon the following reasons. I spoke aloud, although to myself; I walked about the room with agitated steps: the unfortunate Gougenot was thunderstruck. "Yes," said I, "when we can no longer communicate with our King, and receive his orders, however attached we may be to him, we can only serve him according to the best of our own judgment. The Queen said to me, 'This portfolio contains scarcely anything but documents of a most dangerous description, in the event of a trial taking place, if it should fall into the hands of revolutionary persons.' She mentioned, too, a single document, which would, under the same circumstances, be useful. It is my duty to translate her words, and consider them as orders. She meant to say, 'You will save such a paper, you will destroy the rest, if they are likely to be taken from you." If it were not so, was there any occasion for her to enter into any particulars of what the portfolio contained? The order to keep it was sufficient. Probably it contains, moreover, the letters of that part of the family which has emigrated; there is nothing which may have been foreseen or decided upon, that can be useful now; and there can be no political thread which has not been cut by the events of the 10th of August, and the imprisonment of the King.

My house is about to be surrounded; I cannot conceal anything of such bulk: I might then, through my want of foresight, give up that which would possibly cause the condemnation of the King. Let us open the portfolio, save the document alluded to, and destroy the rest." I took a knife and cut open one side of the portfolio. I saw a great number of envelopes endorsed with the King's own hand. M. Gougenot found there the ancient seals of the King,* such as they were before the Assembly had changed the inscription. At this moment we heard a great noise; he agreed to tie up the portfolio, take it again under his cloak, and go to a safe place to execute what I had taken upon me to determine. He made me swear, by all I held most sacred, that I would affirm, under every possible emergency, that the course I was pursuing had not been dictated to me by anybody; and that whatever might be the result, I would take all the credit or all the blame upon myself. I lifted up my hand and took the oath he required; he went out. Half an hour afterwards a great number of armed men came to my house; they placed sentinels at all the outlets: they broke open secretaries and closets, of which they had not the keys; they searched the garden pots and boxes; they examined the cellars; and the commandant repeatedly said, "Look particularly for papers." In the afternoon, M. Gougenot returned. He had still the seals of France about him, and he brought me a statement of all that he had burnt.

The portfolio contained,

Twenty letters from Monsieur, eighteen or nineteen from the Count d'Artois, seventeen from Madame Adelaide, eighteen from Madame Victoire, a great many letters from Count Alexandre de Lameth, and many from M. de Malesherbes, with documents annexed to them. There were, also, some from M.

* No doubt, it was in order to have the ancient seals ready at a moment's notice, in case of a counter-revolution, that the Queen desired me not to quit the Tuileries. M. Gougenot threw the seals into the river; one from off the Pont Neuf, and the other from near the Pont Royal.—*Note by Madame Campan.*

de Montmorin and other ex-ministers or ambassadors. Each correspondence had its title written in the King's own hand upon the blank paper which contained it. The most voluminous was that from Mirabeau. It was tied up with a scheme for an escape, which he thought necessary. M. Gougenot, who had skimmed over these letters with more attention than the rest, told me, they were of so interesting a nature, that the King had, no doubt, kept them as documents exceedingly valuable for a history of his reign; and that the correspondence with the princes, which was entirely relative to what was going forward without, in concert with the King, would have been fatal to him, if it had been seized. After he had finished, he placed in my hands the *procès verbal*, signed by all the ministers, to which the King attached so much importance, because he had given his opinion against the declaration of war; a copy of the letter, written by the King to the princes, his brothers, inviting them to return to France: an account of the diamonds which the Queen had sent to Brussels (these two documents were in my handwriting); and a receipt for four hundred thousand francs, under the hand of a celebrated banker. This sum was part of the eight hundred thousand francs which the Queen had gradually saved during her reign, out of her pension of three hundred thousand francs per annum, and out of the one hundred thousand francs given by way of present, on the birth of the dauphin. This receipt, written on a very small piece of paper, was in the cover of an almanac. I agreed with M. Gougenot, who was obliged, by his station, to reside in Paris, that he should retain the procès verbal of the council and the receipt for the four hundred thousand francs; and that we should wait either for orders, or for the means of transmitting these documents to the King or Queen; and I set out for Versailles.

The strictness of the precautions taken to guard the illustrious prisoners, was daily increased. The idea that I could not inform the King of the course I had adopted of burning his papers, and the fear that I should not be able to transmit him that which he had pointed out as necessary to him, tormented me to such a degree, that it is wonderful my health endured the

trial. I was, moreover, harassed every morning by the fears and projects of a very worthy person, who proved to me, that in times of civil tumults, terror causes the commission of actions which assist the factious, and that secrets of importance should be intrusted to none but persons of strong minds, incapable of feeling fear. The seamstress, who had been shut up a week in my apartment at the Tuileries, to make the King's breast-plate there, was very pious, and very much attached to the royal family. I thought I could rely upon her; but the poor woman persuaded herself that she, her children, and her husband, were in danger of destruction, if she did not go to the Assembly and declare, that at such a time she had been sent for to the castle of the Tuileries, for a purpose which she thought it her duty to denounce. She came every morning, as soon as I awoke, to inform me that she was going to Paris; and that she would not ruin her whole family. I calmed her, and brought her to her senses; I proved to her, that I had merely used her as she would her own needle; that the affair could not transpire, unless she disclosed it; and that in case it did, which however appeared to me impossible, the unfortunate monarch would be first attacked for having ordered the work; and next I should be called in question, for having procured it to be executed; but, that she who had only worked by the day under my direction, had nothing to fear. She would leave me in a more quiet state, but would return on the morrow fraught with new fears. Nor were visions wanting in the case; the Virgin had told her, that her children and husband were not to be sacrificed for any human being whomsoever. I remained at least a fortnight tormented by this perpetual uneasiness. Happily time set her weak head at rest. When the Assembly held up to the people Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, as having wished to put all Paris to the sword, they would not have failed to impute weakness to the King, on account of this breast-plate which he had at first consented to wear, merely in compliance with the Queen's entreaties, and of which he had refused to make use on the night of the 10th of August.

The dreadful trial drew near. Official defenders were granted

to the King; the heroic virtue of M. de Malesherbes induced him to brave the most imminent dangers, either to save his master, or to perish with him. I hoped also, to be able to find some means of informing his majesty of what I had thought it right to do. I sent a man, on whom I could rely, to Paris, to request M. Gougenot to come to me at Versailles: he came immediately. We agreed that he should see M. de Malesherbes, without availing himself of any intermediate person for that purpose.

M. Gougenot awaited his return from the Temple, at the door of his hotel, and made a sign that he wished to speak to him. A moment afterwards, a servant came to introduce him into the magistrates' room. He imparted to M. de Malesherbes, what I had thought right to do with respect to the King's papers; and placed in his hands the proces-verbal of the council, which his majesty had preserved, in order to serve, if occasion required it, for a ground of his defence. However, this paper is not mentioned in either of the speeches of his defender; probably it was determined not to make use of it.

I pause at that terrible period, which is marked by the assassination of a King, whose divine virtues are well known; but I cannot refrain from relating what he deigned to say in my favour to M. de Malesherbes: "Let Madame Campan know, that she did what I should myself have ordered her to do; I thank her for it; she is one of those, whom I regret I have it not in my power to recompense for their fidelity to my person, and for their good services." I did not hear of this until the morning after he had suffered; and I think I should have sunk under my despair, if I had not been consoled by this honourable testimony.*

* *Madame Campan's Memoirs* terminate here; her recital ends with her services about the unfortunate princess, who fully appreciated her zeal and her self-devotion. She was unwilling to speak of anything but what she had seen with her own eyes, or learned from the mouth of the Queen herself; and her silence respecting the lamentable events which succeeded the 10th of August, gives greater weight to her testimony upon all that goes before.—*Note by the Editor.*

CONTINUATION.

FROM THE COMMITTAL TO THE TEMPLE, TO THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

Committal of the Royal Family to the Temple—Removal of the Princess de Lamballe—Description of the Temple—Apartments occupied—Attendance—Expenses—Extract from Clery's Journal—Habits of the Royal Family—Studies—Massacres in the Prisons of Paris—Murder of the Princess de Lamballe—Brutality of the Mob—Sufferings of the Royal Family—Abolition of Royalty—Trial of Louis XVI.—Separation from his Family—His Execution—Destruction of his Remains.

THE faithful and elegant relation of the weaknesses, the sorrows, the sufferings, attributable to nothing less than the sins of the unfortunate Royal Family of France, terminates abruptly with the separation of their illustrious narrator, Madame Campan, from the august victim, whom she had served so faithfully through such vicissitudes of splendour and despair, of magnificence and misery.

That separation occurred on Monday, the 13th day of August, 1792, when Louis, with Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth (the king's sister), Madame Royale (the king's daughter, afterwards Duchess d'Angoulême), and the Dauphin, the Princess de Lamballe, one male and two or three female attendants, were conveyed to the Temple; when Petion, the infamous Mayor of Paris, refused to Madame Campan the sad consolation of sharing the imprisonment, and endeavouring at least to alleviate the sufferings of her royal mistress.

This cruelty was speedily followed by worse barbarities; on pretence of suspicious circumstances, the Princess de Lamballe

and all the female attendants were removed by the orders of the insurrectionary commune, now the executive, or rather sole supreme power of France, the former to be confined in the common prison called l'Abbaye, whence she was never to issue until the day of her atrocious murder.

The Temple, in which the royal family was now immured, is no other than the old castellated pile, half monastery, half fortress, formerly the possession and abode of the celebrated order of Knights Templars, from which they had been driven out to the gibbet, the faggot, and the rack, five centuries before, on a false charge of necromancy and magic, by the then ancestor of its present tenant. It consisted of two parts: one called the Palace, into which the royal family were placed in the first instance; the other known as the Tower, the ancient keep or donjon of the place, to which they were consigned on the very night of their arrival.

This prison was composed of "a high square tower" (we quote from the History of the French Revolutions recently issued in Chambers' People's edition), "flanked by two turrets, in one of which was a winding staircase leading to a terrace on the top. In each story of the tower were three rooms, one being simply the size of the turret, and very small. The first story was occupied by guards and municipal officers; the second by the Queen and the princesses, and the third by the King and the faithful Clery,* the only attendant left to wait on the whole family after the removal of M. Hue, who was carried off on the 2d of September, and narrowly escaped the murders of that period. A municipal officer was constantly on guard in each of the upper stories: during the day he sat in the same room with the prisoners, and by his presence prevented them from holding confidential intercourse, a restraint they found of all others the most irksome and galling; during the night, one lay at the door of the King's room with the bed in sight; the other watched over the Queen in like manner, but had the decency to allow

* Clery did not in truth enter the Temple, until after Hue's dismissal.

the door to be closed. The life led by the prisoners was pretty uniform, except when disturbed by the caprice of municipals, with a larger share of vulgar arrogance than was usual with their fellows."

At first it would appear that some degree of decency was observed towards the unfortunate royal family; although restrictions, the more cruel because utterly unnecessary, such as the constant presence of the rudest and most brutal of the populace, as superintendents and watchers, was inflicted on them, day and night.

Although but one personal attendant was permitted to the whole royal family, a measure attributed to the jealousy of extreme precaution, thirteen are said to have been employed in the kitchens allowed to the establishment—though it is very difficult to conceive how so many could be employed in preparing food for three adults and two children, and though the fact rests only on the authority of M. Thiers, who never gives his data, and must be admitted a most partial, or rather partisan, historian—and 28,745 livres, about 5,400 dollars, were the expenses of the table during two months. No news of any kind was, however, permitted to enter the precincts of the Temple, save the tidings of victories gained by the Republic over the invading Austrian and Prussian forces, which were regularly sent into the prison by the representatives of the commune, not as an act of mercy, but as a refinement of cruelty, since these tidings, proving the inability of their friends to rescue them by force of arms, served only to deprive them of every hope.

Up to the period when the trial and punishment of the royal prisoner Louis began to be very seriously mooted, the lives of the prisoners were as uniform as they were sad and monotonous, and are thus simply, and therefore the more touchingly, related by the faithful attendant Clery, who devoted himself with a fidelity more like that of the canine than of the human species, to alleviate the miseries of his hapless master, from whom he parted only at the foot of the scaffold, which he was soon to

ascend, the best, if the weakest, of dethroned and decapitated kings.

"The largest room was the Queen's bedchamber, in which the Dauphin also slept. The second, which was separated from the Queen's by a small antechamber almost without light, was occupied by Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth. This chamber was the only way to the turret room of this story, and the turret room was the only place of office for this whole range of building, being in common for the royal family, the municipal officers, and the soldiers. The King's apartments were on the third story. He slept in the great chamber, and made a study of the turret closet. There was a kitchen separated from the King's chamber by a small dark room, which had been successively occupied by M. de Chamilly and M. de Hue, and on which the seals were now fixed. The fourth story was closed, and on the ground floor there were kitchens of which no use was now made. The King usually rose at six in the morning. He shaved himself and I dressed his hair; he then went to his reading-room, which being very small, the municipal officer remained on duty in the bedchamber, that he might always keep the King in sight. His Majesty continued praying, on his knees, till seven or eight o'clock, and then read till nine. During that interval, after putting his chamber to rights and preparing the breakfast,* I went down to the Queen, who never opened her door till I arrived, in order to prevent the municipal officer from going into her apartment. At nine o'clock, the Queen, the children, and Madame Elizabeth went up to the King's chamber to breakfast. At ten the King and his family went down to the Queen's chamber, and there passed the day. He employed himself in educating his son, made him recite passages from Corneille and Racine, gave him lessons in geography, and exercised him in colouring the maps. The Queen, on her part, was

* This, and the previous statement concerning the kitchens on the ground floor being closed, appear utterly to contradict the statement of M. Thiers: and we regard the words of the faithful domestic as far more credible than that of the Revolutionary partisan.

employed in the education of her daughter, and these different lessons lasted till eleven o'clock. The remaining time till noon was passed in needlework, knitting, or making tapestry. At one o'clock, when the weather was fine, the royal family were conducted to the garden by four municipal officers and a commander of a legion of the national guards. At two we returned to the tower, where I served the dinner, at which time Santerre regularly came to the Temple, attended by two aides-de-camp. The King sometimes spoke to him, the Queen never. In the evening, the family sat round a table, while the Queen read to them books of history, or other works proper to instruct and amuse the children. Madame Elizabeth took the book in her turn, and in this manner they read till eight o'clock. After the Dauphin had supped, I undressed him, and the Queen heard him say his prayers. At nine the King went to supper, and afterwards went for a moment to the Queen's chamber; shook hands with her and his sister for the night; kissed his children; and then retired to the turret room, where he sat reading till midnight.

"The Queen and the princesses locked themselves in, and one of the municipal officers remained in the little room which parted their chamber, where he passed the night. The other followed his Majesty. In this manner the time was passed as long as the King remained in the little tower."

We learn from other authorities that the favourite authors of Louis were Plato, Hume, Bossuet, Fenelon, Montesquieu, and the French tragedians, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire; and from the same source, that the turret chamber of the suite, used as dining and sitting-rooms, contained a small library of twelve to fifteen hundred volumes, which proved the greatest solace of the captives.

Thus things passed on with a monotonous tranquillity, interrupted only by the anticipations of their future fate, and the occasional insults of their brutal keepers, and yet more brutal visiters from the commune—insults endured by the King with a calm and patient dignity which would have been absolute

heroism, had it not been attributable, in some degree, to the natural indifference of an impassive temper,—by the Queen, with a haughty scorn, interrupted by occasional bursts of feminine spirit,—until the hideous massacres of the prisoners in all the places of detention throughout the metropolis, from the 2d to the 7th of September.

These massacres, which Mr. Carlyle attempts to palliate by representing them as no more horrible or detestable than any other equal amount of death, whether resulting from famine, war, or pestilence, and which other apologists of the revolutionary crimes have attempted to ascribe entirely to the casual fury of the mob, were in reality planned deliberately by Danton, Marat, and other members of the Mountain party, as is proved by the fact, that pits filled with quicklime were prepared for the reception of the corpses, in *anticipation* of their slaughter, by the orders of Manuel and Petion.

In the course of these deliberate slaughters, the prisoners being arraigned before mock tribunals, and then slaughtered with every species of torture, insult, and indignity, even to the maiming of corpses; slaughters interrupted by regular intervals, during which the corpses were removed while the *workmen—ouvriers,* as they were then termed—quietly sat down, eat their dinners, brought to them in baskets by their wives and daughters; drank wine, supplied to them by the authorities, and received wages from the commune; slaughters greedily inspected by the fiendish women of the period, who insisted on having the streets illuminated by night, that they might glut their woman-eyes on the sufferings and the carnage, which ceased not day or night—in the course of these slaughters, it is variously computed that prisoners of all sexes, ages, and ranks, from the wanton in the hospital of the Bicêtre to the princess in the Abbaye, were deliberately butchered by authority, to the number of eight and up to fourteen thousand. Of all these, none was more hideous or brutal than that of the Princess de Lamballe.

She was young, very beautiful, gentle, kindly disposed to all, moderate in her opinions, had never taken any part in politics,

but she was beloved by the Queen, was the friend of the King, and with these crimes against her, what could her virtues avail in her behalf with a revolutionary mob?

On her mock trial, she consented to swear fealty to "Liberty and Equality," but refused to swear hatred to "the King, the Queen, and loyalty." This was her condemnation; with the by-word, "let Madame be *set at liberty*," the fatal sentence at the Abbaye, she was consigned to her murderers. The atrocities which followed are thus described by eye-witnesses, and though they are like to make the blood to run cold and the hair to bristle with horror, it is yet good to contemplate them, in order to perceive more clearly of what the *people*, whose voice a philosopher has proclaimed the voice of God, is capable, when controlled by no laws, human or divine, and left to the guidance of its own unbridled temper.

"The Princess de Lamballe, having been spared on the night of the 2d, flung herself on her bed, oppressed with every species of anxiety and horror. She closed her eyes, but only to open them in an instant, startled with frightful dreams. About eight o'clock next morning, two national guards entered her room, to inform her that she was going to be removed to the Abbaye. She slipped on her gown, and went down stairs into the sessions-room. When she entered this frightful court, the sight of weapons stained with blood, and of executioners whose hands, faces, and clothes, were smeared over with the same red dye, gave her such a shock that she fainted several times. At length she was subjected to a mock examination, after which, just as she was stepping across the threshold of the door, she received on the back of her head a blow with a hanger, which made the blood spout. Two men then laid fast hold of her, and obliged her to walk over dead bodies, while she was fainting every instant. They then completed her murder by running her through with their spears on a heap of corpses. She was afterwards stripped, and her naked body exposed to the insults of the populace. In this state it remained more than two hours. When any blood gushing from its wounds stained the skin, some

men, placed there for the purpose, immediately washed it off, to make the spectators take more particular notice of its whiteness. I must not venture to describe the excesses of barbarity and lustful indecency with which this corpse was defiled. I shall only say that a cannon was charged with one of the legs. Towards noon, the murderers determined to cut off her head, and carry it in triumph round Paris. Her other scattered limbs were also given to troops of cannibals who trailed them along the streets. The pike that supported the head was planted under the very windows of the Duke of Orleans. He was sitting down to dinner at the time, but rose from his chair, and gazed at the ghastly spectacle without discovering the least symptom of uneasiness, terror, or satisfaction.

"Madame de Lamballe's sincere attachment to the Queen was her only crime. In the midst of our commotions she had played no part; nothing could render her suspected by the people, to whom she was only known by repeated acts of beneficence. When summoned to the bar of La Force, many among the crowd besought pardon for her, and the assassins for a moment stood doubtful, but soon murdered her. Immediately they cut off her head and her breasts; her body was opened, her heart torn out; and the tigers who had so mangled her, took a barbarous pleasure in going to show her head and heart to Louis XVI. and his family, at the Temple. Madame de Lamballe was beautiful, gentle, obliging, and moderate."

Even the cynical Pantagruelist Carlyle, who in his strange admiration for whatever is strong, stringent, energetic, and decisive, whether in man or masses, apologizes for every crime and cruelty; and grins and gibbers with grim exultation over all suffering and sorrow of the feeble-minded great, in his bitter scorn of all that is weak, is moved by this fiendish deed to an eloquence as nigh akin to pity, as his stern and hard nature is capable of that emotion.

What followed is thus related by Mr. Redhead, in Chambers' popular edition of the French Revolutions, which I prefer to the narration of M. Thiers, as it is fuller and far more circumstan-

tial, while it states honestly both sides of the picture; the historian of the Revolution carefully concealing all the darker traits of the scene, while he shows all the gentler and more redeeming traits.

"The murder of the Princess de Lamballe recalled to memory the illustrious captives of the Temple, who seemed to have been forgotten up to that moment. A detachment of the assassins employed at La Force now moved towards their prison, bearing aloft the head and heart of the princess, and followed by a tumultuous rabble. The King and his family were at dinner when they heard the tumult caused by their arrival. They rose from table in great alarm; but the municipal officers on guard over them maintained a dogged silence, and refused to satisfy their anxious inquiries. The outer gate meanwhile was besieged by the multitude, who demanded admittance and access into the interior of the Temple, to lay the head of Lamballe, as the ringleader expressed it, *at the foot of the throne.* Certain Commissioners of the Commune, who had been deputed to protect the asylum of the national hostages, for such Louis and his family were denominated, parleyed with the assailants, and agreed to admit them into the court and garden of the tower, on their promising to proceed no farther. Such a promise was of course purely derisory; and it is certain that the lives of the royal family were abandoned to the mercy or discretion of these murderers. 'Resistance,' the commissioners had resolved amongst themselves, 'would be impolitic, dangerous, and perhaps unjust.' And in fact the muskets of the national guards had been purposely left unloaded, and their bayonets taken from them. Therefore no material obstacle opposed the assassins; the way was made smooth before them; but they had undoubtedly secret instructions, and pretended to respect a tri-coloured riband which the municipal officers had hung across the door of the Tower, in accordance with a stale device which furnished orators with the theme of much lively bombast. They insisted, however, that the King and Queen should show themselves at the windows, that they might see the head of the princess and 'learn the fate

that was in store for the enemies of the people.' Finding that their interpellations were not regarded—for the officers with the king happening to be men of some humanity,* kept him and the Queen from going to the window,—they asserted that the royal family had been removed from the Temple, and claimed that a deputation should be permitted to enter and verify the fact. To this demand the commissioners were fain to accede, and four of the ruffians were taken to the room in which the royal family were assembled. One of these, more forward than the rest, was urgent that the King and Queen should show themselves; but the municipal officers positively refused to allow them; whereupon he turned to the Queen and said, 'It is Lamballe's head they want to keep you from seeing, but I advise you to show yourself, if you would not have the avengers come up here.' On hearing these words the Queen immediately fainted. The King advanced to the wretch, and rebuked him with sternness. 'We are prepared, sir, for everything,' he observed to him, 'but you might have spared the Queen the relation of this horrible disaster.' The deputation then hastily withdrew, and guarantied to the mob without that the hostages were at all events safe within their dungeons; but for several hours gangs of miscreants continued around the prison, bellowing with fearful howls, beating with furious discordance loud resonant drums, and renewing every moment the dread of a violent irruption. It was eight in the evening before tranquillity was restored in the neighbourhood of the Temple, and the royal captives left to snatch some repose after the cruel agitations of the day."

From this fearful moment the sufferings, no less than the fears, of the royal family, were cruelly augmented. Their restrictions and the impertinent annoyances of their democratic visiters increased daily. The King's sword was taken from him, and then the penknives and scissors of the princesses were

* *One* municipal, in the Temple with the royal prisoners at the moment, said, 'Look out.' Another eagerly whispered, 'Do not look.'—*Carlyle.*

demanded, as if they would have committed suicide. When they went out to walk in the garden, the guards insulted them with obscene language, puffed smoke in their faces, and purposely obstructed their way, treading on their feet and otherwise pressing on their persons. In fact nothing that low-bred cruelty could devise was omitted for their torture; for what torture can be greater to the high-minded and delicately bred and nobly nurtured than the contamination of contact and endurance of obscenity and insult from the low and profane rabble!

It is related by Clery, in his journal, that one of the soldiers on guard within the Tower, wrote one day on the King's chamber door, and that on the inside, 'The guillotine is permanent, and ready for the tyrant Louis XVI.' The King read the words, which I made an attempt to rub out, but his Majesty prevented me."

Up to this period the royal family had been detained merely, as it was expressed, as 'national hostages,' and royalty was considered as not abolished, but merely suspended. The time had now, however, come, when this farce was to be brought to a termination; accordingly, we quote as before from Clery's journal of the sufferings of the royal captives.

"On the 21st of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Lubin, a municipal officer, attended by horsemen and a great mob, came before the Tower to make a proclamation. Trumpets were sounded, and a dead silence ensued. Lubin's voice was of the stentorian kind. The royal family could distinctly hear the proclamation of the abolition of royalty, and of the establishment of a republic. Hebert, so well known by the name of Père-Duchêne, and Destournelles, since made minister of the public contributions, were then on guard over the family. They were sitting at the time near the door, and rudely stared the King in the face. The monarch perceived it, but, having a book in his hand, continued to read, without suffering the smallest alteration to appear in his countenance. The Queen displayed equal resolution. At the end of the proclamation, the trumpets sounded again, and I went to the window. The

eyes of the populace were immediately turned upon me; I was taken for my royal master, and overwhelmed with abuse. The same evening, I informed the King that curtains and more clothes were wanting for the dauphin's bed, as the weather began to be cold. He desired me to write the demand for them, which he signed. I used the same expressions that I had hitherto done—'The King requires for his son,' and so forth, 'It is a great piece of assurance in you,' said Destournelles, 'thus to persist in a title abolished by the will of the people, as you have just heard.' I replied, that I had heard a proclamation, but was unacquainted with the object of it. 'It is,' rejoined he, 'for the abolition of royalty: and you may tell the *gentleman*'—pointing to the King—'to give over taking a title, no longer acknowledged by the people.' I told him I could not alter this note, which was already signed, as the King would ask me the reason, and it was not my part to tell him. 'You will do as you like,' continued Destournelles, 'but I shall not certify the demand.'"

From this period forward their sufferings were, if possible, yet augmented, until at length they were brought to a climax by the announcement to the hapless captives that, in the words of M. Thiers,

"The unfortunate monarch was thus about to appear before the National Convention, and to undergo an examination concerning all the acts of his reign. This intelligence had reached Clery by the secret means of correspondence which he had secured outside the prison, and it was with trembling that he imparted it to the disconsolate family. Not daring to tell the King himself, he had communicated it to Madame Elizabeth, and had moreover informed her that during the trial the commune had determined to separate Louis XVI. from his family. He agreed with the princess upon a method of correspondence during this separation. This method consisted in a handkerchief which Clery, who was to remain with the King, was to transmit to the princesses, if Louis XVI. should be ill. This was all that the unfortunate prisoners could calculate upon com-

municating to one another. The King was apprised by his sister of his speedily required appearance, and of the separation which they were to undergo during the trial. He received the tidings with perfect resignation, and prepared to encounter with firmness that painful scene.

"The commune had given directions that early in the morning of the 11th all the administrative bodies should meet; that all the sections should be under arms; that the guard of all the public places, chests, depôts, &c., should be augmented by two hundred men for each post; that numerous reserves should be stationed at different points, with a strong artillery; and that an escort of picked men should accompany the carriage.

"Accordingly, on the morning of the 11th of December, the *generale* announced to the capital this novel and melancholy scene. Numerous troops surrounded the Temple, and the din of arms and the tramp of horses reached the prisoners, who affected ignorance of the cause of all this bustle. At nine in the morning, the family repaired as usual to the King's apartment to breakfast. The municipal officers, more vigilant than ever, prevented, by their presence, any outpouring of affection. The family was at length separated. In vain the King desired that his son should be left with him for a few moments. In spite of his entreaties, the young prince was taken away, and he remained alone for about two hours. The mayor of Paris, and the *procureur* of the commune then arrived, and communicated to him the decree of the Convention, summoning him to its bar by the name of Louis Capet. "Capet," replied the prince, "was the name of one of my ancestors, but it is not mine." He then rose, and entered the carriage of the mayor, which was waiting for him. Six hundred picked men surrounded the vehicle. It was preceded by three pieces of cannon and followed by three more. A numerous body of cavalry formed the advance and the rear guard. A great concourse of people surveyed in silence this sad cavalcade, and suffered this rigour as it had long submitted to that of the old government. There were some shouts, but very few. The prince was not moved by them, and calmly conversed

upon the objects that presented themselves on the way. Having arrived at the Feuillans, he was placed in a room to await the orders of the Assembly."

The cruel circumstance of the deprivation of his son is thus related by Clery, on whose simple narrations we place the highest confidence.

"At eleven o'clock, when the King was hearing the dauphin read, two municipal officers walked in, and told his majesty that they were come to carry the young Louis to his mother. The King desired to know why he was taken away; the commissioners replied, that they were executing the orders of the council of the commune. The King tenderly embraced his son, and charged me to conduct him. On my return, I assured his majesty that I had delivered the prince to the Queen, which appeared a little to relieve his mind. His majesty afterwards for some minutes walked about his room in much agitation, then sat down in an arm-chair at the head of the bed. The door stood ajar, but the officer did not like to go in, wishing, as he told me, to avoid questions; but half an hour passing thus in dead silence, he became uneasy at not hearing the King move, and went softly in; he found him leaning with his head upon his hand, apparently in deep thought. The King, upon being disturbed, said, 'What do you want with me?'—'I was afraid,' answered the officer, 'that you were unwell.' 'I am obliged to you,' replied the King, in an accent replete with anguish, 'but the manner in which they have taken my son from me cuts me to the heart.' The municipal officer withdrew without saying a word."

From this time forth, with a barbarity inconceivable in these human fiends, and days of merciless and more than devilish crime, the wretched Louis was refused all access to his miserable family. The use of a razor was denied him, so that he suffered actual pain from the irritation of his face, until on the eve of his execution he was permitted to shave in the presence of a municipal.

He was permitted, it is true, the aid of counsel, and the use

of pens and paper, but what availed either when his sentence was predetermined, and his death-warrant almost signed before he was brought to the bar? He named Tronchet and Target as his advocates, but the latter dastardly refused the perilous but honourable office; but the vacancy occasioned by his baseness was nobly filled by the venerable Malesherbes, who volunteered to act in his defence, for which most honourable action he suffered in after days, with nearly his whole family, by the same fatal instrument from which he vainly strove to preserve his King.

On December the 11th, he was first brought before the Assembly; during above a month, the strife of life and death continued; and on the 15th of January, 1793, the voting commenced on these three questions:

1st. Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiracy against liberty, and of attempts against the general safety of the State?

2d. Shall the definitive judgment on Louis be referred to the primary assemblies?

3d. What punishment shall be inflicted on Louis?

On all these points judgment was pronounced adverse to the King; the Girondins basely sacrificing their opinions, which were in favour of Louis, to their personal fears. It is consolatory to know that they all shortly followed him down the one dark road which must be trod by the monarch and the slave, by the victim and his assassin, and that, too, by the same bloody death; and it is almost painful to consider that, by the courage and dignity they showed in their last hours, they have in some sort redeemed in popular opinion their cowardice and guilt, in yielding to the bloodthirsty faction, who in after days wreaked on them the same vengeance which they now voted against their guiltless King.

A majority of fifty-three pronounced for the death of this weak man, but blameless King; the Duke of Orleans, his near kinsman, and father to the late King of the French, among the number. All efforts to obtain a reconsideration, a reference, or delay, were fruitless; the majority were bent on death, and

"the executive council was charged with the melancholy commission of carrying the sentence into execution. All the ministers were assembled in the hall where they met, and they were struck with consternation. Garat, as minister of justice, had the most painful of all tasks imposed upon him, that of acquainting Louis XVI. with the decrees of the Convention. He repaired to the Temple, accompanied by Santerre, by a deputation of the commune and the criminal tribunal, and by the secretary of the executive council. Louis XVI. had been four days expecting his defenders, and applying in vain to see them. On the 20th of January, at two in the afternoon, he was still awaiting them, when all at once he heard the sound of a numerous party. He stepped forward, and perceived the envoys of the executive council. He stopped with dignity at the door of his apartment, apparently unmoved. Garat then told him sorrowfully that he was commissioned to communicate to him the decrees of the Convention. Grouvelle, secretary of the executive council, read them to him. The first declared Louis XVI. guilty of treason against the general safety of the state; the second condemned him to death; the third rejected any appeal to the people; and the fourth and last, ordered his execution in twenty-four hours. Louis looked calmly around upon all those who were about him, took the paper from the hand of Grouvelle, put it in his pocket, and read Garat a letter in which he demanded from the Convention three days to prepare for death, a confessor to assist him in his last moments, liberty to see his family, and permission for them to leave France. Garat took the letter, promising to submit it immediately to the Convention. The King gave him at the same time the address of the ecclesiastic, whose assistance he wished to have in his last moments.

"Louis XVI. went back into his room with great composure, ordered his dinner, and ate as usual. There were no knives on the table, and his attendants refused to let him have any. 'Do they think me so weak,' he exclaimed, 'as to lay violent hands on myself? I am innocent, and I am not afraid to die.' He was obliged to dispense with a knife. On finishing his repast,

he returned to his apartment, and calmly awaited the answer to his letter.

"The Convention refused the delay, but granted all the other demands which he had made. Garat sent for Edgeworth de Firmont, the ecclesiastic whom Louis XVI. had chosen, and took him in hi own carriage to the Temple. He arrived there at six o'clock, and went to the great Tower, accompanied by Santerre. He informed the King that the Convention allowed him to have a minister, and to see his family alone, but that it rejected the application for delay. Garat added that M. Edgeworth had arrived, that he was in the council-room, and should be introduced. He then retired, more astonished and more touched than ever by the calm magnanimity of the prince."

In the whole history of the world, there is perhaps no sadder scene than the meeting of Louis with his family, from whom he had been so barbarously and so unnecessarily separated, during the dreadful crisis of his fate—separated solely, as it would appear, for the hideous purpose of depriving him of any consolation, and rendering his last hours as miserable as they could be rendered. That meeting was but preparatory to an immediate and eternal separation. A single day's delay had been refused him; and on the evening of the very day on which his sentence was announced to him, the eve of his last earthly morrow, the following scene occurred, which shook even the hearts of the stern and savage functionaries who beheld it. Again we quote from Clery:

"At eight o'clock the King came out of his closet, and desired the municipal officers to conduct him to his family. They replied, that could not be, but his family should be brought down if he desired it. 'Be it so,' said his majesty; and accordingly, at half-past eight, the door opened, and his wife and children made their appearance. They all threw themselves into the arms of the King. A melancholy silence prevailed for some minutes, only broken by sighs and sobs. The Queen made an inclination towards his majesty's chamber. 'No,' said the King, 'we must go into this room; I can only see you

there.' They went in, and I shut the glass-door. The King sat down; the Queen was on his left hand; Madame Elizabeth on his right; Madame Royale nearly opposite; and the young prince stood between his legs. All were leaning on the King, and often pressed him to their arms. This scene of sorrow lasted an hour and three-quarters, during which it was impossible to hear anything. It could, however, be seen, that after every sentence uttered by the King, the agitation of the Queen and princesses increased, lasted some minutes, and then the King began to speak again. It was plain, from their gestures, that they received from himself the first intelligence of his condemnation. At a quarter past ten the King rose first; they all followed. I opened the door. The Queen held the King by his right arm; their majesties gave each a hand to the dauphin. Madame Royale, on the King's left, had her arms round his body; and behind her Madame Elizabeth, on the same side, had taken his arm. They advanced some steps towards the entry door, breaking out into the most agonizing lamentations. 'I assure you,' said the King, 'that I will see you again to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.'—'You promise,' said they all together. 'Yes, I promise.' 'Why not at seven o'clock?' asked the Queen. 'Well—yes, at seven,' replied the King; 'farewell!' He pronounced 'farewell' in so impressive a manner, that their sobs were renewed, and Madame Royale fainted at the feet of the King, round whom she had clung. His majesty, willing to put an end to this agonizing scene, once more embraced them all most tenderly, and had the resolution to tear himself from their arms. 'Farewell! farewell!' said he, and went into his chamber. The Queen, princesses, and dauphin, returned to their own apartments; and though both the doors were shut, their screams and lamentations were heard for some time on the stairs. The King went back to his confessor in the turret closet."

On the following morning, pursues Clery,

"On hearing five o'clock strike, I began to light the fire. The noise I made awoke the King, who, drawing his curtains, asked

if it had struck five. I said it had by several clocks, but not yet by that in the apartment. Having finished with the fire, I went to his bedside. 'I have slept soundly,' said his majesty, 'and I stood in need of it; yesterday was a trying day to me. Where is M. Edgeworth?' I answered, on my bed. 'And where were you all night?'—'On this chair.'—'I am sorry for it,' said the King, and gave me his hand, at the same time tenderly pressing mine. I then dressed his majesty, who, as soon as he was dressed, bade me go and call M. Edgeworth, whom I found already risen, and he immediately attended the King to the turret. Meanwhile I placed a chest of drawers in the middle of the chambers, and arranged it in the form of an altar for saying mass. The necessary articles of dress had been brought at two o'clock in the morning. The priest's garments I carried into my chamber, and when everything was ready, I went and informed his majesty. He had a book in his hand, which he opened, and finding the place of the mass, gave it me; he then took another book for himself. The priest, meanwhile, was dressing. Before the altar I had placed an arm-chair for his majesty, with a large cushion on the ground; the cushion he desired me to take away; and went himself to his closet for a smaller one, made of hair, which he commonly used at his prayers. When the priest came in, the municipal officer retired into the antechamber, and I shut one fold of the door. The mass began at six o'clock. There was profound silence during the awful ceremony. The King, all the time on his knees, heard mass with the most devout attention, and received the communion. After the service he withdrew to his closet, and the priest went into my chamber to put off his official attire.

"In the course of the morning the King said to me, 'You will give this seal to my son, and this ring to the Queen, and assure her that it is with pain I part with it. This little packet contains the hair of all my family: you will give her that, too. Tell the Queen, my dear sister, and my children, that, although I promised to see them again this morning, I have resolved to spare them the pang of so cruel a separation. Tell them

how much it costs me to go away, without receiving their embraces once more!' He wiped away some tears; and then added in the most mournful accents, 'I charge you to bear them my last farewell.'

"All the troops in Paris had been under arms from five o'clock in the morning. The beat of drums, the sound of trumpets, the clash of arms, the trampling of horses, the removal of cannon, which were incessantly carried from one place to another —all resounded in the tower. At half-past eight o'clock the noise increased; the doors were thrown open with great clatter; and Santerre, accompanied by seven or eight municipal officers, entered at the head of ten soldiers, and drew them up in two lines. At this movement, the King came out of his closet, and said to Santerre, 'You are come for me?'—'Yes,' was the answer. 'Wait a moment,' said his majesty, and went into his closet, whence he instantly returned, followed by his confessor. I was standing behind the King, near the fire-place. He turned round to me, and I offered him his great-coat. 'I shall not want it,' said he, 'give me only my hat.' I presented it to him, and his hand met mine, which he pressed for the last time. His majesty then looked at Santerre and said, 'Lead on.' These were the last words he spoke in his apartments."

"On quitting the tower," says the Abbé Edgeworth, "the King crossed the first court, formerly the garden, on foot; he turned back once or twice towards the tower, as if to bid adieu to all most dear to him on earth; and by his gestures it was plain that he was trying to collect all his strength and firmness. At the entrance of the second court, a carriage waited; two gendarmes held the door; at the King's approach, one of these men entered first, and placed himself in front; his majesty followed, and placed me by his side at the back of the carriage; the other gendarme jumped in last and shut the door. The procession lasted almost two hours; the streets were lined with citizens, all armed; and the carriage was surrounded by a body of troops, formed of the most desperate people of Paris. As soon as the King perceived that the carriage stopped, he turned

and whispered to me, 'We have arrived, if I mistake not.' My silence answered that we had. On quitting the vehicle, three guards surrounded his majesty, and would have taken off his clothes, but he repulsed them with haughtiness; he undressed himself, untied his neckcloth, opened his shirt, and arranged it himself. The path leading to the scaffold was extremely rough and difficult to pass; the King was obliged to lean on my arm, and, from the slowness with which he proceeded, I feared for a moment that his courage might fail: but what was my astonishment, when arrived at the last step, I felt that he suddenly let go my arm, and I saw him cross with a firm foot the breadth of the whole scaffold, silence, by his look alone, fifteen or twenty drums that were placed opposite to him; and, in a loud voice, heard him pronounce distinctly these memorable words:—'I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge; I pardon those who have occasioned my death; and I pray to God that the blood which you are now going to shed may never be visited on France.' He was proceeding, when a man on horseback, in the national uniform, waved his sword and ordered the drums to beat. Many voices were at the same time heard encouraging the executioners, who immediately seized the King with violence, and dragged him under the axe of the guillotine, which with one stroke severed his head from his body."

It was on Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.

Of the sorrows of the royal family during that fatal day, the Duchess of Angoulême gives the following brief statement. Whose heart will not sympathize with the griefs of these noble mourners, three out of the four of whom were so soon to follow to the tomb the adored and faithful husband, the beloved brother, the pious and devoted father!

"On the morning of this terrible day, the princesses rose at six o'clock. The night before, the Queen had scarcely strength enough to put her son to bed. She threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her own bed, where she was heard shivering with cold and grief all night long! At a quarter past six, the

door opened; the princesses believed they were sent for to see the King, but it was only the officers looking for a prayer-book for his mass. They did not, however, abandon the hope of seeing him, till the shouts of joy of the unprincipled populace announced to them that all was over."

It has been said, that as the axe fell, the Abbé Edgeworth took leave of the King in the following memorable words: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" but on being questioned in after days, he declared himself unconscious of anything that passed relative to himself at that awful moment.

Alison informs us that after this legalized murder of a good King and pious man, whose only faults were an amiable weakness, and an over regard for the lives of a wicked and ungrateful people,

"One person actually tasted the blood, with a brutal exclamation that it was 'shockingly bitter,' and the hair and pieces of the dress were sold by the attendants. No strong emotion was evinced at the moment; the place was like a fair; but, a few days after, Paris, and those who had voted for the death of the monarch, began to feel serious and uneasy at what they had done.

"The body of Louis was, immediately after the execution, removed into the ancient cemetery of the Madeleine. Large quantities of quicklime were thrown into the grave, which occasioned so rapid a decomposition, that, when his remains were sought after in 1815, it was with great difficulty that any part could be recovered. Over the spot where he was interred, Napoleon commenced the splendid Temple of Glory, after the battle of Jena; and the superb edifice was completed by the Bourbons, and now forms the church of the Madeleine, the most beautiful of the many beautiful structures in Paris. Louis was executed on the same ground where the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, and so many other noble victims of the Revolution perished; where Robespierre and Danton afterwards suffered; and where the Emperor Alexander and the allied sovereigns took their station, when their victorious troops entered Paris in

1814! The history of modern Europe has not a scene fraught with equally interesting recollections to exhibit. It is now marked by the colossal obelisk of blood-red granite which was brought from Thebes, in Upper Egypt, in 1833, by the French government."

Thus ends the first act of the horrid tragedy, never, we trust, to be repeated, the second of which was the slaughter of all the prisoners save one, and the denouement, the terrible retribution wrought on the guilty nation during the devastating wars of that Child of the Revolution, Napoleon the Emperor, in the course of which three millions of native Frenchmen fattened the plains of foreign countries by their gore; and the final subjugation of France and occupation of the regicidal capital by the descendants of the Saxon, the Göth, the Vandal, and the Hun, whom the *grande nation* held ever in such contemptuous loathing.

Verily a great lesson to guilty nations, that *their* retribution is in *this* world; and that, in the words of the old tragedian, "Crime begets crime, and of Guilt, guilt is for ever the avenger."

FROM THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI., TO THE EMANCIPATION OF MADAME ROYALE.

Increased Sufferings of the Royal Family after the Execution of Louis XVI.—Extract from Thiers's History—The Dauphin committed to the care of Simon, the Shoemaker—Separation of the Family—Marie Antoinette committed to the Conciergerie—Her Privations—She is brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal—Accusations against her—Her Conviction—Execution—Joy of the Jacobins—Execution of Madame Elizabeth—Extract from the Memoirs of the Duchess d'Angoulême; from Alison—Death of the Dauphin—Release of his Sister—Successors of Louis XVI.

After the decapitation of the Sixteenth Louis, some weary months elapsed, during which the condition of the hapless survivors of that most unfortunate of kings gradually but continually deteriorated, they were stripped one by one of every resource that might tend to cheer or alleviate the sad monotony of confinement, and they were now to endure the last extremities to which the fury of their persecutors could subject them. The only comfort still left to them was that of living together, and that was speedily taken from them.

A part of the enormities which they endured are thus described by one whose known partiality for the Revolution, and tenderness toward the motives and memories of its worst monsters—such as Robespierre, Petion, and Fouché—are too well known to require comment, and who in consequence deserves implicit confidence, when he feels compelled to state anything against them—of course we allude to the celebrated author of the History of the French Revolution, and the History of the Consulate and Empire.

"That wretch Hebert, the deputy of Chaumette, and editor of the disgusting paper of *Père Duchêsne*, a writer of the party of which Vincent, Ronsin, Varlet, and Leclerc, were the leaders —Hebert had made it his particular business to torment the unfortunate remnant of the dethroned family. He asserted that the family of the tyrant ought not to be better treated than any *sans-culotte* family; and he had caused a resolution to be passed, by which the sort of luxury in which the prisoners in the Temple were maintained was to be suppressed. They were no longer to be allowed either poultry or pastry; they were reduced to one sort of aliment for breakfast, and to soup, or broth, and a single dish, for dinner, to two dishes for supper, and half-a-bottle of wine apiece. Tallow candles were to be furnished instead of wax, pewter instead of silver plate, and delft ware instead of porcelain. The wood and water carriers alone were permitted to enter their room, and that only accompanied by two commissioners. Their food was to be introduced to them by means of a turning box. The numerous establishment was reduced to a cook and an assistant, two men-servants, and a woman-servant to attend to the linen.

"As soon as this resolution was passed, Herbert had repaired to the Temple, and inhumanly taken away from the unfortunate prisoners even the most trifling articles to which they attached a high value. Eighty louis which Madame Elizabeth had in reserve, and which she had received from Madame de Lamballe, were also taken away. No one is more dangerous, more cruel, than the man without acquirements, without education, clothed with a recent authority. If, above all, he possesses a base nature; if, like Hebert, who was check-taker at the door of a theatre and embezzled money out of the receipts, he be destitute of natural morality; and if he leap all at once from the mud of his condition into power, he is as mean as he is atrocious. Such was Hebert in his conduct at the Temple. He did not confine himself to the annoyances which we have mentioned. He and some others conceived the idea of separating the young prince from his aunt and sister. A shoemaker, named Simon, and his wife,

were the instructors to whom it was deemed right to consign him, for the purpose of giving him a *sans-culotte* education. Simon and his wife were shut up in the Temple, and, becoming prisoners with the unfortunate child, were directed to bring him up in their own way. Their food was better than that of the princesses, and they shared the table of the municipal commissioners who were on duty. Simon was permitted to go down, accompanied by two commissioners, to the court of the Temple, for the purpose of giving him a little exercise.

This wretch Simon, to whom was intrusted the care of the miserable child, who, born to so high promise, so speedily fell to so sad reality, is described in these words by Clery, and no person can doubt that it was for his brutal qualities alone, and the certainty that he would exercise them to the utmost for the torture of his captives, that he was indebted for his situation as gaoler and tutor to the infant hitherto so sedulously nurtured:

"A man named Simon, a shoemaker and municipal officer, was one of the six commissioners appointed to inspect the works and the expenses of the Temple. This man, whenever he appeared in the presence of the royal family, always treated them with the vilest insolence; and would frequently say to me, so near the King, as to be heard by him, 'Clery, ask Capet if he wants anything, that I mayn't have the trouble of coming up twice.'"

On the 3d of July, however, even the last wretched consolation of suffering in common was thought too great a boon, by the wretches who composed the National Convention of France, for those who had committed no offence toward God or against man, unless it be a crime, as assuredly it seems a misfortune, to be born to elevated station.

A decree was passed on that day, that the young dauphin or king should be torn from the arms of his mother; when Marie Antoinette struggled against the efforts of the officers, who would literally have forced him violently from her embrace, until threatened by those fiends, for men they cannot be called, that they would kill both him and her daughter before her

eyes; when she released him, not to see him on earth any more, in an agony of tenderness and grief so touching, that even her iron gaolers melted, and, according to their own confession, wept.

They wept at sufferings which themselves had enhanced, if they had not actually created, and which they still persisted in enhancing to the utmost of their ability—so strangely inconsistent is French, if we should not rather say, human, nature.

With the child, for the present, we have done; choosing rather to present the sad tale of the Queen's last days in an unbroken thread, than to interrupt them in order to treat of other matters, which can in another place be more fitly treated.

For one month longer she was suffered to remain with her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, and her daughter, Madame Royale; but on the 2d of August she was separated from these also, and consigned to the common prison of the Conciergerie, as the subject of her trial, or summary condemnation, was already in contemplation. She was then, as we learn from Du Broza, "lodged in a room called the council-chamber, which was considered as the most unwholesome apartment in the Conciergerie, on account of its dampness, and the bad smells by which it was continually affected. Under pretence of giving her a person to wait upon her, they placed near her a spy—a man of a horrible countenance, and hollow, sepulchral voice. This wretch, whose name was Barassin, was a robber and murderer by profession. Such was the chosen attendant on the Queen of France! A few days before her trial, this wretch was removed, and a gendarme placed in her chamber, who watched over her night and day, and from whom she was not separated, even when in bed, but by a ragged curtain. In this melancholy abode Marie Antoinette had no other dress than an old black gown, stockings with holes, which she was forced to mend every day; and she was entirely destitute of shoes."

The only furniture in this miserable cell was a straw bed covered by a ragged mattress and an old worn out coverlet, and the veriest necessaries and decencies of life were denied to the

woman, in which light at least, if not as the princess, she was entitled to them.

But what were all bodily sufferings to the mental tortures which she must have endured; she, the fairest and most favourite princess of the proudest and most ancient house of Europe, that great house of Hapsburg, which had for so many centuries filled the imperial throne of the west; who had exchanged those maiden honours only to become the bride of the most powerful king of Europe!

Yet mental sufferings and bodily afflictions served only to bring forth the native dignity and firmness of her virtue; if she had failed somewhat of the highest standard while seated on the pinnacle of human splendour and magnificence, she soared even above it from the squalor and obscenity of her foul prison-house —if not in all things equal to prosperity, she proved herself superior to the direst adversity.

Her serene dignity, her proud self-possession, her majestic mildness, awed those whom it could not move. Yet let it be recorded, that it did move Robespierre, for so deep need has that monstrous blot on the escutcheon of humanity of one redeeming trait, that it must be recorded of him, that he did strive to avert the trial, tantamount to the condemnation of the Queen. His resistance was, however, of no avail; he was overpowered by a huge majority, and the trial of the Queen was decided. On the 14th of October, accordingly, she was led before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

At first the Queen, consulting her own sense of dignity, had resolved, on her trial, to make no other reply to the question of her judges than "Assassinate me, as you have already assassinated my husband!" Afterwards she determined to follow the example of the King, exert herself in her defence, and leave her judges without any excuse or pretext for putting her to death.

The Revolutionary Tribunal had determined to sacrifice the Queen; but still even they felt "it necessary," as Thiers states, "to produce witnesses. Lecointre, deputy of Versailles, who had seen what had passed on the 5th and 6th of October; Hebert,

who had frequently visited the Temple; various clerks in the ministerial offices, and several domestic servants of the old court, were summoned. Admiral d'Estaing, formerly commandant of the guard of Versailles; Manuel, the ex-procureur of the commune; Latour-du-Pin, minister at war in 1789; the venerable Bailly, who it was said had been, with Lafayette, an accomplice in the journey to Varennes; lastly, Valazé, one of the Girondins destined to the scaffold; were taken from their prisons and compelled to give evidence.

"No precise fact was elicited. Some had seen the Queen in high spirits when the life-guards testified their attachment; others had seen her vexed and dejected while being conducted to Paris or brought back from Varennes; these had been present at splendid festivities which must have cost enormous sums; those had heard it said in the ministerial offices that the Queen was adverse to the sanction of the decrees. An ancient waiting-woman of the Queen had heard the Duke de Coigny say, in 1788, that the Emperor had already received two hundred millions from France to make war upon the Turks.

"The cynical Hebert, being brought before the unfortunate Queen, dared at length to prefer the charges wrung from the young prince. He said that Charles Capet had given Simon an account of the journey to Varennes, and mentioned Lafayette and Bailly as having co-operated in it. He then added that this boy was addicted to odious and very premature vices for his age; that he had been surprised by Simon, who, on questioning him, learned that he derived from his mother the vices in which he indulged. Hebert said that it was no doubt the intention of Marie Antoinette, by weakening thus early the physical constitution of her son, to secure to herself the means of ruling him, in case he should ever ascend the throne.

"The rumours which had been whispered for twenty years by a malicious court, had given the people a most unfavourable opinion of the morals of the Queen. That audience, however, though wholly Jacobin, was disgusted at the accusations of Hebert. He nevertheless persisted in supporting them. The unhappy

mother made no reply. Urged anew to explain herself, she said with extraordinary emotion, 'I thought that human nature would excuse me from answering such an imputation, but I appeal from it to the heart of every mother here present.' This noble and simple reply affected all who heard it. In the depositions of the witnesses, however, all was not so bitter for Marie Antoinette. The brave D'Estaing, whose enemy she had been, would not say anything to inculpate her, and spoke only of the courage which she had shown on the 5th and 6th of October, and of the noble resolution which she had expressed, to die beside her husband rather than fly. Manuel, in spite of his enmity to the court during the time of the Legislative Assembly, declared that he could not say anything against the accused. When the venerable Bailly was brought forward, who formerly had so often predicted to the court the calamities which its imprudence must produce, he appeared painfully affected; and when he was asked if he knew the wife of Capet, 'Yes,' said he, bowing respectfully, 'I have known *Madame*.' He declared that he knew nothing, and maintained that the declarations extorted from the young prince relative to the journey to Varennes were false. In recompense for his deposition, he was assailed with outrageous reproaches, from which he might judge what fate would soon be awarded to himself.

"In the whole of the evidence there appeared but two serious facts, attested by Latour-du-Pin and Valazé, who deposed to them because they could not help it. Latour-du-Pin declared that Marie Antoinette had applied to him for an accurate statement of the armies while he was minister at war. Valazé, always cold, but respectful towards misfortune, would not say anything to criminate the accused; yet he could not help declaring that, as a member of the commission of twenty-four, being charged with his colleagues to examine the papers found at the house of Septeuil, treasurer of the civil list, he had seen bonds for various sums signed Antoinette, which was very natural; but he added that he had also seen a letter in which the minister requested the King to transmit to the Queen the copy of the plan of cam-

paign which he had in his hands. The most unfavourable construction was immediately put upon these two facts, the application for a statement of the armies, and the communication of the plan of campaign; and it was concluded that they could not be wanted for any other purpose than to be sent to the enemy, for it was not supposed that a young princess should turn her attention, merely for her own satisfaction, to matters of administration, and military plans. After these depositions, several others were received respecting the expenses of the court, the influence of the Queen in public affairs, the scene of the 10th of August, and what had passed in the Temple; and the most vague rumours, and most trivial circumstances, were eagerly caught as proofs.

"Marie Antoinette frequently repeated, with presence of mind and firmness, that there was no precise fact against her; that, besides, though the wife of Louis XVI., she was not answerable for any of the acts of his reign. Fouquier, nevertheless, declared her to be sufficiently convicted; Chaveau-Lagarde made unavailing efforts to defend her; and the unfortunate Queen was condemned to suffer the same fate as her husband.

"Conveyed back to the Conciergerie, she there passed in tolerable composure the night preceding her execution, and, on the morning of the following day, the 16th of October,* she was conducted, amidst a great concourse of the populace, to the fatal

* "At four o'clock in the morning of the day of her execution, the Queen wrote a letter to the Princess Elizabeth. 'To you, my sister,' said she, 'I address myself for the last time. I have been condemned, not to an ignominious death—it is so only to the guilty—but to rejoin your brother. I weep only for my children; I hope that one day, when they have regained their rank, they may be reunited to you, and feel the blessing of your tender care. May my son never forget the last words of his father, which I now repeat from myself—Never attempt to revenge our death. I die true to the Catholic religion. Deprived of all spiritual consolation, I can only seek for pardon from Heaven. I ask forgiveness of all who know me. I pray for forgiveness to all my enemies.'"—*Alison.*

spot, where, ten months before, Louis XVI. had perished. She listened with calmness to the exhortations of the ecclesiastic who accompanied her, and cast an indifferent look at the people who had so often applauded her beauty and her grace, and who now as warmly applauded her execution. On reaching the foot of the scaffold, she perceived the Tuileries, and appeared to be moved: but she hastened to ascend the fatal ladder, and gave herself up with courage to the executioner.* The infamous wretch exhibited her head to the people, as he was accustomed to do when he had sacrificed an illustrious victim."

The Jacobins were overjoyed. "Let these tidings be carried to Austria," said they; "the Romans sold the ground occupied by Annibal; we strike off the heads that are dearest to the sovereigns who have invaded our territory."

It is a little remarkable—or perhaps we should say *not* a little remarkable—that all the Girondins who signed and sealed their own *just* condemnation by their signing and sealing the *unjust* condemnation of Louis, briefly followed her to the same scaffold.

We know not wherefore Carlyle, who so detests all human weakness, defends and *shrieks*, as he would term it, over the weakness and the guillotining of the murderers, Vergniaud, Valazé, and their confederates, while he has no *shriek* for their murdered victims.

It was not until the 22d of April following, that, after the Girondins, after Danton himself and others of the Mountain, had been decapitated, some weeping, some bellowing, all blasphe-

* "Sorrow had blanched the Queen's once beautiful hair; but her features and air still commanded the admiration of all who beheld her. Her cheeks, pale and emaciated, were occasionally tinged with a vivid colour at the mention of those she had lost. When led out to execution, she was dressed in white; she had cut off her hair with her own hands. Placed in a tumbrel, with her arms tied behind her, she was taken by a circuitous route to the Place de la Révolution; and she ascended the scaffold with a firm and dignified step, as if she had been about to take her place on a throne by the side of her husband."—*Lacretelle.*

ming, by the hands of the impassive Samson, the King's surviving sister, Madame Elizabeth, was sent to death.

"Her trial," says Carlyle, "was like the rest; for plots, for plots. She was among the kindliest, most innocent of women. There sat with her, amid four-and-twenty others, a once timorous Marchioness de Crussol; courageous now; expressing towards her the liveliest loyalty. At the foot of the scaffold, Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, thanked this Marchioness; said she was grieved she could not reward her. 'Ah, Madame, would your royal highness deign to embrace me, my wishes were complete.' 'Right willingly, Madame de Crussol, and with all my heart.' Thus they at the foot of the scaffold. The royal family are now reduced to two; a girl and a little boy. This boy, once named Dauphin, was taken from his mother while she yet lived, and given to one Simon, by trade a cordwainer, on service then about the temple, to bring him up in the principles of Sansculottism."

From Carlyle we will quote no farther; for in this very passage, which he begins so nobly and pathetically, before the end he degenerates into his usual Pantagruelistic cynicism, and grins and sneers, like a hyena, over the corpse of fallen royalty. What right has he to pretend to the title of philosopher, who, puissant to destroy, is powerless to build up; who, the habitual admirer of strong vice, and derider of innocent weakness, has no plan or counsel for giving the power to innocence, or depriving strength of its vice?

Two very brief extracts, one from the Memoirs of the Duchess d'Angoulême, one from the pages of the English Alison, sums up this brief and sad tale:

"The young prince was taken to that part of the tower which Louis XVI. had previously occupied; and the manner in which Simon educated him may be judged by the statement of his sister (afterwards the Duchess de Angoulême), in her interesting history of the confinement of the royal family. She says, 'We sometimes received intelligence of my brother through the

municipal officers, but even that did not last long. We heard him every day singing, in company with Simon, the song of La Carmagnole, the Marseillaise Hymn, and a thousand other horrible compositions of the sort. Simon dressed him in a red cap and a *carmagnole* (a small tight jacket), and made him sing at the windows so as to be heard by the guard, and taught him to utter the most dreadful blasphemies and curses against God, his family, and the aristocrats. . . . Simon gave him the coarsest food to eat, and made him by force drink a quantity of wine, which he naturally detested.'"

"The ninth of Thermidor came too late to save the infant King of France, Louis XVII. His gaoler, Simon, was indeed beheaded, and a less cruel tyrant substituted in his place; but the temper of the times would not at first admit of any decided measures of indulgence in favour of the heir to the throne. The barbarous treatment he had experienced from Simon had alienated his reason, but not extinguished his feelings of gratitude. On one occasion that inhuman wretch had seized him by the hair, and threatened to dash his head against the wall; the surgeon, Naulin, interfered to prevent him, and the child next day presented him with two pears which had been given him for his supper the preceding evening, lamenting, at the same time, that he had no other means of testifying his gratitude. Simon and Hebert had put him to the torture, to extract from him an avowal of crimes connected with his mother, which he was too young to understand; after that cruel day he almost always preserved silence, lest his words should prove fatal to some of his relations. This resolution, and the closeness of his confinement, soon preyed upon his health. In February, 1795, he was seized with a fever, and visited by three members of the committee of public safety; they found him seated at a little table, making castles of cards. They addressed to him the words of kindness, but could not obtain any answer. In May the state of his health became so alarming, that the celebrated surgeon, Desault, was directed by the Convention to visit him.

His generous attentions assuaged the sufferings of the child's latter days, but could not prolong his life."

He died of a tumour in the knee, as it was said, arising from a scrofulous affection, but in reality from the miseries he endured in his confinement, the horrible nature of his food, and the filth amid which he was intentionally forced to live by his tormentors.

After his death, the sufferings of his sister gradually diminished; she was detained in prison, indeed, but was treated with some sort of humanity and decorum, not as a wild beast, but as a woman, if not a princess.

It was at length agreed with Austria that she should be released from captivity and placed in the hands of that power, on condition of the release by her of the deputies placed in her hands by Dumouriez, as also Lafayette and his associates. She was released from the temple on the 19th of December, 1795. The minister of the interior himself went to fetch her, and conducted her with the greatest respect to his own hotel, whence she set out accompanied by persons of her own selection. An ample provision was made for her journey, and she was thus conveyed to the frontiers.

She afterwards married her cousin, the Duke d'Angouleme, and obtained by her conduct at Bordeaux, in 1815, the highest praise for her courage. Napoleon is said to have observed with regard to her, that "she was the only man in the family."

By the death of the child Dauphin, otherwise Louis the XVII., the crown hereditary of France devolved on the head of the Count of Provence, who became on the restoration, in 1815, King Louis XVIII. of France. On his death, without heirs male, he was succeeded by his brother Charles X., who lost his throne in the three days of July, 1830. He subsequently died in exile, and the hereditary crown *de jure* now rests, though probably it never will do so *de facto*, on the head of his son, the Duke de Bordeaux, titularly Henry V. of France.

Thus ends this awful history of crime and sorrow; a lesson

both to sovereigns and to nations, would sovereigns or nations, either, ever give ear to the teachings of history—but of a verity the course of human events, as they occur age after age, so similar as almost to seem the same, go far to show the truth of the old Roman's saying, that "whom God willeth to destroy he first dementeth."

RECOLLECTIONS, SKETCHES, AND ANECDOTES,

BY

MADAME CAMPAN.

VOL. II.

ANECDOTES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XVI. AND OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

In a tranquil and happy court, such as Versailles was, previously to the fatal period of the revolution, the most trifling events engage attention; and those that are uncommon, afford a particular delight. In the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., a person who associated with the Duchess de Cossé, the Queen's dresser, discovered, in a village near Marly, a female living retired in a cottage more neatly arranged, and better furnished, than those of the other peasants in the vicinity. She had a cow, which, however, she knew not how to milk, and requested her neighbours to render her that service. One thing seemed still more surprising; it was a library of about two hundred volumes, which formed the principal ornament of her retreat. The duchess spoke of this interesting recluse to the Queen: by her account she was a *Sarah Th****, like the heroine of a novel which the Chevalier de St. Lambert had just published at the conclusion of the poem of the Seasons.

For several days nothing was talked of but this Sarah of Marly; it was observed, that she was only known in the village by the name of Marguerite; that she went to Paris but twice a year, and alone; that she seldom spoke to her neighbours, unless

to thank them for any little services they had rendered her; that she regularly heard low mass on Sundays and holidays, but was not religious; that the works of Racine, Voltaire, and Jean-Jacques, had been seen in her cottage. At length, the interest thus excited, increased to such a degree, that Marie Antoinette desired to be acquainted with the object of it, and directed her ride towards the place of her retreat. The Queen quitted her carriage before she reached the village, and taking the arm of the Duchess de Cossé, entered the cottage. "Good day, Marguerite," she said; "your cottage is extremely pretty." "Not to speak of, madame; but I keep it neat." "Your furniture is good." "I brought it from Paris, when I came to fix myself here." "They say you go there very little." "I have no occasion." "You have a cow that you do not attend to yourself." "My health requires me to drink a great deal of milk; and, having always lived in town, I am unable to milk my cow, and my neighbours do me this service." "You have books." "As you see, madame." "What, Voltaire!" said the Queen, taking up a volume of that author; "have you read the whole of his works?" "I have read those volumes which I possess—the Age of Louis XIV.—the Reign of Charles XII.—the Henriade, and his tragedies." "What taste in the selection!" exclaimed the duchess; "it is really surprising! You read a great deal, it is said." "I have nothing better to do; I like it; it kills time, and the evenings are long." "How did you obtain these books?" resumed the Queen; "did you purchase them?" "No, madame," replied Marguerite; "I was housekeeper to a physician, who died, and left me by will, his furniture, his books, and an annuity of eight hundred livres from the Hotel de Ville, which I go to receive every half-year." The Queen was highly amused at seeing all the reports about the recluse of Marly, overturned by a narrative so simple, and so little deserving of attention.

This new *Sarah Th**** was, in fact, a retired cook.

Marie Antoinette, while she was yet dauphiness, could ill endure the yoke of etiquette. The Abbé de Vermond had, in

some degree, contributed to encourage this disposition in her. When she became Queen, he endeavoured openly to induce her to shake off the restraints, the ancient origin of which she still respected. If he chanced to enter her apartment, at the time she was preparing to go out, "For whom," he would say, in a tone of raillery, "for whom is this detachment of warriors which I found in the court? Is it some general going to inspect his army? does all this military display become a young Queen, adored by her subjects?" He would take this opportunity to call to her mind the simplicity with which Maria Theresa lived; the visits she made without guards, or even attendants, to the Prince d'Esterhazy, to the Count de Palfi, to pass whole days there far from the fatiguing ceremonies of the crown. The abbé thus flattered, with baleful address, the inclination of Marie Antoinette; he showed her by what expedients she might disguise, even from herself, her aversion for the haughty, but venerated habits followed by the descendants of Louis XIV.

The theatre, that fruitful and convenient resource of shallow minds, was the constant source of conversation at court.* It was invariably the subject of discourse at the Queen's toilette. She wished to be informed of everything that occurred at a performance when she had not been present. The question, *Was it well attended?* was never omitted. I have seen more than one courteous duke reply, with a bow, "There was not even a cat." This did not mean, as might be thought, that the theatre was empty; it was even possible that it might be full; but in that case it expressed that it was only filled with financiers, honest citizens, and gentry from the country. The nobility, I

* A well told story, a *bon mot*, an instance of laughable simplicity in a countryman, were also fortunate hits, of which every one hastened to avail himself. There were courtiers who were constantly in search of new incidents to relate; and it must be confessed, that they had carried the agreeable art of narrating gracefully to a great extent. It was delightful to hear them; but, without possessing a talent equal to theirs, it was difficult to repeat what they had been telling; the tone and the style taken away, nothing remained.—*Note by the Editor.*

should rather say the high nobility, knew none but their equals. It was necessary to have been presented, to be admitted to their society. There were moreover, among persons of this class, a privileged few; these were called persons of quality; and the persons of quality, who lived at Versailles, and who were admitted to the King and Queen, were not without some feeling of contempt for those who only paid their respects once a week. Under these circumstances, a woman of quality, who had been presented, and who was of the most illustrious family, might be disdainfully classed among those who were called *Sunday ladies*.

The retirement of Madame Louise, and her removal from court had only served to give her up entirely to the intrigues of the clergy. She received incessant visits from bishops, archbishops, and ambitious priests of every rank: she prevailed on the King, her father, to grant many ecclesiastical preferments, and probably looked forward to play an important part, at the time when the King, weary of his pleasures, and his licentious course of life, should begin to think of his salvation. This, perhaps, might have been the case, had not a sudden and unexpected death put an end to his career. The project of Madame Louise fell to the ground in consequence of this event. She remained in her convent, from whence she continued to solicit favours, as I could well ascertain from the complaints of the Queen, who often said to me, "Here is another letter from my aunt Louise. She is certainly the most intriguing little Carmelite that exists in the kingdom." The court went to visit her about three times a year; and I recollect, that the Queen, intending to take her daughter there, ordered me to get a doll dressed like a Carmelite for her, that the young princess might be accustomed, before she went into the convent, to the habit of her aunt the nun.

In a situation where ambition keeps every passion awake, a word, a single reflection, may give rise to prejudice and excite hatred; and I cannot help thinking, that the known aversion that existed between the Queen and Madame de Genlis, origi-

nated in a reply of Marie Antoinette to the Duchess d'Orleans, respecting that lady. On the day for paying respects to the Queen, after the birth of the dauphin, the Duchess d'Orleans approached the couch to apologize for Madame de Genlis not appearing, on an occasion when the whole court hastened to congratulate her majesty on the birth of an heir. Indisposition had prevented her. The Queen replied, that the Duchess de Chartres would have caused an apology to be made in such a case; that the celebrity of Madame de Genlis might, indeed, have caused her absence to be noticed; but that she was not of a rank to send an apology for it. This proceeding, on the part of the princess, influenced by the talents of the governess of her children, proves, at any rate, that, at this time, she still desired the regard and the friendship of the Queen: and from this very moment, unfavourable reflections on the habits and inclinations of the sovereign, and sharp criticisms on the works and the conduct of the female author, were continually interchanged between Marie Antoinette and Madame de Genlis. At least, I am sure that the songs and epigrams that appeared against the governess of the Duke d'Orleans' children, never failed to be brought to the Queen; and it is most likely that the malice of courtiers transmitted, with equal rapidity, to the Palais Royal, all that might have been said in the Queen's apartments, to the disadvantage of Madame de Genlis.

M. de Maurepas died the 21st of November, one month after the birth of the dauphin. The King seemed much affected at this loss. Whatever might be the indifference and levity of this guide, habit had rendered him necessary. The King denied himself, at the time of his death, several gratifications; such as the chase, and a dinner party at Brunoy, with Monsieur. He visited him several times, when ill, and showed marks of real sensibility. M. de Vergennes, without inheriting the title of prime minister, completely occupied the place of M. de Maurepas about the King.* Political historians will decide on his

* See among the Illustrations (letter M), some historical particulars

talents, and the errors which M. de Vergennes may have committed. But plain reason has led me to give him credit for having contrived to conceal the weakness of his master's character from the eyes of all Europe. It cannot be denied, that as long as he lived, he covered Louis XVI. with a veil of respectability, of which the King seemed immediately deprived on the death of this minister.*

of the means used by M. de Maurepas, to maintain himself in the administration, and to render the Duke de Choiseul more and more odious to Louis XVI.—*Note by the Editor.*

* The manners of this minister (says Rhulières, in an article relating to M. de Vergennes), were neither amiable, nor polished, but sufficiently imposing. And why? Because every man who can seclude himself in the midst of a court, and make his indifference for women, and for ostentation, pass for a virtue resulting from reflection; who can assume the grave exterior of a man of application, and obtain the reputation of being free from all kind of shuffling, will create the belief, that he is devoted to public affairs, and never for an instant neglects the business of the state. M. de Vergennes had acquired this reputation so completely, that, in one of those humorous conceits, invented at court as a refuge from *ennui*, he was figured as borne down by the pressure of labour. It was intended to represent the ministers and other distinguished personages in masquerade. The Queen was to guess and discover the masks. The Count de Vergennes was represented bearing the globe on his head, a map of America on his breast, and that of England on his back. There are ministers who might be pictured holding in their hands the girdle of Venus, and playing with the quiver of her son.

"Upon another occasion, a lady of the court, old and ill-favoured, having approached the King's table, dressed with more splendour than became her age and person, *Monsieur* asked her what she wanted—'Ah! what do I want! I wish to beseech the King to obtain for me an audience from M. de Vergennes.' The King joining heartily in the laugh with those around him, promised the old lady to procure her an interview with the minister before she died.

"These events, however trifling they may appear, discover what was the state of opinion, particularly at court, where even their sports are never without some aim, some malicious points." (See Note N.)

Rhulières adds, some pages further on: "The Duke de Choiseul possessed great talents; M. Turgot, much information; M. de Vergennes, an im-

Winter of 1788.

The gratitude of the Parisians for the succours poured forth by the King and Queen, was very lively and sincere The snow was so abundant, that since that period, there has never been seen such a prodigious quantity in France. In different parts of Paris, pyramids and obelisks of snow were erected, with inscriptions expressive of the gratitude of the people The pyramid in the *Rue d'Angiviller* was particularly deserving of attention: it was supported by a base, of five or six feet high, by twelve broad; it rose to the height of fifteen feet, and was terminated by a globe. Four posts placed at the angles, corresponded with the obelisk, and gave it an appearance not devoid of elegance. Several inscriptions, in honour of the King and Queen, were affixed to it.

I went to see this singular monument, and recollect the following inscription:—

TO MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Lovely and good, to tender pity true,
Queen of a virtuous King, this trophy view;
Cold ice and snow sustain its form,
But every grateful heart to thee is warm.
Oh, may this tribute in your hearts excite,
Illustrious pair, more pure and real delight
(Whilst thus your virtues are sincerely praised)
Than pompous domes by servile flattery raised.

The theatres generally rang with praises of the beneficence of the sovereigns: *La partie de chasse de Henri IV.* was represented for the benefit of the poor. The receipts were very considerable, and the audience vehemently called for the repetition of the following verses:—

posing mediocrity; M. de Maupeou, a despotic firmness; M. de Calonne, an unpardonable degree of complaisance."

This portrait of M. de Vergennes, is, in general, too satirical, and we do not think that the reproach of mediocrity has any foundation. But a more serious charge is made against him, that of having consented to the treaty which ruined our manufactures.—*Note by the Editor.*

A virtuous King's benignant reign
Relieves the sufferings of the poor;
The Queen, and all her brilliant train,
Drive sorrow from the cottage door;
The sons of labour cease their cries,
Nor dread disease or famine's sting;
The country with the palace vies
To celebrate our bounteous King.*

I have not inserted these lines for their literary merit, but as showing the opinion most commonly entertained in Paris, with respect to the King and Queen, just five years before the general and fatal shock which the French monarchy suffered.

In order, then, to produce so complete a change in the long-cherished love of the people for their rulers, it required the union of the principles of the new philosophy, with the enthusiasm for liberty, imbibed in the plains of America; and that this eagerness for change, and this enthusiasm should be seconded by the weakness of the monarch, the incessant corruption of English gold, and by projects, either of revenge or of ambition, in the Duke d'Orleans. Let it not be thought that this accusation is founded on what has been so often repeated by the heads of the French government, since the revolution. Twice, between the 14th of July, 1789, and the 6th of October, in the same year, the day on which the court was dragged to Paris, the Queen prevented me from making little excursions thither of business or pleasure, saying to me,—"Do not go, on such a day, to Paris; the English have been scattering gold; we shall have some disturbance."

The repeated visits of this prince to England, had excited the *Anglomania* to such a pitch, that Paris was no longer distinguishable from London. The French, constantly imitated by

* Once, during the absence of the King, M. d'Angiviller caused an unfrequented room in the interior apartments, to be repaired. This repair cost thirty thousand francs. The King, being informed of the expense, on his return, made the palace resound with exclamations and complaints against M. d'Angiviller. "I could have made thirty families happy," said Louis XVI.—*Note by the Editor.*

the whole of Europe, became on a sudden a nation of imitators, without considering the evils that arts and manufactures must suffer in consequence of the change. Since the treaty of commerce made with England, at the peace of 1783, not merely equipages, but everything, even to ribbons and common earthenware, were of English make. If this predominance of English fashions had been confined to filling our drawing-rooms with young men in English frock-coats, instead of the French dress, good taste and commerce might alone have suffered; but the principles of English government had taken possession of these young heads; —*Constitution, upper house, lower house, national guarantee, balance of power, great charter, law of habeas corpus;* all these words were incessantly repeated, rarely understood; but they were of fundamental importance to a party which was then forming.

The taste for dress, which the Queen had indulged during the first years of her reign, had given way to a love of simplicity, carried even to an impolitic extent, the splendour and magnificence of the throne being in France, to a certain degree, inseparable from the interests of the nation.

Except on those days, when the assemblies at court were particularly attended, such as the 1st of January and the 2d of February, devoted to the procession of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and on the festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, the Queen no longer wore any dresses but muslin or white Florentine taffety. Her head-dress was merely a hat; the plainest were preferred; and her diamonds never quitted their caskets but for the dresses of ceremony, confined to the days I have mentioned.

The Queen was not yet five-and-twenty, and already began to apprehend, that she might be induced to make too frequent use of flowers and of ornaments which, at that time, were exclusively reserved for youth.

Mademoiselle Bertin, having brought a wreath for the head and neck, composed of roses, the Queen, in trying them, was

fearful that the brightness of the flowers might be disadvantageous to her complexion. She was unquestionably too severe upon herself, her beauty having as yet experienced no alteration; it is easy to conceive the concert of praise and compliment that replied to the doubt she had expressed. The Queen, approaching me, conceived the idea of promising to refer to my judgment the time when she should abandon the use of flowers, in the way of ornament. "Think well of it," said she; "I charge you, from this day, to give me notice when flowers shall cease to become me." "I shall do no such thing," I replied immediately; "I have not read Gil Blas without profiting in some degree from it, and I find your majesty's order too much like that given him by the Archbishop of Granada, to warn him of the moment when he should begin to fall off in the composition of his homilies." "Go," said the Queen; "you are less sincere than Gil Blas; and I would have been more liberal than the Archbishop of Granada."

The indiscreet zeal of courtiers is frequently prejudicial to the true interests of princes; an erroneous proceeding on the part of M. Augeard, secretary to the *Queen's orders*, and farmer of the revenue, had greatly contributed to make it publicly believed that the Queen disposed of all the offices of finance; he had required the committee of farmers-general, without any authority to that effect, to inform him of the vacancies in any of the offices at all lucrative, assuring them that they would be acting in a manner very agreeable to the wishes of the Queen. The members of the committee acceded to this demand of M. Augeard, but not without complaining of it at their different meetings. The Queen at first only attributed to the zeal of her secretary, the care he took to inform her of every vacancy; but when she became acquainted with the proceeding he had adopted in the society he belonged to, she highly disapproved of it, caused this to be made known to the farmers of the revenue, and abstained from asking for financial situations. At the last lease of the taxes, renewed by M. de Calonne, she made but one request of

this kind, and that was as a marriage portion to a young woman of family among her attendants. There was, however, at this period, a great number of important situations to dispose of. Deeply afflicted at seeing the general conviction that the Queen disposed of all employments without distinction, and having had information of some who were deprived of places, to which they had good claims, under the pretext of demands made by the Queen, I advised them to write to her majesty, to entreat her to let them know if she had asked for the situations to which they had just pretensions. The Queen was well satisfied with the confidence these individuals had placed in her, and caused an official answer to be returned to them, "that she had made no demand of the places they were soliciting, and that she authorized them to make use of her letter." These persons obtained the situations they desired.

There was frequently seen in the gardens and the apartments at Versailles, a veteran captain of the grenadiers of France, called the Chevalier d'Orville, who, during four years, had been soliciting of the minister of war a majority, or the post of King's lieutenant. He was known to be very poor; but he supported his lot without ever complaining of this vexatious delay in rewarding his honourable services. He attended regularly upon the Marshal de Segur, at the hour appointed by the minister of receiving the numerous solicitations in his department. One day the marshal said to him; "You are still at Versailles, M. d'Orville?"—"Sir," replied this brave officer, "you may observe that, by this board of the flooring, where I regularly place myself; it is already worn down several lines by the weight of my body." This reply was circulated at Versailles; I heard of it.

The Queen frequently stood at the window of her bedchamber, to observe with her glass the people who were walking in the park. Sometimes she inquired of her attendants the names of those whose persons were unknown to her. One day she saw the Chevalier d'Orville passing, and asked me the name of that knight of Saint Louis, whom she had seen every-

where and for a long time past. I knew who he was, and related his history. "That must be put an end to," said the Queen, with some degree of vivacity. "With all due deference to our court patrons, such an example of indifference is calculated to discourage the military: a man may be extremely brave, and yet have no protector." "That affair will be settled whenever your majesty shall please to take it in hand," I replied.—"Yes, yes," said the Queen without explaining herself further, and she turned her glass towards some other persons who were walking. The next day, in crossing the gallery to go to mass, the Queen perceived the Chevalier d'Orville; she stopped and went directly towards him. The poor man fell back in the recess of a window, looking to the right and left to discover the person towards whom the Queen was directing her steps, when she addressed him: "M. d'Orville, you have been several years at Versailles, soliciting a majority or a King's lieutenancy. You must have very powerless patrons."—"I have none, madame," replied the chevalier, in great confusion. "Well! I will take you under my protection. To-morrow at the same hour, be here with a petition, and a memorial of your services." A fortnight after, M. d'Orville was appointed King's lieutenant, either at La Rochelle or at Rochefort.*

* It seems that Louis XVI. vied with his Queen in benevolent actions of this kind. An old officer had in vain solicited a pension during the administration of the Duke de Choiseul. He had returned to the charge in the times of the Marquis de Monteynard, and the Duke d'Aiguillon. He had urged his claims to Count de Muy, who had made a note of them, with the best intentions in the world to serve him; but the effect did not correspond with the minister's wishes. Tired of so many fruitless efforts, he at last appeared at the King's supper, and having placed himself so as to be seen and heard, cried out, at a moment when silence prevailed, "*Sire.*" The people near him said, "What are you about? This is not the way to speak to the King."—"I fear nothing," said he; and raising his voice repeated, "*Sire.*" The King, much surprised, looked at him, and said, "What do you want, sir?"—"Sire," answered he, "I am seventy years of age; I have served your majesty more than fifty years, and I am dying for want."—"Have you a memorial?" replied the King. "Yes, Sire, I have."—"Give it to me."

The genuine sensibility of the Queen furnished her upon the instant with the most flattering and honourable expressions towards those she esteemed. When M. Loustonneau, first surgeon to the princes of France, was appointed to the reversion of the situation of M. Andouillé, first surgeon to the King, he came, at the Queen's breakfast hour, to make his acknowledgments. This worthy man was generally beloved at Versailles; he had devoted himself to the care of the poorer class; and expended upon indigent invalids near thirty thousand francs a year. His excessive modesty could not prevent such extensive charities from eventually becoming known. After receiving from the benevolent Loustonneau the homage of his gratitude, the Queen said to him, "You are satisfied, sir, but I am far from being so with the inhabitants of Versailles. Upon the news of the favour the King has just conferred on you, the town should have been illuminated." "And why so, madame?" said the first surgeon, with an air of anxious astonishment. "Ah!" replied the Queen, in a tone of sensibility, "if all the poor whom you have succoured for twenty years past, had but each placed a single candle in their window, it would have been the most beautiful illumination ever witnessed."

The very day on which the King announced that he gave his assent to the convocation of the States-general, the Queen left the public dinner, and placed herself in the recess of the first window of her bedchamber, with her face towards the garden. Her chief butler followed her, to present her coffee, which she usually took standing, as she was about to leave the table. She

and his majesty took it without saying anything more. The next morning, an exempt of the guards was sent by the King into the great gallery to look for the officer, who was walking there. The exempt said to him, "the King desires to see you, sir:" and he was immediately conducted into the King's closet. His majesty said: "Sir, I grant you an annuity of 1500 livres out of my privy purse; and you may go and receive the first year's payment, which is become due." (*Secret Correspondence of the Court: Reign of Louis XVI.*)—*Note by the Editor.*

made me a sign to come near her. The King was engaged in conversation with some one in his room. When the attendant had served her, he retired; and she addressed me, with the cup still in her hand, "Good God! what fatal news goes forth this day! The King assents to the convocation of the States-general." Then she added, raising her eyes to heaven, "I dread it; this important event is a first fatal signal of discord in France." She cast her eyes down; they were filled with tears. She could not take the remainder of her coffee, but handed me the cup, and went to join the King. In the evening, when she was alone with me, she spoke only of this momentous decision. "It is the parliament," said she, "that has reduced the King to the necessity of having recourse to a measure, long considered as fatal to the repose of the kingdom. These gentlemen wish to restrain the power of the King, but this at least is certain, that they give a great shock to the authority of which they make so bad an use, and that they will bring on their own destruction. That, perhaps, is the only favourable view that can be taken of such an alarming proceeding."

Extract from different Letters of Madame Campan, First Femme de Chambre to the Queen, from the 5th of October to the 31st of December, 1789.

I know not whether I shall have strength to give you a description of the afflicting scenes that have lately taken place almost under my very eyes. My scattered senses are not yet tranquillized, my dreams are horrid, my slumbers painful. My sister was with the Queen during the night of the 5th: I obtained from her part of the circumstances I am about to relate. When M. de la Fayette had left the King, saying, that he was going to quarter his troops as well as he could, every one in the palace hoped to enjoy the consolation of repose. The Queen herself went to bed, and when my sister had done waiting on her, she retired into the chamber immediately before the Queen's; there, giving way to the accents of grief, she burst into tears, and said to her companions: "Is it a time to retire to bed, when the town

is occupied by thirty thousand troops, ten thousand ruffians, and two-and-forty pieces of cannon?"—"Surely not," they replied; "we must not think of committing so great an error." They all, therefore, remained dressed, and took their rest reclining on their beds. It was then four o'clock. Exactly at six, the host of ruffians, having forced the barriers, took their course towards her majesty's apartment. My sister was the first who heard these dreadful words: *Save the Queen.* The body guard, who pronounced them, received thirteen wounds at the very door from whence he gave us the alarm. Had the Queen's women gone to bed, her majesty would have been lost; they had only time to rush into her chamber, snatch her out of bed, throw a covering over her, carry her into the King's apartment, and close, in the best manner they could, the door of the gallery that leads to it. She fell senseless into the arms of her august husband. You know what has happened since; the King, yielding to the wishes of the capital, went thither with his whole family, on the morning of the 6th. The journey occupied seven hours and a half, during which we heard incessantly a continued noise of thirty thousand muskets, loaded with ball, which were charged and discharged in token of joy for the happiness of conducting the King to Paris. They cried out, but in vain, *Fire straight.* In spite of this notice, the balls sometimes struck the ornaments of the carriages; the smell of the powder suffocated us, and the crowd was so immense, that the people, pressing the coaches on all sides, gave them the motion of a boat. If you wish to form an idea of this march, conceive a multitude of half-clad ruffians, armed with sabres, pistols, spits, saws, old partisans, marching without order, shouting, yelling, headed by a monster, a tiger, whom the municipality of Paris, sought out with the utmost care, a man with a long beard, who till now served as a model at the Academy of Painting, and who, since the troubles, has yielded to his desire for murder, and has himself cut off the heads of all the wretched victims of popular frenzy. When we consider that it was this very mob that, at six in the morning, had forced the barrier of the marble stair-

case, broken open the doors of the antechamber, and penetrated even to the spot where that brave guard made a resistance sufficiently long to give us time to save the Queen; when we recollect, that this dreadful army filled the streets of Versailles during the whole night, we still find that heaven has protected us; we perceive the power of Providence, and this danger passed, gives us hopes for the future. Moreover, it was now ascertained, that all these terrible events, of which I have only been able to give you a faint sketch, were the horrid result of the foulest, the most abominable conspiracy; the city of Paris is engaged in discovering the authors. But I doubt whether they will be all brought to light, and I believe that posterity alone will be fully informed of these dreadful secrets.

The severity of military law, the great activity of the commanders of the militia and city guard, the attachment, the veneration of all citizens in the capital for the august family that has come within its walls, and is fully determined to remain there till the new constitution shall be completed: these afford the only prospect capable of affording any consolation to our bosoms.

Since the Queen has been at Paris, her court is numerous; she dines three times a week in public with the King; her card-rooms are open on those days. Though the apartments are small, all Paris is to be found there; she converses with the commanders of districts; she finds familiar opportunities of saying obliging things even to the private soldiers, among whom citizens of the first class are to be found, as well as the lowest artisans: mildness, resignation, courage, affability, popularity, everything is made use of, and sincerely, to reconcile people's minds, and concur in the re-establishment of order. Every one does justice to such affecting attentions, and that is a reparation for the cruel sufferings that have been endured, and the dreadful risks that had been encountered. Upon the whole, nothing can be more prudent or more consistent than the conduct of the King and Queen; and therefore the number of their partisans increases daily. They are spoken of with enthusiasm in almost every company. I have lost much on the score of the happiness,

the enjoyments, and the hopes of life; but I am exceedingly flattered in being attached to a princess, who, in moments of adversity, has displayed a character so generous and so elevated; she is an angel of mildness and of goodness: she is a woman particularly gifted with courage. I am in hopes that the clouds accumulated about her by the impure breath of calumny will dissipate; and at the Queen's age, and with her virtues, she may still expect to resume in history, and in the eyes of posterity, that rank from which she cannot be removed, without injustice. Princes assailed by imbecility and vice, towards their decline, have in vain displayed some virtues in early youth; their latter years efface the splendour of their earlier, and they carry to the tomb the hatred and contempt of their subjects. How many happy years has our amiable Queen yet to pass! and when she acts of her own accord, she is always sure of the most complete success. She has given proofs of it in the most critical moments; and Paris, replete with the most seditious opinions—Paris, continually reading the most disgusting libels, could not refuse her the admiration due to true courage, presence of mind, and courteousness. Her bitterest enemies confine themselves to saying,—"It must be confessed that she is a woman of strong mind." I cannot express to you how anxious I am with respect to the opinion that is entertained of this interesting princess in foreign courts: have those shameless libels been sent thither? Is it believed in Russia, that one Madame Lamotte was ever the favourite of the Queen? Do they give credit to all the abominable reports of that infernal machination? I hope not: the justice, the reparation that are due to this princess never cease to engage my thoughts. I should lose my senses, if I were a little younger, and if my imagination were as lively as my heart is sensible. I, who have seen her for fifteen years attached to her august husband, to her children, gracious to her servants; unfortunately, too affable, too unaffected, too much on a level with the people of the court,—I cannot endure to see her character vilified. I wish for an hundred mouths, I wish for wings, that I might inspire that confidence, in listening to truth, which

is so readily yielded to falsehood : let us still pray that time will bring about this important object.

The Queen's opinions of the Nobility.

The Queen has frequently said to me, "The nobility will ruin us; but I believe we cannot save ourselves without them. We act sometimes in a manner that offends them, but only with good intentions towards them. Nevertheless, when I encounter angry looks from those who surround us, I am grieved at it: then we adopt some proceeding, or impart something in confidence, to encourage all these poor people, who really have a great deal to suffer. They spread it abroad; the revolutionists are informed of it, and take the alarm; the Assembly becomes more urgent, and more malignant, and dangers increase."

The power of Louis XIV. had long ceased to exist at Versailles, yet all the exterior forms of this absolute authority still prevailed in 1789.

This monarch, in the latter years of his reign, had paid for his warlike ambition, by reverses from which the nation had suffered greatly. Become old, his remorse, and the devotion of his last mistress, rendered him weak and bigoted.

The priests governed, and obtained from him violent edicts against his subjects of the reformed churches. A multitude of industrious Frenchmen, manufacturers, abandoned their country, and carried their useful labours among neighbouring people. The decree which produced so fatal an effect to France, is called the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

For the edict of Nantes, the nation was indebted to Henry IV.; it secured to all the various churches the free exercise of their religion.

Louis XIV. died. He left, as heir to the crown, his great-grandson, five years of age. This prince had for regent, his uncle, the Duke d'Orleans, witty, volatile, and licentious. He ventured on systems of finance which ruined France, and addicted himself to public debauchery, and a contempt for every

sentiment and duty of religion, by which licentiousness quickly succeeded to hypocrisy. The government of Louis XV. was weak. During the first years of his reign, his youth, his beauty, and some success in arms, made him beloved by the French; shortly after, the most unbridled libertinism caused him to lose this early affection of the people, and even deprived him of the esteem of his court.

On the death of Louis XV., Louis XVI. ascended the throne, with all the virtues of a man, but few of those which become a great monarch, and which are indispensable in times when the people are agitated by the spirit of faction.*

* Louis XVI. had not the qualities of a great king, yet with a firm and able minister who had known how to fix his wavering resolution, defeat the intrigues of courtiers, and overpower their resistance, he would have evinced the virtues and reigned with the character of a good king. No prince was ever more anxious for the public good; and even in 1791, when the overthrow of his power, and the contempt of his authority, presented to his mind the most painful reflections, his chief affliction arose from the calamities which the nation then suffered, and the evils which he foresaw it was destined to endure.

"We witnessed, in the council," says Bertrand de Molleville, "during the Legislative Assembly, a scene much too interesting to be passed over in silence. M. Cahier de Gerville read a draft of a proclamation relative to the murders and robberies, which were committed in many departments, upon the nobles and their property, under the condemnatory pretext of aristocracy.' In this draft was the following expression: '*These disorders interrupt the happiness we enjoy, in the most grievous manner.*' 'Alter that phrase,' said the King to M. Cahier de Gerville, who, after reading it again, answered that he did not perceive what there was to alter.—'Do not make me talk about my happiness, sir; I cannot lie at that rate: how can I be happy, M. de Gerville, when no one in France is so? No, sir, the French are not happy; I see it but too plainly,—I hope they will be so one day; I ardently wish it; then I shall be so likewise, and may talk of my happiness.'

"These words, which the King pronounced with extreme feeling, and with tears in his eyes, made the most lively impression on us, and were followed by a general silence of emotion, which lasted two or three minutes. His majesty, doubtless fearing lest this burst of sensibility, which he had not been able to restrain, should raise any doubt of his attachment to the constitution, seized, with much address, shortly afterwards, an opportunity of evincing, at least, his scrupulous fidelity

The Queen was amiable, sensible, handsome, and of a good disposition. The slanders that have been cast on this princess, are the fruit of the spirit of discontent which prevailed at that time. But she loved pleasure, and was too fond of exciting admiration of her beauty. Amusements and festivals lulled the court in security, until the very moment of the dreadful shock prepared by opinions introduced in France during the preceding half century, and which had already obtained an imposing influence.

Three ministers, who had calculated the danger of this fermentation of ideas, endeavoured successively to operate a reform of abuses; in a word, to repair the worn-out machinery of absolute power, by new laws of reformation and regeneration. They could not do it without attacking the privileges of the nobility and the clergy: these classes considered them imprescriptible, and do so still, even after the torrent of a most terrible revolution has swept away the last traces of their privileges and their wealth.

The three ministers, Turgot,* Malesherbes, and Necker, were overthrown by the power of those ancient classes.†

to the oath he had taken to maintain it, by adopting the course most conformable to the constitution, in a matter brought forward by M. Cahier de Gerville, who advised the opposite proceeding, and was amazed to find the King more constitutional than himself.

"This religious probity of the King, with respect to the fatal oath which had been wrested from him, and his tender concern for the welfare of a nation, of which he had so much reason to complain, at once excited our astonishment and our admiration."

Louis XVI. had imbibed his love of the people, and this desire to render them happy, from the works of Fenelon. The writings of Nicole, and the Telemachus, were continually read by him. He had extracted from them maxims of government, by which he wished to abide; and the particulars given in the Historical Illustrations (under letter O), on this subject, and on the methodical habits of this prince, will be found interesting.—*Note by the Editor.*

* When M. de Maurepas proposed Turgot as a minister, to Louis XVI., the King said to him, with a degree of candour, highly respectable:—"*It is said that M. Turgot never goes to mass.*"—"*Well, Sire,*" replied Maurepas, "*the Abbé Terray goes to it every day.*" This was enough to remove all the King's prejudices. (*Universal Biography*, vol. xxvii.)—*Note by the Editor.*

† M. Necker wished for the support of the favour and confidence of

The impolitic desire of diminishing the power of England, had induced Louis XVI. to embrace the cause of the American insurgents against the mother-country. Our youth flew to the wars waged in the new world, for liberty, and against the rights of thrones. Liberty prevailed; they returned triumphant to France, and brought with them the seeds of independence. Letters from various military men were frequently received at the palace of Versailles, the seals of which bore the thirteen stars of the United States, surrounding the cap of liberty; and the Chevalier de Parny, one of the most esteemed poets of the day, brother to one of the Queen's equerries, and himself attendant on the court, published an epistle to the citizens of Boston, in which were found the following lines:—

> "You, happy people, freed from kings and queens,
> Dance to the rattling of the chains, that bind,
> In servile shame, the rest of human kind."

Soon after, financial embarrassments, the stubborn opposition of the parliaments, and the unskilfulness of the minister De Loménie de Brienne, led to the convocation of the States-general. Notwithstanding the excesses which sullied this epoch, notwithstanding the subversion of all the ancient institutions, good might still have been accomplished, if the Constituent Assembly had yielded to the advice and intelligence of that party, which demanded not only a guarantee for national liberty, but the advantages of an hereditary nobility, by the formation of an upper chamber, composed of nobles, who should no longer be exposed to see talents rendered useless to the welfare of the state, from the will of a sovereign, or the hatred of a favourite.

the people; and resembling M. Turgot so far, he could not be agreeable to the clergy, or the nobility, who were so perfectly strangers to the personal predilections of the Genevese minister. The clergy murmured at the choice of a Protestant minister. *I will give him up to you, if you will pay the national debt*, said M. de Maurepas, to an archbishop, who was scandalized at his nomination. (*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie.)—*Note by Madame Campan.*

Names worthy of respect were found at the head of this party: the Marquis de Lally-Tollendal, the Vicomte de Noailles, the Marquis de la Fayette, Malouet, Mounier, &c. The Duke d'Orleans ranked among them for a short time, but only as a factious, discontented man, ready to shift successively into every party that was most extravagant. At that time, to speak at court of the English constitution, to place the King of France on a level with a King of England, appeared as criminal, as if it had been proposed to dethrone the King, and to destroy the crown adorned with lilies. The rejection of that party which desired two chambers, by the court, afforded time for a more republican party to form itself, and obtain the support of popular influence. M. de la Fayette, imbued with the American principles, which he had served with so much glory, found himself placed at the head of this party. After the 6th of October, 1789, six months subsequent to the opening of the States-general, almost the whole of the partisans of the English constitution emigrated and withdrew from the horrors that threatened France.

A man unhappily worthy of the fame of the orators of Greece and Rome, Mirabeau, embraced the cause of a more republican constitution. The court was naturally still more opposed to this, than to the former wishes of the friends of the English constitution.

The revolutionists inflamed the people, called them to their assistance, armed them: mansions were burnt or pillaged, all the nobles compelled to quit France. The palace of Versailles was besieged by the populace of Paris; the King was dragged to the capital in a cruel and degrading manner; his carriage preceded by a horde who carried in triumph the heads of two of his guards. The deputies, amid the storm, laboured to complete the Constitutional-Act; the King, as the executive power, was too much deprived of authority by it. He foresaw the impossibility of carrying on such a constitution, and fled with his family. His organized flight, and his intentions, being betrayed, afforded time to the Assembly to have him arrested as he ap-

proached the frontiers of the kingdom; he was brought back, with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the virtuous Elizabeth, Madame, and the dauphin. On the road, they endured every insult from a licentious mob.

As this period, the Jacobins, a furious and sanguinary sect, at whose head were Robespierre and Marat, wished to obtain a declaration of the deposition of the King, and to found a republic. The constitutional party, though much weakened, had still sufficient strength to oppose it. The constitution was finished; the King, who, since the failure of his flight, had remained in arrest, was restored to liberty, and came to take, on this new charter, the oath to maintain and defend it. Brilliant festivals were made, which preceded, by a very short interval, days of mourning and despair. Two decrees, which the King rejected, that which menaced the priests, and that relative to forming a camp round Paris, served as a pretext for the most violent attacks directed against him. Unfortunately the King thought that, without altering his course, he should be withdrawn from his restrictions and released from his forced engagements. He was deceived: the whole nation advanced; the foreign troops were repulsed; the palace of the Tuileries besieged; the King and his family confined in the Temple, which they never quitted but to mount the scaffold, with the exception of Madame and the young prince, the latter of whom died a victim to the ill-treatment to which he was subjected.

The Emperor Joseph II. evinced, in November 1783, and still more in May 1784, pretensions of a perplexing nature on the republic of the United Provinces; he demanded the opening of the Scheldt, the cession of Maestricht with its dependencies, of the country beyond the Meuse, the county of Vroenhoven, and a sum of seventy millions of florins.

The first gun was fired by the Emperor, on the Scheldt, the 5th November, 1784.

Peace was concluded and signed, the 8th November, 1785, between the Emperor and the United Provinces, under the mediation of France.

The singular part was the indemnification granted to the Emperor; this was a sum of ten millions of Dutch florins; the articles 15, 16, and 17, of the treaty, stipulated the quotas of it. Holland paid five millions and a half, and France, under the direction of M. de Vergennes, four millions and a half of florins, that is to say, nine millions and forty-five thousand francs, according to M. Soulavie.

M. de Segur, in his work, entitled, Policy of Cabinets (vol. iii.), says, in a note, on a memoir by M. de Vergennes, relative to this affair:—

"M. de Vergennes has been much blamed for having terminated, by a sacrifice of seven millions, the contest that existed between the United Provinces and the Emperor. In that age of philosophy, men were still very uncivilized; in that age of commerce, they made very erroneous calculations, and those who accused the Queen of sending the gold of France to her brother, would have been better pleased, if, to support a republic void of energy, the blood of two hundred thousand men, and three or four hundred millions of francs had been sacrificed, and incurred the risk of losing the advantage of the peace dictated to England at the same time. It is grievous and humiliating, to see in what manner, and by whom, such criticisms are made; those who call to mind all the violent declamations then indulged in, against the policy of the cabinet of Versailles, will see in the Memoirs of M. de Vergennes, with what prudence the ministers, accused by ignorance, presumption, and folly, then deliberated."

Miscellaneous Anecdotes.

The collection of celebrated trials, has rendered the important service of inducing in the world, a salutary mistrust of appearances of criminality. What advantage would not society derive from a collection of all the accounts of these impostors; from those who, passing themselves off for sovereigns, or heirs of sovereign power, have formed parties, and involved credulous people in difficulties, down to those who, born in an obscure rank, have assumed the names of persons of a superior class, or

have obtained credit for intimate connections with the great, and even with crowned heads! Alas! the unheard-of misfortunes of Marie Antoinette are to be attributed, in a great degree, to the audacious falsehoods of a woman, whose person even was unknown to her; and who had found means to persuade the Cardinal de Rohan, that she was an intimate and secret friend of that illustrious and unfortunate princess. There is no class in which these ingenious and dangerous characters do not succeed in disturbing the peace of society, and carrying misery and desolation into the most respectable families. If this mischievous genius leads them to have recourse to legal and judicial forms, to support their impudent falsehoods, the marvellous, which always accompanies statements destitute of probability, engages and amuses the indifferent, and generally excites the self-conceit of some lawyer, who believes, no doubt, that he is defending the cause of persons oppressed by fraud, avarice, or power. The most prudent feeling is, to have a mistrust of the wonderful; and to say, of a thing which is opposed to the laws of honour, of probability and propriety, it is likely that this is not true. This valuable mistrust would be generally promoted by the collection which I should like to see intrusted to the care of some eminent lawyer. These reflections precede the history, but little known, of a female intriguer of the lowest class in society, and whose audacious falsehoods involved the most illustrious and most estimable characters.

My father had provided for me a sort of governess, or rather upper-nurse, who had a niece of the same age as mine. Till the period of our first receiving the sacrament, she was accustomed to pass her holidays with her aunt, and to play with me. When she had reached the age of twelve years, my father, whose caution was not influenced by any feeling of pride, declared that he would no longer permit her to come to play with me and my sisters. Desirous of educating us in the most careful manner, he dreaded our forming an intimate connection with a young person destined to the situation of a seamstress or embroiderer. The girl was pretty, fair, and of a very modest demeanour. Six

years after the period at which my father had forbidden her entrance into his house, the Duke de la Vrillière, then M. le Comte de St. Florentin, sent to inquire of my father: "Have you," he said, "in your service, an old woman, named Paris?" My father replied, that she had brought us up, and was still in his family. "Do you know her young niece?" rejoined the minister. Then my father told him what the prudence of a parent, desirous that his children should never have any but useful connections, had suggested to him six years before. "You have acted very prudently," said M. de St. Florentin to him; "during forty years that I have been in the ministry, I never met with a more impudent impostor, than this little hussy; she has implicated in her fabrications, our illustrious monarch, our virtuous princesses, Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, and the worthy M. Baret, rector of St. Louis, who at this moment is suspended from his clerical functions, until this infamous intrigue is perfectly cleared up; the little baggage is now in the Bastille. Only conceive," added he, "that by means of her crafty misrepresentations, she has obtained more than sixty thousand francs from several credulous people at Versailles; to some she affirmed that she was the King's mistress; suffered them to accompany her to the glass-door that opens into the gallery, and entered the King's apartments by the private door, it being opened for her by some of the pages in the palace, who received her favours. Nearly at the same time she sent for Gauthier, the surgeon to the light horse, to attend a woman in labour at her house, whose face was covered with a black crape: and she provided the surgeon with the napkins that were necessary, and which were all marked with the crown, according to the depositions of Gauthier. She also brought him a warming-pan with the arms of the princesses on it, to warm the bed for this female; and a silver basin marked in the same way. In consequence of the investigations entered upon, with respect to this affair, we also know, that it was a young man, a servant in the family of Mesdames, who procured her these articles; but she put this odious and wicked lie in circulation among people of her own class, and it has

extended even to some whose opinions are of more importance. This is not yet all," said the minister; "she has confessed all her crimes; but in the midst of tears and sobs of penitence, she declared that she was born with virtuous inclinations, and had been led into the path of vice by her confessor, the curate M. Baret, who had seduced her at the age of fourteen: the curate has been confronted with her. This wretch, whose air and demeanour were far from indicating the perverseness of her disposition and habits, had the effrontery to maintain, in his presence, what she had declared; and even dared to support this declaration, by a circumstance which seemed to imply the most intimate connection, by telling the worthy curate that he had a mark on his left shoulder. At these words, the curate desired that a *valet de chambre*, formerly in his service, and whom he had discharged for his bad conduct, might be immediately arrested. The subsequent interrogatories have shown, that this rascal had also been in the number of the girl's favourites; and that it was from him that she got the information as to the mark, which she had the impudence and audacity to refer to." The poor curate, Baret, suffered a serious illness from the anxiety he underwent during this troublesome and unmerited proceeding. However, the King had the kindness to receive him on his return to Versailles, and to say to him, that he ought do consider that nothing could be held sacred by such an impudent wretch. When the matter was fully cleared up, the minister removed this vile imposter from the Bastille, and she was sent to pass the remainder of her days in confinement in Sainte-Pelagie.

The courtly Abbé.

The day on which the Queen received the first visit of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia, at Versailles, a multitude, eager to obtain a sight, filled the palace and besieged the doors. The Queen had assigned to me the care of her inner closets, with the order to suffer no one to pass that way, but the daughter of the Duchess de Polignac, then a child, and who was to place herself near her couch within the balustrade, to be

present at the reception of the Grand Duke. A young abbé slipped into the closets, crossed the library, and opened the door communicating with the interior of this balustrade. I hastened towards him, and stopped him; he stepped back a few paces and said to me, "Pardon me, madame; I am fresh from college; I am not acquainted with the interior of the palace of Versailles; the only direction my father gave me was this: My son, continue to go straight forward till you are stopped, then submit respectfully to the order. You stop me, madame; I withdraw, and beg you to excuse me." This young man certainly knew how to advance with confidence, and to stop with prudence.

On the Court.

The art of war is incessantly exercised at court: ranks, dignities, private audiences, but above all favour, keep up an uninterrupted strife, which excludes thence all idea of peace. Those who give themselves up to the service of the court, often speak of their children, of the sacrifices they make for them, and their language is sincere. The courtier most in favour, of the highest credit, only finds strength to resist the anxiety he endures, in the idea, that he devotes himself for the advancement or the fortune of those who belong to him; he, who is not supported by these laudable sentiments, thinks of the honour of being able to pay his debts, or the gratification he derives from the pleasure of shining in the eyes of those who are ignorant of his secret griefs.

La Fontaine has said of favour: "It is preserved with trouble and anxiety, to be lost with despair."

Never could a better definition be given of the splendid and harassing yoke borne by the man in favour. The moment the prince utters a word that indicates his esteem or admiration of any one, the first impulse of the courtiers is, to be the echo of the prince's sentiments; but this first step is only made to put them in a situation to ruin him who has been favourably noticed. Then begins the game of intrigue; if it can be accomplished, they destroy this new object of uneasiness by calumny; the

favourable idea of the prince is diverted or destroyed, and they enjoy this easy victory. But, if the sovereign, persevering in his opinion and his sentiments, selects from the ranks the man whom he has noticed, and in whom he believes he has recognized useful talents or amiable qualities; if he introduces him among his favourites, the attack becomes incessant; years do not abate the ardour of it; they assume all forms, all means to ruin him. The public, then, come to the assistance of the courtiers; it is no longer these who speak; on the contrary, officious attentions and respect respond immediately to the favour of the monarch; with these they charm, they bewilder the head of their victim; they disguise their jealousy, they leave it to time to weaken the fascination of the prince; they know that men's sentiments are disposed to change; they perceive the moment when the first warmth of prepossession decays; they begin their attack. If these first attempts awaken the attention of the monarch, and enable him to observe the manœuvres of the courtiers; if he give some new mark of favour to the object of their envy, they fall back immediately, and adjourn their project.

The man of the greatest merit will have some failings, or commit some errors; they reckon upon them, look out for them, exaggerate them, circulate them in society, and they are reported to the prince, under the mark of zeal and perfect devotion to his interests; in the end, they generally succeed in the object. Favour only saves from these cruel and persevering attacks, those who, from their place at court, never quit the prince, and are able to defend themselves, at all hours, both by day and night.

The labours of ministers do not allow them this facility; they can only appear at court for short intervals; for this reason they are easily attacked and displaced, when the King has not made it a principle, whatever he may hear said, to make as few changes as possible. Employments which leave intervals of repose, never obtain any great favour, because they afford time for the indefatigable underminers at court. While the action is thus warm within the palace, they take care to direct some arrows,

even to a distance, against every one who has merit; they know that merit affords means of rising from the multitude, and that it is easier to attack it while it is still in the crowd. To see any one disgraced, never gives pain; he is a man fallen back into the ranks.—Death and disgrace excite only the same idea at court: by whom will he, who is fallen, be replaced?

Reply, To M. de Lacretelle the younger, on the subject of his Work.

The letter you have done me the honour to address to me, reached me at Coudreaux, the seat of the Duchess d'Elchingen, where I went to spend a few days. You do not give me your address; nevertheless, I desire to have the honour of thanking you for the obliging manner in which you have written to me, in consequence of some reflections I ventured to transmit to you, relative to your History of France.

Every one should hasten to communicate actual facts to an author, who knows how to render them so interesting, to combine them with so much art, to narrate them with so much taste, and to deduce from them such just and luminous results; but, in occupying yourself with history in general, you must, sir, have studied that of the human heart; you must have observed that constant carelessness, with regard to the success of the most laudable undertakings, which is only equalled by a no less persevering disposition to criticise them. I think, then, that you should not have waited for useful information, but have taken more trouble to obtain it. The Baron de Breteuil was much broken when he returned to France; but old men have a lively memory for old anecdotes, and he knew an infinite number of private events. Madame de Narbonne, lady of honour to Madame Adelaide, who had considerable influence during the first years of the reign of Louis XVI., would have been very useful to you. Lastly, I was dining with a very great nobleman, who has infinite talent; your book was spoken of, and was praised; but many errors were pointed out, with reference to the administration of the Duke de Choiseul. You are deceived,

when you state it as doubtful, that M. de Machault was on the eve of being appointed in the room of M. de Maurepas. The letter of the King was written, was given to the page, he had his foot in the stirrup, when my father-in-law, by order of Louis XVI., descended the great staircase of Choisy, to recall the page. The Queen, who had already studied the King's character, then told my father-in-law, that if he had not been in such haste to execute the King's command, M. de Machault would have been appointed; that the King would never have had the courage to write a letter contrary to his first intention. I have been moved, even to tears, by the manner in which you re-establish the Queen's character in a more favourable light; but never accuse her of prodigality; she had the contrary failing. She never in her life drew the smallest sum from the treasury; the luchess, her favourite, had scarcely what would maintain her at court, her situation requiring an expense far exceeding what she derived from her husband's places and her own. The Queen ordered some little edifices, in the style suited to an English garden, to be erected at Trianon; all Paris exclaimed against it, while M. de Saint James was expending 150,000 livres at Neuilly for a grotto. The Queen was so far from allowing large sums to be expended on her favourite habitation, that when she quitted this villa, in 1789, she still left there the ancient furniture of Louis XV.: it was not till after soliciting her, for six years together, not to use any longer an old painted bedstead, that had belonged to the Countess du Barry, that I obtained leave from the Queen to order another. Never was any person more slandered; all the blows, by which it was intended to assail the throne were for a long time directed against her solely. I have a multitude of anecdotes of a nature to make her better known; but they are only suited to my Memoirs. I will not allow them to be printed during my life; my son will have them after me: in my Recollections, I do not go beyond the details which I did and must know. Presumption ruins all the writers of memoirs; if they knew what passed in the chamber, they will also relate the deliberations of the council, and these are very different matters.

M. Thierry de Villedavray was ignorant of what the ministers knew, and they would often have been delighted to discover what he was acquainted with. In history, as in poetry, we must recur to what Boileau has said upon truth.

The Memoirs of Laporte are valued, because he says: "The Queen sent me to such a place; I said to the cardinal, &c." and those of Clery are most deeply interesting, because he repeats, word for word, what he heard, and finishes his recital with the roll of the drum, which separated him from his unfortunate sovereign.

Sincerity, sir, accompanies the highest esteem, and it is that which emboldens me to enter into these details with you, and to express to you the regret I feel, to see you engaged in your second edition, before you have patiently consulted the greatest possible number of cotemporaries well informed of the facts which form your two last volumes.

Portrait of Maria Theresa.

A lady bought, at the Marquis de Marigny's sale, a large miniature portrait of the Empress Maria Theresa. It was in a gilt metal frame, and at the back, the marchioness's brother had caused these words to be engraved: "The Empress-Queen made a present of this portrait to my sister; it was surrounded with superb Brazil diamonds." This lady thought she was offering the Queen what would be very agreeable to her; she was deceived: her majesty considered that she ought not to appear insensible to her attention; but, as soon as the lady had withdrawn, the Queen said to me: "Take this proof of my mother's policy out of my sight quickly: perhaps I am indebted to her in some degree for the honour of being Queen of France; but in truth, sovereigns are sometimes constrained to very mean actions."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY MADAME CAMPAN.

Note No. 1, *Page* 30.

The Queen brought the Duke of Normandy into the world, and the birth of a second son appeared to add to the happiness she enjoyed: she had also a second princess, named Sophie. The quiet and regular habits of the royal family, now past the age of turbulent pleasures, make me look back on the years which elapsed between the peace in 1783, and the birth of the second princess, as the most happy period of the reign of Louis XVI. That happiness was soon to be disturbed by an unforeseen storm, increased by error, by the vilest corruption, and the blackest calumny.

The Cardinal de Rohan, who was involved in Madame Lamotte's intrigues, in a manner not yet entirely explained, made some overtures to M. de Saint-James, the treasurer of the war extraordinaries, for the loan of a considerable sum. He communicated to him some particulars of the bargain he had made with Bœhmer, to procure his magnificent necklace for the Queen. The financier, whose fortune was at that time shaken, and who soon after failed for an enormous sum, lent no money. He could not understand how the cardinal, who was avowedly at enmity with the Queen, should be deputed to execute such a commission; and felt himself called upon to speak to her majesty respecting what he had heard. I know not how lightly this information may have been communicated; I only know that it made very little impression upon the Queen. Standing, as she did, upon the pinnacle of happiness and honour, how should she imagine that such an object should be the basis of an intrigue sufficient to raise the direst storm? The Queen merely told me they were talking again about that tiresome necklace; that M. de Saint-James had informed her, that Bœhmer still entertained the hope of persuading her to buy it of him. She requested me to mention it to him the first time I should see him, merely by way of asking him what he had done with that ornament.

On the following Sunday I met Bœhmer in one of the halls of the principal apartments, as I was going to the Queen's mass. I called to him; he accompanied me to my threshold. I asked him, whether he had at last got rid of his necklace or not; he answered that it was sold. I asked him in what court; he replied, at Constantinople, and it was at that moment the property of the favourite sultana. I congratulated him on the occasion. My real ground of satisfaction, however, was that the Queen would no longer be molested on the subject.

In the evening I gave an account of my meeting with the jeweller, and the conversation I had had with him. The Queen was really rejoiced at it. She did, however, show some surprise that a necklace, made to ornament a Frenchwoman, should have been carried to the seraglio, and dwelt on the belief, that the beauty of the collection of diamonds had been the sole inducement for purchasing it. She spoke a long time upon the subject, and upon the total change which took place in the tastes and desires of women between the ages of twenty years and thirty. She told me, that when she was ten years younger, she was excessively fond of diamonds; but that she had now no taste but for private society, for the country, for work, and for the cares which the education of her children would demand. From that time to the fatal explosion, nothing more was said about the necklace.

The baptism of the Duke d'Angouleme took place in 1785. The Queen ordered the shoulder-knot, buckles, and sword, of which the King and herself made him presents upon the occasion, of Bœhmer. When Bœhmer delivered these articles to her majesty, he presented her a note, which is faithfully copied into one of the memorials printed in the course of the cardinal's trial. The Queen came into her library, where I was reading. She held the note in her hand. She read it to me, saying, that as I had in the morning guessed the enigmas of the Mercure, I could, no doubt, find her the meaning of that, which that madman, Bœhmer, had just handed to her. These were her very expressions. She read me the note, which, like that in the memorial, contained a request *not to forget him*, and expressions of his happiness at seeing her in the possession of the most beautiful diamonds that could be found in Europe. As she finished reading it, she twisted it up and burnt it at a taper, which was standing lighted in her library for sealing letters, and merely recommended me, when I should see Bœhmer, to request an explanation of it. "Has he assorted some other ornaments?" added the Queen; "I should be quite vexed at it; for I do not intend to make use of his services any longer. If I wish to change the setting of my diamonds, I will employ my valet de chambre, who takes care of my jewels, for he will have no ambition to sell me a single carat."

After this conversation, I set off for my country house at Crespy; my father-in-law had company to dine there every Sunday; Bœhmer had been there once or twice in the summer time. As soon as I was settled, he came there.

I repeated to him faithfully what the Queen had desired me to tell him. He seemed petrified, and asked how it was that the Queen had been unable to understand the meaning of the paper he had presented to her. "I read it myself," said I; "and I understood nothing of it." "I am not surprised at that, as far as concerns you, madam," replied Bœhmer. He added, that there was a mystery in all this, with which I was not made acquainted, and requested of me an interview, wherein he would inform me fully of what had passed between the Queen and himself. I could only promise it him for the evening, when the people from Paris would be gone. When I had got rid of the persons who required my company in the drawing-room, I went with Bœhmer down into one of the garden walks. I think I can repeat the conversation which took place between this man and myself, verbatim. I was so struck with horror, the very instant I discovered this most base and dangerous intrigue, that every word which passed between us is deeply

engraven in my memory. I was so absorbed in grief; I perceived so many dangers in the manner in which the Queen would have to disengage herself from such a fabrication, that a storm of thunder and rain came on while I was talking to Bœhmer, without exciting my attention.

Being alone, then, with Bœhmer, I began thus:

What is the meaning of the paper which you gave to her majesty on Sunday, as she left the chapel?

B. The Queen cannot be ignorant of it, madam.

I beg your pardon; nay more, she has desired me to ask you.

B. That is a feint of hers.

And pray what feint can there be in so plain a matter between you and the Queen? The Queen very seldom appears in full dress, and you know it: you told me yourself, that the extreme plainness of the court of Versailles was injurious to your trade. She is afraid you are projecting something new, and she expressly ordered me to tell you that she would not add a diamond of the value of twenty louis to those which she possesses.

B. I believe it, madam; she has less need of them than ever; but what said she about the money?

You were paid long ago.

B. Ah! madam, you are greatly mistaken! there is a very large sum due to me.

What do you mean?

B. I must discover all to you; the Queen deals mysteriously with you; she has purchased my grand necklace.

The Queen! she refused you personally; she refused it of the King, who would have given it to her.

B. Well, she changed her mind.

If she had changed her mind, she would have told the King so. I have not seen the necklace among the Queen's diamonds.

B. She was to have worn it on Whitsunday. I was very much astonished that she did not.

When did the Queen tell you she had determined to buy your necklace?

B. She never spoke to me upon the subject herself.

Through whom then?

B. The Cardinal de Rohan.

She has not spoken to him these ten years! By what contrivance, I know not, my dear Bœhmer, but you are robbed, that's certain.

B. The Queen pretends to be at variance with his eminence; but he is upon very good terms with her.

What do you mean? The Queen pretends to be at variance with a person so conspicuous at court! sovereigns rather pretend the other way. She pretended, for four successive years, that she would neither buy nor accept of your necklace! she buys it, and pretends not to remember that, since she does not wear it! you are mad, my poor Bœhmer, and I see you entangled in an intrigue, which makes me shudder for you, and distresses me for her majesty's sake. When I asked you, six months ago, what was become of the necklace, and where you had sent it, you told me you had sold it to the favourite sultana.

B. I answered as the Queen wished: she ordered me to make that reply, through the cardinal.

But how were her majesty's orders transmitted to you?

B. By written documents, signed with her own hand; and I have, for some time, been obliged to show them to people who have lent me money, in order to keep them quiet.

You have received no money, then?

B. I beg your pardon; on delivery of the necklace, I received a sum of thirty thousand francs, in notes of the *caisse d'escompte*, which her majesty sent to me by the cardinal; and you may rely on it, he sees her majesty in private; for, as he gave me the money, he told me that she took it from a portfolio, which was in her Sevres china secretary, in her little boudoir.

That was all a falsehood; and you, who have sworn faithfully to serve the King and Queen, in the offices you hold about their persons, are much to blame for having treated for the Queen, without the King's knowledge, when so important a matter was in question; and with her, without having received her orders directly from herself.

The latter remark struck this dangerous fool; he asked me what he was to do. I advised him to go to the Baron de Breteuil, who was the minister of his department, inasmuch as he held the office of keeper of the crown diamonds: to tell him candidly all that had passed, and to be ruled by him. He assured me, he would prefer deputing me to explain to the Queen. That, however, I declined, perceiving, from his account, that there existed a multiplicity of intrigues, which prudence warned me to avoid. I spent ten days at my country-house, without hearing a word of this affair. The Queen then sent for me to Little Trianon, to rehearse with me the part of Rosina, which she was to perform in the Barber of Seville. I was alone with her, sitting upon her couch; no mention was made of anything but the part. After we had spent an hour in the rehearsal, her majesty asked me why I had sent Bœhmer to her; saying, he had been, in my name, to speak to her, and that she would not see him. It was thus that I learned he had not, in the slightest degree, followed my advice. The change of my countenance, when I heard the man's name, was very perceptible; the Queen perceived it, and questioned me. I entreated her to see him, and assured her it was of the utmost importance for her peace of mind; that there was a plot going on, of which she was not aware; and that it was a serious one, since engagements signed by herself were shown about to people who had lent Bœhmer money. Her astonishment and vexation were excessive. She desired me to remain at Trianon, and sent off a courier to Paris, ordering Bœhmer to come to her, upon some pretence which has escaped my recollection. He came the next morning; in fact, it was the day on which the play was performed, and that was the last time that the Queen indulged in such amusements at that seat.

The Queen took him into her closet, and asked him, by what fatality it was, that she was still doomed to hear of his foolish pretensions about selling her an article which she had steadily refused for several years? He replied, that he was compelled, being unable to pacify his creditors any longer. "What are your creditors to me?" said her majesty. Bœhmer then regularly related to her all that, according to his deluded imagination, had passed between the Queen and himself, through the intervention of the cardinal. She was equally thunder-struck, incensed, and surprised at everything she heard. In vain did

she speak; the jeweller, equally importunate and dangerous, repeated incessantly, "Madame, this is no time for feigning; condescend to confess that you have my necklace, and order me some assistance, or else a bankruptcy will soon bring the whole to light."

It is easy to imagine how much the Queen must have suffered. On Bœhmer's going away, I found her in an alarming condition; the idea that any one could have believed, that such a man as the cardinal possessed her full confidence; that she should have bargained, through him, with a tradesman, without the King's knowledge, for a thing which she had refused to accept from the King himself, drove her to desperation. She sent first for the Abbé de Vermond, and then for the Baron de Breteuil. Their hatred and contempt for the cardinal made them too easily forget, that the lowest vices do not prevent the higher orders of the empire from being defended by those to whom they have the honour to belong; that a Rohan, a prince of the church, however culpable he might be, would be sure to have a considerable party, which would of course be joined by all the discontented persons of the court, and all the censorious people of Paris.

It was too easily believed, that he would be stripped of all the advantages of his rank and order, and given up to the disgrace due to his irregular conduct; disappointment was the consequence.

I saw the Queen after the departure of the baron and the abbé; her agitation made me shudder. "Hideous vices must be unmasked," said she, "when the Roman purple, and the title of prince cover a mere sharper, a cheat, who dares to compromise the wife of his sovereign; Europe and all France should know it." It is evident, that from that moment the fatal plan was decided on. The Queen perceived my alarm; I did not conceal it from her. I was too well aware that she had many enemies, not to be apprehensive on seeing her attract the attention of the whole world to an intrigue which would prove of the most intricate description. I entreated her to seek the most prudent and moderate advice. She silenced me, by desiring me to make myself easy, and to rest satisfied that no imprudence would be committed.

On the following Sunday, being the Assumption, at twelve o'clock, at the very moment when the cardinal, dressed in his pontifical garments, was about to proceed to the chapel, the King sent for him into his closet, where he was with the Queen. "You have purchased some diamonds of Bœhmer," said the King to him. "Yes, sire."—"What have you done with them?"—"I thought they had been delivered to the Queen."—"Who commissioned you to make the purchase?"—"A lady, called the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the Queen, and I thought I was acting agreeably to her majesty's wishes, when I took this negotiation upon myself." The Queen interrupted him with warmth, in order to ask him how he could possibly believe,—that he, to whom she had not spoken for above eight years, had been selected for such a commission; and that through a woman whom she did not even know. "I see very plainly," said the cardinal, "that I have been deceived." He then took out of his pocket, a note from her majesty, signed *Marie Antoinette de France.* The King uttered an exclamation, and told him, that a grand almoner ought to know that Queens of France signed only their baptismal names; that even the daughters of France had no other signature, and that if the royal family added anything to that signature, it would not be *de France.*

The writing was no more like the original signature, than the body of the paper; the King remarked this to him. His majesty afterwards showed him a copy of a letter addressed to Bœhmer, asking him if he had written any such letter? The cardinal, after looking at it, replied, that he did not remember having written it. "If you were to be shown such a letter, signed by yourself?" said the King to him.—"If the letter be signed by me," said the cardinal, "it is genuine." He was extremely confused, and repeated several times, "I have been deceived, sire; I will pay for the necklace. I ask pardon of your majesties." The King desired him to compose himself, and to go into the adjoining closet, where he would find writing implements, and might pen down his avowal or his answers. M. de Vergennes and the keeper of the seals, were of opinion that the affair ought to be hushed up, in order that the scandal attending it might be avoided. The Baron de Breteuil's opinion prevailed; the Queen's resentment favoured it. The cardinal came in again, and handed the King a few lines, which were almost as unintelligible as what he had said. He was ordered out, and was accompanied by the baron, who had him arrested by M. d'Agoult, the mayor of the court. He confided the care of conducting the cardinal to his apartment, to a young ensign of the guards, who had been arrested a few days before, for debt. The order to accompany the cardinal, with the information that he would be responsible for his person, and the word *arrest* so perplexed the young man, that he lost all power of reflecting upon the importance of his charge. The cardinal met his heyduke in the gallery of the chapel, and spoke to him in German. Wishing to write down his orders, and having no pencil about him, he asked the ensign if he could lend him one. He had one, handed it to the cardinal, and waited patiently while his eminence wrote upon a piece of paper his orders to the Abbé Georgel, his grand vicar, to burn the whole of his correspondence with Madame Lamotte, which was in his closet at Paris. From that moment, all proofs of this intrigue disappeared. Madame Lamotte was apprehended at Bar-sur-Aube; her husband was already gone to England. From the beginning of this fatal affair, all the proceedings of the court appear to have been prompted by imprudence and want of foresight; the obscurity hence resulting, left scope for the fables, of which the voluminous memorials, written on both sides, consisted. The Queen so little imagined what could have given rise to the intrigue, of which she was about to become the victim, that at the moment when the King was interrogating the cardinal, a terrific idea entered her mind. With that rapidity, caused by personal interest and extreme agitation, she thought that if the design to ruin her in the eyes of the King and the French people was the concealed motive of this intrigue, the cardinal would, perhaps, affirm that she had the necklace; that he had been honoured with her confidence for this purchase, made without the King's knowledge: and point out some secret place in her apartment, where he might have got some villain to hide it. Want of money and the meanest swindling, were the sole foundations of this criminal affair. The necklace was, by this time, taken to pieces and sold, partly in London, partly in Holland, and the rest in Paris.

From the moment the cardinal's arrest was known, a universal clamour arose. Every memorial that appeared during the trial, increased the outcry, and nothing tended to develope the hidden facts.

On this occasion, the clergy took that course, which a little wisdom, and the least knowledge of the spirit of such a body, ought to have foreshown. The Rohans and the house of Condé, as well as the clergy, complained in all quarters. The King agreed to the legal judgment, and early in September, he addressed letters patent to the parliament, in which his majesty said, that, "penetrated with the most just indignation, on seeing the means which, by the confession of his eminence the cardinal, had been employed, in order to inculpate his most dear and most honourable spouse and companion, he had," &c.

Fatal moment! in which the Queen found herself, in consequence of this highly impolitic error, opposed against a subject, who ought to have been dealt with by the power of the King alone. Erroneous principles of equity, ignorance, and hatred, united with the confusion of ill digested advice, to form a course of conduct, injurious at the same time to the royal authority, and to public morals.

The princes and princesses of the house of Condé, and of the houses of Rohan, Soubise, and Guéménée, put on mourning, and were seen ranging themselves in the way of the members of the great chamber, to salute them as they proceeded to the palace, on the days of sitting upon the cardinal's trial; and princes of the blood openly canvassed against the Queen of France.

The pope wished to claim, on behalf of the Cardinal de Rohan, the right belonging to his ecclesiastical rank, and demanded that he should be judged at Rome. The Cardinal de Bernis, ambassador from France to his holiness, formerly minister for foreign affairs, blending the wisdom of an old diplomatist with the principles of a prince of the church, wished that this scandalous affair should be hushed up.

The King's aunts, who were on very intimate terms with the ambassador, adopted his opinion; and the conduct of the King and Queen was equally and loudly censured in the apartments of Versailles, and in the hotels and coffee-houses of Paris.

It is easy to refer to this transaction, alike fatal and unexpected, hastily entered into, and weakly and dangerously followed up, the disorders which furnished so many weapons to the party opposed to authority.

In the early part of the year 1786, the cardinal was fully acquitted, and came out of the Bastille; Madame Lamotte was condemned to be whipped, branded, and confined. The court, following up the false views which had guided its measures, conceived that the cardinal, and the woman Lamotte, were equally culpable, and unequally judged; and sought to restore the balance of justice, by exiling the cardinal to the abbey of La Chaise-Dieu, and suffering Madame Lamotte to escape a few days after her entrance into the Hospital.

This new error confirmed the Parisians in the idea, that the low wretch, who had never been able to make her way into the room appropriated to the Queen's women, had really interested that unfortunate princess. Cagliostro, one of those dabblers in pretended sciences or secret discoveries, who appear every twenty-five or thirty years, to give the most consequential idlers of Paris something to do, a capuchin, and a girl of the Palais Royal, were implicated in this trial; no person of any note appeared upon the stage. The man named Declos, a servant of the Queen's chamber, and a singer at the chapel, was the only man attached to the service of the court, that Madame Lamotte

dared to cite. He appeared upon the cardinal's trial. It was to him that she said she had given the necklace. She named him, because she had spent an evening with him at the house of the wife of a petty surgeon-accoucheur of Versailles. Thus the pretended friend of the Queen, when she went to pay her court to her, lived at the Belle-Image, and moved in the circle of the humblest townspeople of that place.

As soon as I heard of the sentence passed on the cardinal, I went to the Queen. She heard my voice in the room preceding her closet. She called to me; I found her very much agitated. In a faltering voice, she said to me,—"Condole with me; the sharper, who wished to ruin me, or get money by misusing my name, and adopting my signature, has just been fully acquitted; but," added she, with warmth, "as a Frenchwoman, let me pity you. Unfortunate, indeed, are a people, who have for their supreme tribunal, a set of men who consult only their passions; and some of whom are capable of being corrupted, and others of an audacity which they have always manifested against authority, and which they have just suffered to break out against those who are invested with it."* At this moment the King entered, and I wished to withdraw. "Stay," said he to me; "you are one of those who sincerely participate in the grief of your mistress." He went up to the Queen, and took her by the hand.—"This affair," said he, "has been decided contrary to all principle; however, that is very easily accounted for. To be able to cut this Gordian knot, it is not necessary to be an Alexander. In the cardinal, the parliament saw only a prince of the church, a Prince de Rohan, the near relation of a prince of the blood—while they ought to have looked upon him as a man unworthy of his ecclesiastical character, a spendthrift, a great nobleman degraded by his shameful connections, a young fashionable trying expedients, like many in Paris, and grasping at everything. He thought he would pay Bœhmer, on account, sums large enough to discharge the price of the necklace within a moderate time; but he knew the customs of the court well enough, and was not so silly as to believe that Madame Lamotte was admitted by the Queen, and deputed to execute such a commission."

In giving the King's opinion, I do not pretend to speak decisively on the cardinal's credulity or dishonesty; but it got abroad, and I am bound to report the exact particulars of a conversation, in which he declared it with so little reserve. He still continued to speak of that dreadful trial, and condescended to say to me,—"I have saved you a mortification, which you would have experienced without any advantage to the Queen; all the cardinal's papers were burnt, with the exception

* The following extract is from the Memoirs of the Abbé Georgel:—"M. d'Espremenil, a counsellor of the parliament," says the Abbé Georgel in his Memoirs, "but who was not a judge in the affair, found secret means to inform us of very interesting particulars, the knowledge of which was of the greatest utility to us. I owe here, this homage to his zeal and obligingness."

He adds, in another place, speaking of the moment in which the decree was pronounced: "The sittings were long and multiplied; it was necessary to read the whole proceeding; more than fifty judges sat; a master of requests, a friend of the prince, wrote down all that was said there, and sent it to his advisers, who found means to inform the cardinal of it, and to add the plan of conduct he ought to pursue."

D'Espremenil, and other young counsellors, in fact, showed upon that occasion but too much audacity in braving the court, too much eagerness in seizing an opportunity of attacking it. They were the first to shake that authority, which their functions made it a duty in them to render respectable. We ought to note errors, which their misfortunes have since but too entirely expiated.—*Note by the Editors.*

of a little note written by him, which was found by itself at the bottom of a drawer; it is dated in the latter end of July, and says, that Bæhmer has seen Madame Campan, who told him to beware of the intrigue of which he would become the victim; that she would lay her head upon the block, to maintain that the Queen had never wished to have the necklace, and that she had certainly not purchased it secretly." "Had you any such conversation with the man?" said the King to me. I answered, "that I remembered having said nearly those very words to him, and that I had informed the Queen of it." "Well!" continued he; "I was asked whether it would be agreeable to me, that you should be summoned to appear; and I replied that it was not absolutely indispensable. I should rather that a person, so intimately connected with the Queen, as yourself, should not be summoned. How could it, for instance, be explained," added the King, "that this man wrote the note in question three weeks before the day on which I spoke to him, without taking any step either with the Queen or myself?"

M. Pierre de Laurence, the attorney-general's substitute, sent the Queen a list of the names of the members of the great chamber, with the means made use of by the cardinal to gain their votes during the trial. I had this list, to keep among the papers which the Queen deposited in the house of M. Campan, my father-in-law, and which, at his death, she ordered me to preserve. I burned this statement, and I remember, upon this occasion, ladies performed a part not very creditable to their morals: it was by them, and in consideration of large sums which they received, that some of the oldest and most respectable heads were seduced. I did not see a single name, among the whole parliament, that was gained over directly.

At this period the Queen's happy days terminated; farewell for ever to the quiet and unostentatious excursions to Trianon, to the entertainments where the magnificence, the wit, and the good taste of the court of France shone forth at the same time; farewell, especially farewell, to that deference and to that respect, the outward shows of which wait upon the throne, while the reality alone is its solid basis.

Note No. 2, Page 66.

Short Account of the Departure of Louis XVI. for Paris, on the 6th of October, 1789, by M. de St. Priest.*

I think I ought to commence the narrative of what took place at Versailles, on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, by relating the contents of a letter, written to me by M. de la Fayette, a few days before. I was unable to preserve it, as my papers were burnt in France during my emigration: but I have copied it from Bailly's journal, printed after his death.

"The Duke de la Rochefoucauld will have informed you of the idea, put into the grenadiers' heads, of going to Versailles this night. I wrote to you not to be uneasy about it, because I rely upon their confidence in me, in order to divert them from this project. I owe them the justice to say that they had intended to ask my permission to do

* Interested, as we are, for the cause of truth, which is confirmed by contradictory testimonies, we cannot too strongly recommend the reader to compare this interesting account with the details contained in the Memoirs of Ferrieres, Dusaulx, and Bailly, and the explanation annexed to those of Weber.—*Note by the Editor.*

so, and that many of them thought it was a very proper step, and one ordered by me. Their very slight inclination has been destroyed by four words which I said to them. The affair is off my mind, except as to the idea of the inexhaustible resources of the plotters of mischief. You should not consider this circumstance as anything more than an indication of a design, and by no means as dangerous."

M. de la Fayette did not rely, so much as he told me he did, upon the obedience of these grenadiers, who had formerly belonged to the French guards, since he posted detachments of the unpaid national guard at Sevres and at St. Cloud, to guard those passages of the river Seine. He informed me of it, and ordered the commandant of those posts to apprise me, if there should be any occasion.

These arrangements appeared to me insufficient for the safety of the royal residence. I took M. de la Fayette's letter to the council of state, and made it the ground of a proposal to reinforce Versailles with some regular troops. I observed, that M. de la Fayette's letter afforded a plausible reason for it, and offered the means of literally complying with the decree sanctioned by the King, which gave the municipal authorities the first right to direct the action of regular troops. The King, by the advice of his council, approved of my proposal, and charged me to execute it. I consequently addressed M. de la Fayette's letter to the municipality of Versailles, after having apprised the mayor of it. This document was entered in the register, and a resolution was made for demanding a reinforcement of troops for the executive power. Invested with this authority, I observed to the minister at war, that the Flanders regiment of foot being on the march, escorting a convoy of arms destined for the Parisian national guard, from Douay to Paris, it would be well to draw that body to Versailles as soon as its mission should be fulfilled, in order to prevent, at least in part, the ferment which the arrival of a corps of soldiers of the line in the royal residence, would not fail to occasion at Paris and in the National Assembly. This measure was adopted by the council. Bailly says, in his journal, that he wrote to me respecting the uneasiness it gave the districts of Paris. He adds, that I replied, "that the arrival of armed men in the royal residence, announced by circumstantial reports, had determined the King to call in the Flanders regiment, and to take military measures upon the subject."

I am the less able to recollect what I could have meant by that, inasmuch as I am certain I never took any step of a military nature, beyond that of desiring the Flanders regiment to march in a military manner, without turning aside from their destination.

It is true, that the civic authorities of Paris, in pursuance of my answer to Bailly, had the insolence to send four deputies to Versailles, to learn from the King's ministers, their reasons for calling in the Flanders regiment. These deputies alighted at my house; and one of them, M. Dusaulx, a member of the Academie de Belles Lettres, was the spokesman. He interrogated me upon the matter in question in the most imperious manner, informing me, that carrying it into execution would be followed by fatal consequences. I answered, with all the moderation I could command, that this demand of a regiment of the line was a natural consequence of the information communicated by a letter from M. de la Fayette. I added, that I gave him this answer as from myself, the King not having authorized me to answer a question which his majesty could never have imagined any one would dare to

put to his minister. M. Dusaulx and his three brother deputies returned much dissatisfied. M. de Condorcet was one of them. Some factious members of the National Assembly likewise meddled in the matter. M. Alexandre Lameth and M. Barnave spoke to me, and endeavoured to persuade me to induce the King to revoke his call for this regiment of the line. I answered them in such a manner as to leave them no hope of it. The regiment arrived at Versailles without meeting the smallest obstacle. The conspirators gave the old French guards to understand, that it was destined to guard the King in their stead, which was untrue; but that served to make them resume their project of coming to Versailles. I am ignorant whether they had any other view than to take their post again, or whether they had already determined to bring the King back to Paris. However that may have been, the explosion soon took place.

The body guards gave a regimental entertainment to the officers of the Flanders regiment, and invited a few subaltern officers and soldiers, as well as some of the national guards of Versailles. It was an old custom, for the military corps quartered at any place, to pay this compliment to others which arrived there. Upon such occasions, many healths will, of course, be drunk, and the repasts must, of necessity, be always noisy; and this was the case with the present. The regimental band had been invited; and the air, beginning, *O Richard! O my King!* from the play of Richard Cœur de Lion, excited the liveliest enthusiasm. It was thought right to go and fetch the Queen, to increase the fervour. And in fact, her majesty came with the dauphin, which prompted fresh acclamation. When the company left the dining hall, a few soldiers, perhaps affected by wine, appeared in the marble court, below the apartments of the King, who had returned from hunting. Shouts of, *Vive le Roi!* were heard; and one of the soldiers, with the assistance of his comrades, climbed up on the outside, as high as the balcony of the chamber of his majesty, who did not show himself. I was in my closet, and I sent to know what occasioned the noise, and was informed. I have, however, no reason to believe that the national cockade was trampled under foot; and it is less likely, because the King wore it at that time, and it would have been a want of respect to his majesty himself. It was a lie invented to irritate the minds of the Parisian national guard.

The Count d'Estaing commanded the national guard of Versailles, at that time. The King gave him, also, the command of all the regular troops there. They consisted of the two battalions of the Flanders regiment, two hundred chasseurs des Evéchés, eight hundred mounted body guards, and the Swiss guard on duty. On the 5th of October, at about eleven in the morning, one of my valets de chambre came from Paris to apprise me that the Parisian national guard, both paid and unpaid, accompanied by a numerous populace of men and women, had set out for Versailles. The King was hunting on the heights of Meudon, and I wrote to him, to tell him of it. His Majesty returned promptly, and ordered, that the council of state should be summoned for half past three. The council then consisted of eight ministers: the Marshal de Beauvau, the Archbishop of Vienna, the Archbishop of Bourdeaux, keeper of the seals, M. Necker, minister of the finances, and the Counts de Montmorin, de La Luzerne, de La Tour-du-Pin, and de Saint-Priest, secretaries of state.

I laid before the council the information I had received, and which

had been subsequently confirmed by several other reports. I represented the danger that would attend the waiting for this multitude at Versailles, and I proposed measures to be pursued on this emergency. They were, that detachments should be sent to guard the bridges across the Seine; a battalion of the Flanders regiment, for that at Sevres; another, for that at Saint Cloud; and the Swiss guard, for that at Neuilly; and that the King should send the Queen and the royal family to Rambouillet, where the chasseurs of the regiment of Lorraine were; while his majesty himself should go and meet the Parisians with the two hundred chasseurs des Evéchés, and his eight hundred body guards. The thousand horse being drawn up in order of battle beyond the bridge of Sevres, the King was to order the Parisian band to retire, and in case they should disobey, was to make a few charges of cavalry, to endeavour to disperse them. Then, if this should be unsuccessful, the King would have time to regain Versailles at the head of his troops, and march immediately to Rambouillet. My advice was approved of by Marshal de Beauvau, M. de la Luzerne, and M. de La Tour-du-Pin; and warmly opposed by M. Necker, seconded by Count de Montmorin, and the Archbishops of Vienna and Bourdeaux. M. Necker insisted, that there was no danger in suffering the multitude to come to Versailles, where its object was, probably, only to present some petition to the King; and, should the worst happen, if his majesty should find it necessary to reside at Paris, he would be venerated and respected there by his people, who adored him.

I replied, by opposing to this reasoning the origin and the features of this proceeding, which completely contradicted all these pretended dispositions of the people of Paris.

The King did not declare himself as to the course he should pursue; he broke up the council, and we knew that he went to consult the Queen. She declared that she would not, upon any consideration whatever, separate herself from him and her children; which rendered the execution of the measure I had proposed impossible. Thus perplexed, we did nothing but wait. However, I sent an order to the Swiss barracks at Courbevoie, that all belonging to the regiment of guards, who were then there, should immediately repair to Versailles, which was promptly done.

The National Assembly was sitting, when information of the march of the Parisians was given to it by one of the deputies, who came from Paris. A certain number of the members were no strangers to this movement. It appears, that Mirabeau wished to avail himself of it, to raise the Duke of Orleans to the throne. It was then that Mounier, who presided over the National Assembly, rejecting the idea with horror: *My good man*, said Mirabeau to him, *what difference will it make to you to have Louis XVII. for your King, instead of Louis XVI.?* The Duke of Orleans was baptized Louis.

Mounier, seeing the urgency of the case, proposed that the Assembly should declare itself permanent, and inseparable from his majesty; which was decreed. Mirabeau then insisted, that the deputation, which should carry up this decree to the King, should demand his sanction to some others, which had remained in arrear; among others, that of the rights of man, in which some alterations were desired. But existing circumstances carried the King's sanction. A few female citizens then presented themselves, to offer civic gifts: it seems, they were sent to keep the Assembly employed until the arrival of the

Parisians. They were admitted, and the scene was ridiculous enough.

The Count d'Estaing had ordered the mounted body guards to horse, and stationed them in the place of arms, in advance of the post of the French guard, which was occupied by a detachment of the national guard of Versailles, commanded by a man named Lecointre, a draper, and a man of very bad disposition. He was displeased that the body guards left his soldiers in the second line, and tried to raise some quarrel, in order to dislodge them. For that purpose, he sent persons, who slipped between the ranks of the soldiers to annoy the horses. M. de Savannieres, an officer of the body guards, while giving chase to these wretches, received a musket-shot from the national guard, of which he died. A short time afterwards, M. d'Estaing, who had received a secret order from the King not to make any attack, sent the body guard back to their hotel. They were saluted, as they went off, by a few musket-shots from the national guard of Versailles, by which some men and horses were wounded. When they reached their hotel, they found it pillaged by the populace of Versailles; which brought them back to their former position.

The Flanders regiment was under arms at the end of the avenue of Versailles. Mirabeau, and some other deputies, mingled among the ranks of the soldiery; it is asserted that they distributed money to them. The soldiers dispersed themselves in the public-houses in the town, and reassembled in the evening, when they were shut up in the King's stables.

As to the body guards, M. d'Estaing knew not what to do beyond bringing them into the court-yard of the ministers, and shutting the gratings. Thence they proceeded to the castle terrace, then to Trianon, and lastly to Rambouillet.

I could not refrain from expressing to M. d'Estaing, when he came to the King, my astonishment at not seeing him make any military disposition. "*Sir*," replied he, "*I await the orders of the King*," (who did not open his mouth.) "*When the King gives no orders*," pursued I, "*a general should decide for himself in a soldier-like manner*." This observation remained unanswered. About seven o'clock in the evening, a kind of advanced guard from Paris, consisting of ill-armed men, and women of the rabble, arrived at the gates of the minister's court-yard, which those within refused to open. The mob then demanded that a few women should be permitted to go and present a supplication to the King. His majesty ordered that six should be let in, and desired me to go into the bull's-eye, and there hear what they had to say. I accordingly went. One of these woman, whom I afterwards found to be a common strumpet, spoke to acquaint me, that a scarcity of bread existed in Paris, and that the people came to ask bread of his majesty. I answered, that the King had taken all the steps which could depend on him for preventing the injurious effects of the failure in the last harvest; and I added, that calamities of this nature ought to be borne with patience, as drought was borne when there was a dearth of rain. I dismissed the women, telling them to return to Paris, and to assure their fellow citizens of the King's affection for the people of his capital. It was then that a private individual, whom I did not know at that time, but whom I have since found to have been the Marquis de Favras, proposed to me to mount a number of gentlemen, then present,

upon horses from the King's stables; and that they should meet the Parisians and force them to retreat. I answered him, that the King's horses, not being trained to the kind of service which he proposed, would be but ill adapted to it, and would only endanger their riders, without answering any purpose. I returned to the King, to give him an account of my conversation with the women. Shortly afterwards, the King assembled the council; it was dark, we were scarcely seated, when an aide-de-camp of M. de la Fayette, named Villars, brought me a letter written to me by that general, from near Auteuil, half a league from Paris: he informed me, that he was on his march, with the national guard of Paris, both paid and unpaid, and a part of the people of Paris, who came to make remonstrances to the King. He begged me to assure his majesty, that no disorder would take place, and that he vouched for it. Notwithstanding this tone of confidence, it is certain that La Fayette had been dragged to Versailles against his will, at the moment when he endeavoured to stop the old French guards, who were already on their march, upon the Pont Royal. It is not the less true that he had become familiar with the idea of marching to Versailles, since the first time he had written to me about it. He had even spoken to me on the subject, as believing it at that time preferable, that the King should reside at Paris instead of Versailles; but undoubtedly he would have preferred the adoption of some other method of taking his majesty thither.

After I had read M. de la Fayette's letter to the council, I recapitulated my advice of the afternoon, observing, however, that it was now impossible to resort to the measures I had then proposed; but that it was of importance that the King with his family, and regular troops, should set off for Rambouillet. The contest between M. Necker and myself now grew warmer than upon the former occasion. I explained the risks which the King and his family would incur, if they did not avoid them by departing. I dwelt upon the advantages that would be gained by quitting Versailles for Rambouillet, and I concluded by saying to the King,—"*Sire, if you are taken to Paris to-morrow, your crown is lost!*" The King was shaken, and he arose to go, and speak to the Queen, who, this time, consented to the departure. M. Necker says, in one of his works,—*He alone* (the King) *was to determine, and he determined to remain at Versailles. Out of a considerable number of persons, one alone, as far as I remember, was for the departure, and without any modification.*

It is probably to myself, that M. Necker attributes this isolated opinion, but his memory has failed him, for it is a fact, that M. de Beaveau, M. de La Luzerne, and M. de La Tour-du-Pin, were constantly of my opinion.

M. Necker passes over in silence the order which the King gave me, on re-entering the council-chamber, to have his carriages got ready, which broke up the council. I told his majesty, that I would execute his orders, send off my wife and children to Rambouillet, and proceed thither myself, to be ready to receive him upon his arrival. I deputed the Chevalier de Cubieres, equerry, to carry the order for getting the carriages ready to the stables, and I went home to make my own arrangements. After regulating everything with Madame de Saint Priest, for her departure, I got on horseback, wrapped up in my cloak, that I might not be observed, and succeeded in keeping myself concealed. I had scarcely proceeded half a league, when my wife's

carriage overtook me. She informed me that M. de Montmorin had sent her word, that the King was no longer willing to set out; "but," added she, I would not countermand the arrangements you had made." I begged she would proceed on her journey, most happy in the reflection, that she and my children would be far from the scene which I then anticipated would take place on the morrow. As for myself, I retraced my steps, and re-entered by one of the park gates, where I dismissed my horses, and went through the gardens to the King's apartments. There I found M. de la Fayette, who had just arrived. He personally confirmed to his majesty all the assurances which he had, by letter, desired me to give him, and went to bed, extremely fatigued by the events of the day, without making any fresh arrangement for the safety of the castle. The King, as he withdrew, gave orders to the captain of his guards, to prohibit his subalterns from making any attack.

I never knew perfectly, what made the King change his mind respecting his departue. I returned home in great anxiety, and threw myself, dressed as I was, upon my bed. It was impossible for me to close my eyes, on account of the noise made by the mob from Paris, with which the streets of Versailles were filled. At daybreak I went into my closet, the windows of which commanded the court-yard of the ministers; at that very moment I saw the gates open, and a frenzied multitude of banditti, armed with pikes and bludgeons, and some of them with sabres and muskets, rush into the court-yard, and run with the utmost speed to the court-yard of the princes, wherein the staircase leading to the apartments of their majesties is situated. They all passed below my windows without seeing me. I waited about a quarter of an hour, and saw a considerable number of them bringing back a dozen of the body guards, whom they had seized in the Queen's guard-room, and were going to massacre in the place of arms. Fortunately for these unhappy men, M. de la Fayette appeared with some soldiers of the guards, whom he employed to drive off the banditti. It is known that they immediately went up to the Queen's apartments; that the body guard suffered them to enter their guard-room without opposition, in pursuance of the King's orders; that, however, those who stood sentinels at the door of the Queen's antechamber made some resistance, and gave the footmen time to awaken the Queen, and barricade the door with trunks and chairs; and that her majesty, alarmed by the noise, took refuge in the King's rooms, through the communication between their apartments. The rioters then made their way in, and, finding their prey escaped, committed no violence in the apartments. But they had assassinated two of the body guards, and wounded many others in the guard-room, which was the result of the King's order of the preceding day, to make no opposition. M. de la Fayette went up to the King's rooms, and found the door of the antechamber, called the bull's eye, closed and barricaded. He parleyed with the body guards who had taken refuge there, to preserve his majesty's apartments. Upon M. de la Fayette's assurances, the door was opened. He then stationed there some grenadiers, who, in conjunction with the body guards, kept that entry closed until the King's departure for Paris. The door by which the King generally went out to get into his carriage, remained constantly free; the people of Paris were not aware of its existence. I wrapped myself in a great coat to make my way through the crowd which filled the court-yard, and went up to the King's apart-

ments. I found him with the Queen and the dauphin, in the balcony of his bedroom, protected by M. de la Fayette, who harangued the rabble from time to time; but all his speeches could not stop their shouts of, *To Paris, to Paris!* There were even a few musket-shots fired from the court-yard, which, fortunately, struck nobody. The King occasionally withdrew into his room, to sit down and rest himself; he was in a state of stupefaction, which it is difficult to describe or even to imagine. I accosted him repeatedly, and represented to him, that delay in yielding to the wishes of the mob was useless and dangerous; that it was necessary he should promise to go to Paris; and that this was the only way of getting rid of these savages, who might the very next moment proceed to the utmost extremities, to which there were not wanting persons to excite them. To all this the King did not answer one single word. The Queen, who was present, said to me, "*Ah! Monsieur de Saint Priest, why did we not go away last night!*" I could not refrain from saying in reply, "*It is no fault of mine.*"—"*I know that well,*" answered she.

These remarks proved to me, that she had no share in his majesty's change of determination. He made up his mind at last, about eleven o'clock, to promise to go to Paris. Some cries of, *Vive le Roi!* were then heard, and the mob began to quit the court-yards, and take the road to the capital. Care had been taken to send cart-loads of bread from Paris, during the night, to feed the multitude. I left the King, in order to be at the Tuileries before him; and as I took the Saint Cloud road, I met with no obstacle. I dined with the ambassador of the Two Sicilies, and proceeded to the Tuileries, ready for the arrival of their majesties. I had not calculated that their unfortunate journey, which was a real martyrdom, would have occupied so much time. Their carriage was preceded by the heads of two murdered body guards, carried upon pikes. The carriage was surrounded by ruffians, who contemplated the royal personages with a brutal curiosity. A few of the body guards, on foot and unarmed, covered by the ancient French guards, followed dejectedly; and to complete the climax, after six or seven hours spent in travelling from Versailles to Paris, their majesties were led to the Hotel de Ville, as if to make the *amende honourable.* I know not who ordered this. The King ascended the Hotel de Ville, and said that he came freely to reside in his capital. As he spoke in a low tone of voice, "Tell them, then," said the Queen, "that the King comes freely to reside in his capital."—"*You are more fortunate than if I had uttered it,*" said Bailly; "*since the Queen herself has given you this favourable assurance.*" This was a falsehood, in which his majesty was obviously contradicted by facts; never had he acted less freely. It was near ten at night when the King reached the Tuileries. As he got out of his carriage, I told him that if I had known he was going to the Hotel de Ville, I would have waited for him there. "*I did not know it myself,*" replied the King, in a tone of dejection.

On the morrow, the body guard, who had passed the night upon benches in the castle of the Tuileries, were dismissed. M. de la Fayette filled up all the posts with the national guard of Paris, which was commanded by himself, and hence he became the keeper of the royal family.

Thus was fulfilled what I had told the King, on the preceding day, at Versailles, namely that if he suffered himself to be dragged to Paris,

he would lose his crown. I did not then suspect, that the life also of the unhappy monarch depended upon that false step.

When I reflect how many favourable consequences would have resulted from a more steadfast resolution to quit Versailles, I feel myself, even at this day, filled with regret.

In the first place, M. de Villars, M. de la Fayette's aide-de-camp, who brought me the letter from the latter to Versailles, on the 5th of October, told me, that he had been sent by his general to the Bridge of Sevres, to know whether it was defended; and that if it had been, he would have retreated. Secondly, Madame de Saint Priest, on her arrival at Rambouillet, saw there a deputation from the city of Chartres, which is in its neighbourhood; they came in the name of their fellow citizens, to entreat his majesty would make their city his asylum; to assure him, they abhorred the insolence of the Parisians, and that they would lay down their lives and property in support of his majesty's authority—an example which would infallibly have been followed by the other towns one after another, and in particular by Orleans, which was wholly devoted to the royal cause. The mayor of Rambouillet has since assured me, that the request of the deputation from Chartres was transcribed into the registers of the municipality of Rambouillet—it must be there still. Thirdly, the National Assembly, under the presidency of Mounier, a man of integrity, who had the weal of the state at heart, had declared itself inseparable from his majesty. It would, therefore, have followed him to Rambouillet and Chartres. It is probable, moreover, that the factious leaders would not have ventured themselves there; and that the National Assembly, purified by their absence, would have knit itself to the King, whose intentions were pure; and that useful reforms would have been the results, without an overthrow of the monarchical constitution. Fourthly, and lastly, if it had been necessary to come to extremities for the reduction of Paris, what advantages would not the royal party have possessed over that city, which at that time subsisted only upon the corn carried up the Seine! By stopping the convoys at Pontoise, Paris would have been starved. Besides, the King would easily have collected round him ten thousand men in four days, and forty thousand in five, secure of being able to concentrate still more considerable forces, if circumstances should require it. The army under M. de Bouillé, in his district of Metz, would have been ready to march, in a very short time; and, under such a general, the insurgents would speedily have been subdued.

Such is the correct narrative which I determined to give, as an eye-witness, and even as an actor, on the days of the 5th and 6th October; it may one day contribute to the history of that remarkable period, which, by its consequences, has perhaps decided the fate of the universe.

Note No. 3, Page 109.

Four or five months before the ill-omened journey to Varennes, the Queen secretly began preparing for it. She was anxious to send before her several things very useful at ordinary times, but which it would then have been more prudent to look upon as superfluous.

I was ordered to prepare, with the utmost secrecy, a complete wardrobe for the Queen, her daughter, and the dauphin. The espionage of the Assembly was at that time carried to such a pitch, and the most

indifferent actions of persons, known to possess the confidence of their majesties, were scrutinized with so much care, that I was obliged to go on foot, and almost disguised, to purchase all the necessary articles.

My sister prepared the clothes intended for Madame, and the dauphin, under pretence of sending a present into the country. The trunks went to the frontiers, as belonging to one of my aunts, Madame Candon, the widow of the mayor of Arras, who proceeded to Brussels, under an order to wait there for the Queen, and who did not return to France, until after the acceptation of the constitution, in September 1791. A *necessaire* of enormous size, containing various articles, from a warming pan to a silver porringer, was considered indispensable. The Queen was devising some way of forwarding her *necessaire* to Brussels. She had ordered it at the time of the first insurrections in 1789, to be made use of *in case of precipitate flight*. The moment for using it was come. She would not be deprived of it.

I opposed the execution of this resolution with every effort of reasoning. A piece of furniture, of great bulk, and adapted for travelling, could not be sent out of the Queen's chamber, without giving rise to much suspicion, and perhaps to a denunciation. It was at last determined, that M. F—— S——, of the embassy from Vienna, at that time chargé d'affaires in the absence of the Count de Mercy, should ask the Queen, as from madame the gouvernante, for a *necessaire* similar, in every respect, to her own. The directions to get the archduchess's commission executed, were given to me publicly; the Queen thought this stratagem sufficient for eluding all suspicion, but she deceived herself. Those who were born to thrones are, above all others, wanting in the knowledge of mankind.

In vain did I urge the manufacturer to send home the work; he required two months more for that purpose, and the moment fixed on for the departure drew near. The Queen, still too intent upon this trifle, thought that having really ordered a *necessaire*, under a pretence of presenting it to her sister, she might feign a wish to put her in possession of it earlier, and send her her own, and she desired me to send it off.

I gave directions to the wardrobe woman, whose business it was to attend to particulars of this nature, to put the *necessaire* into a condition to be packed up, and carried, in the Queen's name, to M. de ———, who was to forward it to Brussels.

The woman in question executed her commission punctually; but, on the evening of that very day, the 15th of May, 1791, she informed M. Bailly, the mayor of Paris, that preparations were making at the Queen's residence, for a departure: and that the *necessaire* was already sent off, under pretence of its being presented to Madame Christina.

It was necessary, likewise, to send off the whole of the diamonds belonging to the Queen. Her majesty shut herself up with me in a closet belonging to the *entresol* looking into the garden of the Tuileries, and we packed all the diamonds, rubies, and pearls she possessed, in a small chest. The cases containing these ornaments being altogether of considerable bulk, had been deposited, ever since the 6th of October, 1789, with the valet de chambre who had the care of the Queen's jewels. That faithful servant, himself guessing the use that had been made of the valuables, destroyed all the boxes, which were as usual, covered with red morocco, marked with the cipher and arms of France. It would

have been impossible for him to hide them from the eyes of the popular inquisitors, during the domiciliary visits in January 1793, and the discovery might have formed a ground of accusation against the Queen.

I had but a few articles to place in the box, when the Queen was compelled to suspend the operation of packing it, being under the necessity of going down to cards, which began at seven precisely. She therefore desired me to leave all the diamonds upon the sofa, persuaded that, as she took the key of her closet herself, and there was a sentinel under the window, no danger was to be apprehended for that night, and she reckoned upon returning very early the next day, to finish the work.

The same woman who had given information of the sending away of the *necessaire*, was also deputed by the Queen to take care of her more private closets. No other servant was permitted to enter them; she renewed the flowers, swept the carpets, &c. The Queen received back the key of her closets, when she had finished putting them in order, from her own hands; but this woman, desirous of doing her duty well, and having the key sometimes for a few minutes only, had probably on that account alone, ordered one without the Queen's knowledge. She made a formal declaration, that her majesty, with the assistance of Madame Campan, had packed up the whole of her jewellery some time before the departure; that she was certain of it, as she had found the diamonds and the cotton which served to wrap them, scattered upon the sofa in the Queen's closet in the entresol, and most assuredly, she could only have seen these preparations in the interval between seven in the evening and seven in the morning. The Queen having met me the next day, at the time appointed, the box was handed over to Leonard, her majesty's hairdresser.

The box remained a long time at Brussels, at length it got into the hands of madame the Duchess d'Angouleme, being delivered to her by the Emperor on her arrival at Vienna. I will here add some particulars, for which there was no proper place elsewhere. In order not to leave out any of the Queen's diamonds, I requested the first tire-woman to give me the body of the full dress, and all the assortment which served for the stomacher of the full dress on the days of state, articles which always remained at the wardrobe.

The superintendent and the dame d'honneur being absent, the first tire-woman required me to sign her a receipt, the terms of which she herself dictated, and which acquitted her of all responsibility for these diamonds. She had the prudence to burn this document on the crisis of the 10th of August. The Queen, having determined, upon the much to be lamented arrest at Varennes, not to have her diamonds brought back to France, was often very anxious about them during the year which elapsed between that period and that of the 10th of August, and dreaded above all things that such a secret should be discovered.

In consequence of a decree of the Assembly, which deprived the King of the custody of the crown diamonds, the Queen gave up those which she generally used.

She preferred the twelve brilliants, called *mazarines*, from the name of the cardinal who had enriched the treasury with them, a few rose-cut diamonds, and the *sanci*. She determined to deliver, with her own hands, the box containing them to the commissioner nominated by the

National Assembly, to place them with the crown diamonds. After giving them to him, she presented him a row of fine pearls of great beauty, saying to him, "that it had been brought into France by Anne of Austria; that it was invaluable, on account of its rarity; that having been appropriated by that princess to the use of the Queens and dauphinesses, Louis XV. had placed it in her hands on her arrival in France; but that she considered it national property."—"That is a question, madame," said the commissary, "that is a matter of opinion." "Sir," resumed the Queen, "it is an opinion on which I have a right to decide, and I now set it at rest."

My father-in-law, who was drawing near his end, and dying of the grief he felt for the misfortunes of his master and mistress, strongly interested and occupied the thoughts of the Queen. He had been saved from the fury of the populace in the court-yard of the Tuileries.

On the day on which the King was compelled, by an insurrection, to give up a journey to Saint Cloud, her majesty looked upon this trusty servant as inevitably lost, if, on going away, she should leave him in the apartment he occupied in the Tuileries. Prompted by her apprehensions, she ordered M. Vicq-d'Azyr, her physician, to recommend him the waters of Mont d'Or in Auvergne, and to persuade him to set off at the latter end of May. At the moment of my going away, the Queen assured me that the grand project would be executed between the 15th and the 20th of June; that as it was not my month to be on duty, Madame Thibaut would take the journey; but that she had many directions to give me before I went. She then desired me to write to my aunt, Madame Cardon, who was by that time in possession of the clothes which I had ordered, that as soon as she should receive a letter from M. Auguié, the date of which should be accompanied with a B, an L, or an M, she was to proceed with her property to Brussels, Luxembourg, or Montmedi. She desired me to explain the meaning of these three letters clearly to my sister, and to leave them with her in writing, in order that, at the moment of my going away, she might be able to succeed me in writing to Arras. The Queen had a more delicate commission for me: it was to select from among my acquaintance, a prudent person of obscure rank, but wholly devoted to the interests of the court, who would be willing to receive a portfolio which she was to give up only to me, or some one furnished with a note from the Queen. She added, that she would not travel with this portfolio, but that it was of the utmost importance, that my opinion of the fidelity of the person to whom it was to be intrusted, should be matured and well founded. I proposed to her, Madame Vallayer Coster, an amiable and worthy artist, whom I had known from my infancy, and whose sentiments were not to be doubted. She lived in the galleries of the Louvre. The choice seemed a good one. The Queen remembered that she had portioned her, by giving her a place in the financial offices, and added, that gratitude ought sometimes to be reckoned on. She then pointed out to me the valet belonging to her toilet, whom I was to take with me, to show him the residence of Madame Coster in the galleries of the Louvre, so that he might not mistake it when he should take the portfolio to her. On the evening preceding my departure, the Queen particularly recommended me to proceed to Lyons and the frontiers, as soon as she should have departed. She advised me to take with me a confidential person, fit to remain with M. Campan when I should leave him, and assured me she would give orders to M * * *,

to set off as soon as she should be known to be at the frontiers, in order to protect me in going out. She condescended to add, that having a long journey to make in foreign countries, she determined to give me three hundred louis. I bathed the Queen's hands with tears at the moment of this sorrowful separation; and having money at my disposal, I declined accepting of her gold. I did not dread the tiresome road I had to travel, in order to rejoin her; all my apprehension was, that by treachery or miscalculation, a scheme, the practicability of which was not sufficiently clear to me, should fail. I could answer for all those who belonged to the service immediately about the Queen's person, and I was right; but her wardrobe woman gave me well founded reason for alarm. I ventured to communicate this to the Queen; I had never taken advantage of the confidence, with which I was honoured by her, to do any one an injury, but at this moment it was my duty to act in opposition to my principles. I mentioned to the Queen, a number of revolutionary remarks which this woman had made to me a few days before. Her office was directly under the control of the first femme de chambre, yet she had refused to obey the directions I gave her, talking insolently to me about *hierarchy overturned, equality among men*, of course, more especially among persons holding offices at court; and this jargon of words, at that time in the months of all the partisans of the revolution, was terminated by an observation which frightened me. "You know many important secrets, madam," said this woman to me, "and I have guessed quite as many. I am not a fool; I see all that is going forward here, in consequence of the bad advice given to the King and Queen; I could frustrate it all if I chose." I left this contention, in which I had been promptly silenced, pale and trembling. Unfortunately, as I began my narrative to the Queen, with particulars of the woman's refusal to obey me, and sovereigns being all their lives importuned with complaints upon the prerogatives of places, she believed that my own dissatisfaction had much to do with the step I was taking; and she did not sufficiently fear the woman. Her office, although a very inferior one, brought her in near fifteen thousand francs yearly. Still young, tolerably handsome, with comfortable apartments in the entresols of the Tuileries, she saw a great deal of company, and in the evening had assemblies, consisting of deputies of the revolutionary party. M. de Gouvion, major-general of the national guard, passed almost every day with her; and it is to be presumed, that she had long been subservient to the views of the party in opposition to the court. The Queen asked her for the key of a door which led to the principal vestibule of the Tuileries, telling her she wished to have a similar one, that she might not be under the necessity of going out through the pavilion of Flora. M. de Gouvion and M. de la Fayette would, of course, be informed of this circumstance, and persons possessing exceedingly good intelligence, have assured me, that on the very night of the Queen's departure, this wretched woman had a spy with her, who saw the royal family set off.

As for myself, after I had executed all the Queen's orders, on the 30th of May, 1791, I set out for Auvergne. I was settled in the gloomy narrow valley of Mont d'Or, when, about four in the afternoon of the 25th of June, I heard the beat of a drum, to call the inhabitants of the hamlet together. When it had ceased, I heard a hairdresser from Besse, proclaim in the provincial dialect of Auvergne: "The King and Queen were taking flight in order to ruin France, but I come to tell

you that they are stopped, and are well guarded by a hundred thousand men under arms." I still ventured to hope, that he was repeating only a false report, but he went on: "The Queen, with her well known haughtiness, lifted up the veil which covered her face, and said to the citizens, who were upbraiding the King: *Well, since you recognise your sovereign, respect him.*" Upon hearing these expressions, which the Jacobin club of Clermont could hardly have invented, I exclaimed: *The news is true!*

I should but ill express the despair which overwhelmed me, and it would fill too secondary a situation in the account of so important an event. I immediately learned, that a courier being come from Paris to Clermont, the attorney of the commune had sent off messengers to the chief places of the province: these again sent couriers to the districts, and the districts in like manner informed the villages and hamlets which they contained. It was through this ramification, arising out of the establishment of clubs, that the afflicting intelligence of the misfortune of my sovereigns reached me in the wildest part of France, and in the midst of the snows by which we were environed.

On the 23d, I received a note written in a hand, which I recognised as that of M. Diet, usher of the Queen's chamber, but dictated by her majesty. It contained these words: "I am this moment arrived; I have just got into my bath. I, and my family, exist. I have suffered much. Do not return to Paris until I desire you. Take good care of my poor Campan, soothe his sorrow. Look for happier times."

This note was, for greater safety, addressed to my father-in-law's valet de chambre. What were my feelings, on perceiving that, after the most distressing crisis, we were among the first objects of the kindness of that unfortunate princess!

M. Campan having been unable to use the waters of Mont d'Or, and the first popular effervescence having subsided, I thought I might return to Clermont. The committee of surveillance, or that of general safety, had resolved to arrest me there; but the Abbé Louis, formerly a parliamentary counsellor, and then a member of the Constituent Assembly, was kind enough to affirm, that I was in Auvergne solely for the purpose of attending my father-in-law, who was extremely ill. The precautions, relative to my absence from Paris, were limited to placing us under the surveillance of the attorney of the commune, who was at the same time president of the Jacobin club; but he was also a physician of repute, and, without having any doubt that he had received secret orders relative to me, I thought it would contribute to our quiet, if I selected him to attend my patient. I paid him according to the rate of payment made to the best Paris physicians, and I requested him to visit us every morning and every evening. I took the precaution to subscribe to no other newspaper than the Moniteur. Doctor Monestier (for that was the physician's name) frequently took upon himself to read it to us. Whenever he thought proper to speak of the King and Queen, in the insulting and brutal terms at that time, unfortunately, adopted throughout France, I used to stop him, and say coolly: "Sir, you are here in company with the servants of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Whatever may be the wrongs with which the nation believes it has to reproach them, our principles forbid our losing sight of the respect due to them for us." Notwithstanding he was an inveterate patriot, he felt the force of this remark, and even procured the revoca-

tion of a second order for our arrest, becoming responsible for us to the committee of the Assembly, and to the Jacobin society.

The two chief women about the dauphin, who had accompanied the Queen to Varennes, Diet, her usher, and Camot, her garçon de toilette; the females, on account of the journey, and the men in consequence of the denunciation of the woman belonging to the wardrobe, were sent to the prisons of the Abbaye. After my departure, the garçon de toilette, whom I had taken to Madame Vallayer Coster's, was sent there, with the portfolio she had agreed to receive. This commission could not escape the detestable spy upon the Queen. She gave information, that a portfolio had been carried out on the evening of the departure; adding that the King had placed it upon the Queen's sofa; that the garçon de toilette wrapped it up in a napkin, and took it under his arm; and that she did not know where he had carried it. The man, who was remarkable for his fidelity, underwent three examinations, without making the slightest disclosure. M. Diet, a man of good family, a servant on whom the Queen placed particular reliance, likewise experienced the severest treatment. At length, after a lapse of three weeks, the Queen succeeded in obtaining the emancipation of her servants.

The Queen, about the 15th of August, had me informed by letter, that I might come back to Paris without being under any apprehension of arrest there, and that she greatly desired my return. I brought my father-in-law back in a dying state, and, on the day preceding that of the acceptation of the constitutional act, I informed the Queen, that he was no more. "The loss of Lassonne and Campan," said she, as she applied her handkerchief to her streaming eyes, "has taught me how valuable such subjects are to their masters. I shall never find their equals."

I resumed my functions about the Queen on the 1st of September, 1791. I was struck with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon her features. Her whole head of hair had turned almost white, during the transit from Varennes to Paris. She had lost the power of sleeping soundly. Wishing to have the consolation which day brought to her, under her troubles, as soon as possible, she would not have her shutters closed. I found all the guards, established in the most retired parts of her apartments, still in existence; a commandant of battalion usually spent the night sitting in the space between the two doors of the saloon and the bedroom. The folding doors were open on the Queen's side, and his arm-chair was placed so that he should not lose sight of her. There was even some hesitation about suffering a post-bedstead to be brought every evening near the Queen's bed for her first woman to lie upon, and it was alleged that this bedstead would prevent the commandant having his eyes directly upon that of the Queen.

The door of the room in which the royal family sat, remained open all day, so that the guards could see them, and hear what they said. The King closed it repeatedly, and it was as often immediately opened by the officer, who said to him, in an authoritative tone,—"*I beg this door may not be shut;* such are my orders." One of the captains of the guard constantly passed four-and-twenty successive hours at the bottom of the dark corridor, which runs behind the Queen's apartments. He had a table and two wax lights near him. This post, which was like the closest prison, was by no means sought after; Saint-Prix, an actor be-

longing to the Comedie Française, almost appropriated it to himself, and his conduct in it towards his unfortunate sovereigns was always respectful and affecting. The King came to the Queen's apartments through this corridor, and the actor of the Theatre Française often afforded the august and unfortunate couple the consolation of conversing together without any witness. To such an extent was severity carried that an officer, named Collet, had to get the order which enjoined him to follow the Queen to her wardrobe, and to stand sentinel at the door as long as she should remain there, rescinded.

The day on which I resumed my duties about the Queen, she was unable to converse with me on all the lamentable events which had occurred since the time of my leaving her, having that day on guard near her, an officer whom she dreaded more than all the others. She merely told me, that I should have some secret services to perform for her, and that she would not create uneasiness by long conversation with me, my return being a subject of alarm. But at length, the next day, the Queen, well knowing the discretion of the officer who was to be on guard that night, had my bed placed very near hers, and having obtained the favour of having the door shut, when I was in bed, she began the narrative of the journey, and the unfortunate arrest at Varennes. I asked her permission to put on my gown, and, kneeling by her bedside, I remained until three o'clock in the morning, listening, with the liveliest and most sorrowful interest, to the account I am about to repeat, and of which I have seen various details, of tolerable exactness, in papers of the time.

The King intrusted the Count de Fersen, who, as a foreigner, was exempt from national inculpations, with all the preparations for the departure. The carriage was ordered by him; the passport, in the name of Madame de Korf, was procured through his connections with that lady, who was a foreigner. And lastly, he himself drove the royal family, as their coachman, as far as Bondy, where the travellers got into their berlin. Madame Brunier and Madame de Neuville, the first woman of Madame and the dauphin, there joined the principal carriage. They were in a cabriolet. Monsieur and Madame set out from the Luxembourg, and took another road. They, as well as the King, were recognised by the master of the last post in France; but this man devoting himself to the fortune of the prince, left the French territory, and drove them himself as postilion. Madame Thibaut, the Queen's first woman, reached Brussels without the slightest difficulty. Madame Gardon, from Arras, met with no hindrance; and Leonard, the Queen's hairdresser, passed through Varennes a few hours before the royal family. Fate had reserved all its obstacles for the unfortunate monarch.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred in the beginning of the journey. The travellers were detained a short time, about twelve leagues from Paris, by some repairs which the carriage required. The King chose to walk up one of the hills, and there two circumstances caused a delay of three hours, precisely the time when it was intended that the berlin should have been met, just before reaching Varennes, by the detachment commanded by M. Goguelat. This detachment was punctually stationed upon the spot fixed on, with orders to wait there for the arrival of a certain treasure, which it was to escort; but the peasantry of the neighbourhood, alarmed at the sight of this body of troops, came armed with staves, and asked several questions, which

manifested their anxiety. M. Goguelat, fearful of causing a riot, and not finding the carriage arrive as he expected, divided his men into two companies, and unfortunately made them leave the highway, in order to return to Varennes by two cross-roads.* The King looked out of the carriage at Saint Menehould, and asked several questions concerning the road. Drouet the post-master, whose fatal name will be long preserved in history, struck by the forcible resemblance of Louis to the impression of his head upon the assignats, drew near the carriage, felt convinced that he recognised the Queen also, and judging that the remainder of the travellers consisted of the royal family and their suite, instantly mounted his horse, reached Varennes, by cross-roads, before the royal fugitives, and gave the alarm.

The Queen began to feel all the agonies of terror; they were augmented by the voice of a person unknown, who, passing close to the carriage, in full gallop, cried out to them, bending towards the window of their carriage, without however slackening his speed, "You are recognised!"

They arrived, with beating hearts, at the gates of Varennes, without meeting one of the horsemen, by whom they were to have been escorted into the place. They were ignorant where to find their relays: and some minutes were lost in waiting, to no purpose. The cabriolet had preceded them; and the two ladies in attendance found the bridge already blocked up with old carts and lumber. The town-guards were all under arms. The King at last entered Varennes. M. Goguelat had arrived there with his detachment. He came up to the King, and asked him, *if he chose to effect a passage by force!* What an unlucky question to put to Louis XVI.: who from the very beginning of the revolution had shown, in every crisis of it, the fear he entertained of giving the least order, which might cause an effusion of blood! "Would it be a brisk action?" said the King. "It is impossible that it should be otherwise, sire," replied the aide-de-camp. Louis XVI. was unwilling to expose his family. They, therefore, went to the house of a grocer, mayor of Varennes. The King began to speak, and gave a summary of his intentions in departing, analogous to the declaration he had made at Paris. He spoke with warmth and affability, and endeavoured to demonstrate to the people around him, that he had only put himself, by the step he had taken, into a fit situation to treat with the Assembly, and to sanction with freedom the constitution which he would maintain; though many of its articles were incompatible with the dignity of the throne, and the force by which it was necessary that the sovereign should be surrounded. Nothing could be more affecting, added the Queen, than this moment, in which the King communicated to the very humblest class of his subjects, his principles, his wishes for the happiness of his people, and the motives which had determined him to depart. Whilst the King was speaking to this mayor, whose name was Sauce, the Queen, seated at the farther end of the shop, among parcels of soap and candles, endeavoured to make Madame Sauce understand, that if she would prevail upon her husband to make use of his municipal authority to cover the flight of the King and his family, she would have the glory of having contributed to restore tranquillity to France. This woman was moved; she could

* Madame Campan here attributes to M. de Goguelat, the steps taken by the Duke de Choiseul, the motives for which he assigns in his Memoirs, p. 84.
Note by the Editor

not, without streaming eyes, see herself thus solicited by her Queen; but she could not be got to say anything more than, "Bless me, madame, it would be the destruction of M. Sauce; I love my King; but, by our lady, I love my husband too, you must know; and he would be answerable, you see." Whilst this strange and unavailing scene was passing in the shop, the people, hearing that the King was arrested, kept pouring in from all parts. M. Goguelat, making a last effort, demanded of the dragoons, whether they would protect the departure of the King; they replied only by murmurs, dropping the points of their swords. Some person unknown fired a pistol at M. Goguelat: he was slightly wounded by the ball. M. Romeuf, aide-de-camp to M. de la Fayette, arrived at that moment. He had been chosen, after the 6th of October, 1789, by the commander of the Parisian guard, to be in constant attendance about the Queen. She reproached him bitterly with the object of his mission. "If you wish to make your name remarkable, sir," said the Queen to him, "you have chosen strange and odious means, which will produce the most fatal consequences." This officer wished to hasten their departure. The Queen, still cherishing the hope of seeing M. de Bouillé arrive, with a sufficient force to extricate the King from his critical situation, prolonged her stay at Varennes, by every means in his power. The dauphin's first woman pretended to be taken ill with a violent colic, and threw herself upon a bed, in the hope of aiding the designs of her superiors; she wept and implored for assistance. The Queen understood her perfectly well, and refused to leave one who had devoted herself to follow them, in such a state of suffering. But, as the relief they hoped for was also apprehended by those who had arrested them, no delay in departing was allowed. The three body guards (Valory, Dumoutier, and Malden), were bound, and fastened upon the seat of the carriage.

A horde of national guards, animated with fury, and the barbarous joy with which their fatal triumph inspired them, surrounded the carriage of the royal family.

The three commissioners sent by the Assembly to meet the King, MM. de Latour-Maubourg, Barnave and Petion, joined them in the environs of Epernay. The two last mentioned, got into the King's carriage; already the infuriated band that surrounded the illustrious victims, had massacred before their eyes M. de Dampierre, a knight of St. Louis, living upon an estate in the environs of Varennes. He had hastened to pay his respects to the King: this impulse, so natural to all good Frenchmen, was punished by a cruel death. At some distance from Epernay, a village priest ventured to approach the carriage, merely actuated by his desire to behold the countenance of the unfortunate monarch. He was instantly knocked down, and was about to perish in sight of the royal family. Shocked at these atrocious murders, Barnave darted to the window: "Are we amongst tigers?" he exclaimed "Let that venerable old man depart unmolested. Show at this important moment, the composure of a great nation, worthy of winning its liberties." The old priest was saved. Madame Elizabeth, surprised, and delighted with the generous emotion of Barnave, seeing him ready to throw himself out of the window, seized hold of the flap of his coat to save him from falling. Courage and humanity at that moment united the feelings of the pious daughter of the Bourbons to those of the independent plebeian, who, for two years, had waged war upon the ancient rights of monarchy. He whose name had never been pronounced,

except with contempt and horror, had proved himself a man of feeling; and from this time Barnave possessed an interest in the hearts of these unfortunate princesses. They even ventured to begin to converse in a connected manner, respecting the critical situation in which France and the royal family stood. The King, in the beginning of the discourse, notwithstanding his extreme shyness, hazarded a few remarks; but having asked what the French people would wish to attain, Petion replied, with barbarous sincerity, "A republic, when they are so fortunate as to be ripe enough for one." From that moment, the King imposed silence upon himself, which he did not once break until he reached Paris, even by monosyllables.

The deputies were invited to take some refreshment, from a canteen of chicken and pastry, which was in the carriage. Petion readily accepted the offer. Madame Elizabeth poured out the wine. Petion, doubtless in the affectation of being quite at ease, tapped his glass under the neck of the bottle, to show her there was enough in it. The dignity of Barnave was offended by such gross affectation, and he would not eat anything. Being pressed by the Queen to take something, he replied, "Madame, under such solemn circumstances, the deputies of the National Assembly ought to occupy the attention of your majesties only with their commission, and not with their wants." This line of conduct being adhered to by Barnave during the whole of the route, naturally made a favourable impression upon the minds of the Queen and Madame Elizabeth; and the princesses had many private conversations with him at the places where the sorrowful train stopped to rest. They found him full of sense and judicious intentions; much attached to the system of a constitutional monarchy, but aware of the incalculable dangers that France would be exposed to, under a republican government.

Note No. 4, *Page* 139.

On the administration of the Queen's household.

The expenses of the Queen's household were controlled by the secretary of state, to whom the department of the King's household belonged.

The first office was that of the principal secretary for orders, in which were made out the brevets or titles of nomination of all the officers and ladies belonging to the establishment, and the bills known by the name of *menus*, for the regulation of the expenses.

The general bill included the supplies of bread, wine, meat, wood, wax, &c., and the divers accounts comprised under this general head formed a sort of fictitious estimate of expenditure: for instance, the bread, the wine, and the different dishes for the table, were all specified, as well as the wood, and charcoal, and everything else that was necessary for consumption in the household. The nature of the articles might be, and was varied, but the expenditure remained the same, unless it might be in perquisites. By this means, the expense of every article was so known, and fixed before its consumption, as not to allow of its being exceeded. Sometimes, however, articles were required, the expense of which had not been foreseen, as some particular novelty, or anything unusually rare or expensive. A separate account was kept of such things, and the expense of them was defrayed out of the perquisites.

The expenses of the stable department were provided for in the same manner by fictitious estimates, which regulated the charges for liveries, equipages, and corn and hay for the horses.

For any unexpected expenses, private accounts were made out, which were easily examined, as they consisted of a very few articles.

These accounts, or lists, fixed the emoluments of every one attached to the household, or connected with its supplies.

The second office, that of comptroller-general, carried into execution the orders made out from these lists, and sanctioned the use of the sums specified, and the perquisities which accrued when the expenses had not taken place.

This office was, in fact, the central point which decided and limited all the expenses, ordinary and extraordinary.

The expenses of the bedchamber were under the regulation of the lady in superintendence, of the dame d'honneur, and the comptroller-general of the household.

Those of the household, comprehending the kitchen and fires, were regulated by the first maître d'hotel, the other maîtres d'hotel, and the comptroller-general.

Those of the stables, by the first equerry, and the comptroller-general.

By these regulations, the comptroller-general became especially responsible for all that occurred.

Measures of economy were deemed advisable; and it was thought necessary to deprive the principal officers of the part assigned them in the administration of the expenses. A new office was created in consequence, under the name of commissariat-general, presided over by the comptroller-general, the minister of the King's household: and the different commissioners in the service of the King and Queen.

The Queen's household only maintained this new form two years: the original officers demanded the restoration of their ancient rights at the end of that time.

The right which the principal officers had of making out expenses which they had the power of relatively influencing for their own interest, or that of their dependants, sometimes for their old servants, and always for their protégés, must certainly be regarded as an abuse. The principal officers had each a secretary, paid by the Queen. These secretaries had no other employment than to receive the oaths which were taken before the officers above mentioned. The secretary of the Queen's tire-women had somewhat more to do, as that lady managed her own accounts, which she might almost be said to farm, having fixed prices for all the clothes of her majesty.

The different duties were fulfilled by the officers in waiting, some serving for three months together, some for six, and others in ordinary.

The Queen's council was merely nominal. The lady in superintendence, and a chancellor, were at its head. It sometimes met to receive accounts from the treasurer, but only as a matter of form.

The Queen had a chapel, consisting of a grand and first almoner, and many others; clerks, with chaplains, preachers, and attendants, serving as above stated, some quarterly and others half-yearly.

The Queen had also several physicians attached to her household, to attend on her own person, and likewise on those around her. These different establishments were paid from the funds of the household.

The lady in superintendence, and the lady of honour, presided over the bedchamber. There were attached to it twelve honorary ladies of the bedchamber; a chevalier d'honneur, gentleman in waiting, and a train-bearer.

The establishment of the bedchamber consisted of two first femmes de chambre, and twelve others; ushers of the bedchamber, the closet, and the antechamber; of valets, footmen, and other servants of an inferior description.

It is undeniable, that so many persons, the greater part of whom were unknown, must have encumbered the service, rather than have been any honour to it. It may likewise be observed, that the privilege of the officers to serve by three months at a time, leaving every individual at liberty to go into his province, as soon as his quarter was expired, estranged him too much from the personage to whom he was attached, and rendered it easy for him to magnify his own importance, by inventing whatever falsehoods he might think likely to add to it. Officers in ordinary, of whom there would consequently be a sufficient number known, would have rendered the duty more agreeable and more lucrative to those who might be in the discharge of it. It is conceived, that saleable places, under the name of offices, are not without inconvenience; for it is evident, that through this practice, many a man holds a post which would never have been assigned to him, if it had not been necessary to pay for it. Even when serving by commission, all who approach the King ought to be sworn, nor should this oath be regarded as a mere ceremony. Those whose offices are honourable, ought to take it before their royal master himself, and inferiors before their respective principals.

The stables are a department of the first importance, as well on account of the dignity, as the expense connected with it.

The Queen's stables were governed by the first equerry; the second was an equerry *cavalcadour*. There were twelve pages. They did not receive any salary, but their board, and maintenance, and education, which was a military one, were all provided for. The coachmen, postilions, &c. were under the direction of the first equerry: they wore liveries, and their expenses, like those of the bedchamber, and tables, were regulated by the lists of direction for the Queen's household, as were also the keeping and replacing of the horses; by which means the whole expenditure, or at least the greater part of it, was known beforehand, which enabled the comptroller-general to manage, with ease, all the regular expenses, and gave him the means of explaining more readily any which might not have been foreseen.

Many supplies were purchased by tender, at the lowest price offered; as, for instance, bread, wine, meat, and fish, for the table, and, in general, every article of purveyorship.

It might be advisable, as a measure of economy, where there is a household comprising many separate establishments, to employ the same contractors for all of them; by which means, without adding anything to the expense of management, they might all be supplied at a much more moderate rate.

It may finally be remarked, that the registers and papers of the office of comptroller-general of the Queen's household, are deposited among the archives of the prefecture of the department, at Versailles. They must unavoidably be in bad order; nevertheless, some useful information might be extracted from them.

END OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS COLLECTED BY MADAME CAMPAN.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

AND

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

Note (A), *Page* 15.

Extract from the Memoirs of the Abbé Georgel.

"The Countess de Lamotte, who is destined to play so conspicuous a part on this stage, in the drama, the lamentable scenes of which are about to be displayed, was born in Champagne, under a thatched roof, and in indigent circumstances. This was either a freak of the blind goddess, or the result of misfortune; for she has since proved her descent, on the sides of the counts of St. Remey, from the royal house of Valois. D'Hozier, the genealogist, has confirmed it by his certificate. This august origin did not much ameliorate her condition. She became the wife of M. de Lamotte, a gentleman, and a private *gendarme*. Their united resources were very limited: poverty, however, is no disgrace, when it is not the result of misconduct. It was in this point of view that she presented herself before the grand almoner, to appeal to his generosity, and at the same time to implore his good offices with the King. The Countess de Lamotte, without possessing the full splendour of beauty, was gifted with all the graces of youth, and her countenance was intelligent and attractive; she expressed herself with fluency, and the air of truth that pervaded her recitals, carried persuasion along with it. It will soon be discovered that these outward attractions concealed the heart and the magic powers of a Circe.

"The birth and the misfortunes of a descendant of the house of Valois, excited a deep interest in the noble and compassionate breast of the Cardinal de Rohan, who would have rejoiced in placing her on a level with her ancestors, but the finances of the King did not permit him to proportion his bounty to so fair a title; he could only supply such slender support as the exigencies of the present moment demanded. This artful and insinuating woman soon imagined that the heart of her benefactor was susceptible of yet stronger impressions, which she was fully capable of inspiring in it. Gratitude and fresh wants renewed her visits and her interviews. She did not fail to remark, that her presence awakened great interest in the cardinal, who followed the impulse of his feelings. His eminence advised her to address herself immediately to the Queen, presuming that that generous princess would be struck by the contrast between her actual situation and her birth, and would doubtless find some means of extricating her from her painful situation. The cardinal, in avowing that he was himself unable to procure her an interview with the Queen, in several succeeding con-

versations, carried the excess of his confidence towards Madame de Lamotte so far, as to describe to her the deep mortification he experienced in having incurred the displeasure of her majesty; it created, he observed, a perpetual bitterness in his soul, which poisoned his happiest moments. From this confidence, arose that infernal spark which kindled into so disastrous a flame. It also gave rise to the formation of a plan of imposition, of which the annals of human credulity can furnish few parallels. The outline of the scheme was as follows:—Madame de Lamotte undertook to persuade the cardinal, that she had obtained a considerable degree of intimacy with the Queen; that, influenced by the rare and excellent qualities she had discovered in the grand almoner, she had spoken of them so often and with so much enthusiasm to her majesty, that she had, by degrees, succeeded in removing her prejudices, and even revived in her the wish to restore her favour to the cardinal. Her insinuations, she moreover pretended, had had so much effect, that Marie Antoinette had permitted the cardinal to address his justification to her; and finally, had desired to have a correspondence with him in writing, which should be kept secret till the auspicious moment should arrive, for the open avowal of his complete restoration to her favour. The Countess de Lamotte was to be the intermediate vehicle of this correspondence, the result of which was, undoubtedly, to place the cardinal at the very summit of favour and influence.

"Madame de Lamotte, after having increased the hopes of the cardinal with every art, and all the power of intrigue she was mistress of, at length said to him: 'I am authorized by the Queen to demand of you, in writing, a justification of the faults that you are accused of.' This authorization, invented by the Countess de Lamotte, and accredited by the cardinal, appeared to him the herald of an auspicious day; in a little time, his apology, written by himself, and couched in the fittest terms to efface the injurious impressions that so much disquieted him, was confided to Madame de Lamotte. Some days afterwards she brought an answer back to him, written on a small sheet of gilt-edged paper; in which Marie Antoinette, whose handwriting was successfully imitated, was made to say: 'I have read your letter: I am rejoiced to find you not guilty. At present I am not able to grant you the audience you desire. When circumstances permit, you shall be informed of it. Remain discreet.' These few words caused in the cardinal a delirium of satisfaction, which it would be difficult to describe. Madame de Lamotte, from that moment, was his tutelary angel, who smoothed for him the path of happiness, and from that period she might have obtained from him whatever she could have desired.

"Soon afterwards, encouraged by success, she fabricated a correspondence between the Queen and the cardinal. The demands for money, which, under different pretexts, the Queen appeared to make on the grand almoner in these forged letters, produced Madame de Lamotte in the whole 120,000 livres; and yet nothing could open the eyes of this credulous and immoral man, to the deceit that was in this manner practised upon him.

"In the mean time an unfortunate circumstance contributed to hurry the cardinal still more unfortunately into extraordinary adventures: some monster, envious of the tranquillity of honest men, had vomited forth upon our country an enthusiastic empiric, a new apostle of the

religion of nature, who created converts in the most despotic manner, and subjected them entirely to his influence.

"Some speedy cures, effected in cases that were pronounced incurable and fatal in Switzerland and Strasburg, spread the name of Cagliostro far and wide, and raised his renown to that of a truly miraculous physician. His attention towards the poor, and his contempt for the rich, imparted to his character an air of superiority and interest, which excited the greatest enthusiasm. Those whom he chose to honour with his familiarity left his society in ecstasies at his transcendent qualities. The Cardinal de Rohan was at his residence at Saverne, when the Count de Cagliostro astonished Strasburg and all Switzerland with his conduct, and the extraordinary cures he had performed. Curious to behold so remarkable a personage, the cardinal went to Strasburg: it was found necessary to use interest to be admitted to the count. 'If M. le Cardinal is sick,' said he, 'let him come to me, and I will cure him; if he be well, he has no business with me, nor have I with him.' This reply, far from giving offence to the vanity of the cardinal, only increased the desire he had to be acquainted with him. At length, having gained admission to the sanctuary of this new Æsculapius, he saw, as he has since declared, on the countenance of this uncommunicative man, a dignity so imposing, that he felt himself penetrated with religious awe, and his first words were inspired by reverence. This interview, which was very short, excited more strongly than ever the desire of a more intimate acquaintance. At length it was obtained, and the crafty empiric timed his conduct and his advances so well, that at length, without seeming to desire it, he gained the entire confidence of the cardinal, and the greatest ascendancy over him. 'Your soul,' said he, one day to the cardinal, 'is worthy of mine; and you deserve to be the confidant of all my secrets.' This declaration captivated all the intellectual faculties and feelings of a man, who, at all times, had run after the secrets of chemistry and botany.

"The Baron de Planta, whom the cardinal had employed at the time of his embassy at Vienna, also became, about the period of the history of the necklace, the most intimate confidant of his thoughts and wishes, and was one of his most accredited agents with Cagliostro and Madame de Lamotte. I remember having heard, through a certain channel, that this Baron de Planta had frequent orgies, of a very expensive nature, at the palace of Strasburg, where, it might be said, the tokay flowed in rivers, to render the repast agreeable to Cagliostro and his pretended wife: I thought it my duty to inform the cardinal of the circumstance. His reply was, 'I know it, and I have even given him liberty to let it run to waste, if he thinks proper.' This mode of expressing himself, left me no doubt with respect to the enthusiasm of the cardinal for this empiric; but I was far from believing that he had become his oracle, his guide, and his compass. It was to him and to the Baron de Planta, that the cardinal revealed all that he presaged of good from his connection with Madame de Lamotte, and from the correspondence of which she was the medium.

"If the Countess de Lamotte had been contented to limit herself to her first impositions, her stratagems, in a little time, would have been discovered, and she would have passed for an expert heroine in swindling: the credulity of the cardinal would have furnished matter for laughter, but it would have been a mere money matter, which he, who was the dupe of it, would have been interested in not revealing. But

when a complete absence of principle is joined to a corrupt and vitiated heart, crimes of any blackness and villany whatsoever, are only the ordinary weapons which avarice makes use of to satisfy itself. This woman, so profoundly bad, encouraged by getting twenty thousand livres, with only the cost of a tissue of falsehood, and a sheet of gilt-edged paper, with a few letters upon it, conceived a plan, the hazards and dangers of which might have checked the most determined robber. One of the Queen's jewellers had in his possession, a most superb diamond necklace, worth eighteen hundred thousand livres. Madame de Lamotte knew that the Queen, who was much pleased with it, had been unwilling, under circumstances wherein the strictest economy became an indispensable duty, to propose to the King to buy it for her. Madame de Lamotte had an opportunity of seeing this famous necklace, and Bœhmer, the jeweller, whose property it was, did not conceal from her, that such an ornament being a dead article in commerce, he found it quite an encumbrance to him; that, in making the purchase of it, he had hoped to prevail on the Queen to buy it; but that her majesty had refused: he added, that he would make a handsome present to any one who might procure him a purchaser for it.

"Madame de Lamotte had already made trial of her talents upon the credulity of his eminence. She flattered herself that, by continuing to deceive him, she might be able to appropriate, both the necklace, and the promised present, to herself. It will be seen, that she intended to persuade the cardinal, that the Queen had a great desire for this necklace; that wishing to buy it unknown to the King, and to pay for it, by instalments out of her savings, she wished to give the grand almoner a particular proof of her good-will, by getting him to make this bargain in her name. That, for this purpose, he would receive an order, written and signed by her hand, which he need not give up, until the payments should be completed; that he would arrange with the jeweller, to give him receipts for the amount, at different intervals, from one quarter to another, beginning from the first payment, which could not be made until the 30th of July, 1785; that it would be essential not to mention the Queen's name in that transaction, which was to be carried on entirely in the name of the cardinal; that the secret order, signed *Marie Antoinette of France*, would be quite authority enough; and that, in giving it, the Queen bestowed on his eminence a signal mark of her confidence.

"Such was the romance composed by this mischievous woman. She offered the cup of Circe to this too credulous cardinal, and succeeded in persuading him to drink of it. Her deceptions having been hitherto so successful, as to secure her from even the slightest suspicion or distrust, she boldly launched into her perilous career. The cardinal was in Alsace. Madame de Lamotte despatched a courier through Baron de Planta, with a gilt-edged billet, in which the Queen was made to say, "The wished-for moment is not yet arrived, but I wish to hasten your return, on account of a secret negotiation which interests me personally, and which I am unwilling to confide to any one, except yourself. The Countess de Lamotte will tell you from me, the meaning of this enigma." After reading this letter, the cardinal longed for wings. He arrived most unexpectedly in a fine frost, in January. His return appeared as extraordinary to us, as his departure had been precipitate. His relations and friends little imagined the fatal windings of that

labarinth, in which a woman, almost unknown, had contrived to involve the man, whose eyes she had fascinated.

"The cardinal had no sooner learned the pretended solution of this enigma, than, delighted with the commission with which his sovereign had been pleased to honour him, he eagerly requested to have the necessary order, in order that the necklace might be procured with as little loss of time as possible. The order was not long delayed; it was dated from Trianon, and signed *Marie Antoinette of France*. If the thickest web of deception had not blinded the eyes of the cardinal, this signature, alone, so clumsily imitated, might have shown him the snare which awaited him. The Queen never signed herself anything, but *Marie Antoinette;* the words *of France*, were added by the grossest ignorance. No remark, however, was made. Cagliostro, at that time recently arrived at Paris, was consulted. This Python mounted his tripod; the Egyptian invocations were made at night, illuminated by an immense number of wax tapers, in the cardinal's own saloon. The oracle, under the inspiration of its familiar demon, pronounced, 'that the negotiation was worthy of the prince; that it would be crowned with success; that it would raise the goodness of the Queen to its height, and bring to light that happy day, which would unfold the rare talents of the cardinal for the benefit of France, and of the human race.' I am writing facts, though it may be imagined that I am only relating fictions. I should think so myself, were I not certain of the statements that I make. Be it as it may, the advice of Cagliostro dissipated all the doubts which might have been inspired, and it was decided, that the cardinal should acquit himself, as promptly as possible, of a commission, which was regarded as equally honourable and flattering.

"Everything being thus arranged, the cardinal treated with Bœhmer and Bassange for the necklace on the conditions proposed. He did not conceal from them that it was for the Queen, and he showed them the authority under which he acted, requiring it to be kept secret from all but the Queen. The jewellers must have believed all that the grand almoner told and showed them, as they accepted his note, and agreed, on the 30th of January, to deliver up the necklace to him on the 1st of February, being the day of the purification. The countess had fixed on this day, when there was to be a grand fete at Versailles, as the occasion for which the Queen was anxious to have the superb ornament. The casket which contained this treasure was to be taken to Versailles that day, and carried to the house of Madame de Lamotte, whence the Queen was to be supposed to send for it. This woman, intoxicated with joy at the amazing success of her unparalleled intrigue, had chosen her own residence at Versailles as the scene of the rendering up of the necklace to a person who should come for it, commissioned in the name of the Queen to carry it to her. It was in truth a complete piece of acting. The cardinal, to whom the time had been specified, came at dusk, on the 1st of February, to the house of Madame de Lamotte, followed by a valet de chambre, who carried the casket. He sent him away when he got to the door, and alone entered the place where he was to be immolated to his credulity. It was an alcoved apartment, with a closet in it, which had a glass door. The skilful actress put her spectator into this closet; the room was dimly lighted, a door opens, a voice exclaims, 'From the Queen.' Madame de Lamotte advances with an air of respect, takes the casket, and places it

in the hands of the pretended messenger; thus the transfer of the necklace was made. The cardinal, a mute and hidden witness of the transaction, imagined that he knew this envoy. Madame de Lamotte told him that it was the Queen's confidential valet de chambre at Trianon. He wore the same garb, and had much the same air. Among her different modes of deception, Madame de Lamotte had succeeded in making it appear, that she had paid several visits at Trianon to the Queen, who had lavished upon her proofs of the most intimate familiarity. She often mentioned to the cardinal the day on which she was to go, and the hour at which she was to return. His eminence, who loved to feed his imagination on all that could nourish the idea it had taken up, often watched her setting out and coming back again. One night, when she knew that the grand almoner was aware of the time for her return, she got Villette, the principal agent in her schemes, to walk some way back with her, and afterwards to appear as if returning to Trianon. The cardinal, who was in disguise, joined her, according to custom, and inquired who this person might be. She told him that it was the Queen's confidential valet de chambre, at Trianon. At that time the necklace, so much courted, was neither bought nor delivered up; but it was thus that the prudent magician kept laying, at proper distances, the foundation stones, whereon to raise and consolidate the edifice of her conjurations. This pretended valet de chambre was a man of the name of Villette, of Bar-sur-Aube, the friend of Madame de Lamotte, and the comrade of her husband. This woman had initiated him into her iniquitous practices. He concurred in them, and expected to have a share in the profits that might result from them. He possessed the pernicious talent of counterfeiting the hand of the august princess: the letters which Madame de Lamotte fabricated in the name of the Queen, were written by him, as was also the order signed *Marie Antoinette of France*, for the purchase of the necklace.

"The cardinal, having scrutinized the features of the man into whose hands the casket was delivered, and imagining that he recognised in them those of the pretended valet de chambre at Trianon, who had accompanied Madame de Lamotte one evening on her way home, had no doubt of the necklace being safely conveyed to its place of destination.

"Thus did this intriguing woman attain her ends; and such ascendancy had she gained over the mind of the cardinal, that from the time of the necklace being given up, his eminence incessantly pressed the jewellers to obtain an interview of the Queen, in order that they might make themselves easy respecting the purchase he had negotiated for her. This fact, the truth of which has been proved beyond the possibility of denial, by the evidence of Bœhmer and Bassange in court, ought to remove every doubt as to the sincerity of the cardinal, and the entire persuasion he acted under, that he was only obeying the orders of the Queen. How shall I conceal, in this place, a fact which I would yet willingly omit, but which is too essentially connected with the consequences of this unfortunate affair, to be passed over in silence? The jewellers, who had often access to the Queen on business, and were, moreover, pressed by the cardinal to speak of it, took care not to leave her in ignorance of the negotiation, and sale of the necklace. Notwithstanding the writing signed *Marie Antoinette de France*, which had been shown to them; notwithstanding the responsibility of the cardinal, who had given his note for it, it was important to their

interest to assure themselves that this necklace was for her majesty, and not to risk a thing of so much value on the least uncertainty.* This fact is not admitted by Messieurs Bœhmer and Bassange in the *proceedings;* but they secretly acknowledged it to one, who revealed it to me, only on condition that his name should no way be brought in, or compromised in the affair. The cardinal, in his defence, appeared never to have any doubt on the subject.† Bassange being at Bâle, in 1797, and questioned by me on this matter, did not deny it, and formally confessed that his depositions, and those of his companion in this suit, had been regulated by the direction of the Baron de Breteuil; that they had not indeed indiscriminately followed everything that had been desired of them, but that they were obliged to be silent on what he was not willing they should declare themselves. After such an assurance, how can we attempt to justify the Queen from a connivance, little suitable either to her principles or her rank?

"So shameless a manœuvre as that of Madame de Lamotte, in which the name of the Queen was introduced only to commit with still more impunity and boldness, a fraud of such magnitude, ought to have shocked the delicacy and probity of this princess. How was it that, at this moment, her indignation did not burst forth? If the Queen had only followed the first dictates of her wounded feelings, she would surely have apprised the jewellers that they had been deceived, and that they must take their precautions accordingly. Even supposing that the Queen wished to be revenged on the cardinal, and to ruin him, what had already passed, and what she had just heard, was more than sufficient to compel him to give up his place, to leave court, and to retire to his diocese. The Queen would have done an act of justice, for which no one could have condemned her; the grand almoner would have been justly blamed for his credulity; the house of Rohan would have been grieved at his disgrace, but could not have opposed it; there would have been no shameful publicity, no criminal suit, no Bastille. Marie Antoinette, if left to her own inclinations, would surely have acted with this sincerity; but she suffered herself to be influenced by two men, who equally led her astray, though each from different motives."

The Abbé Georgel here flatters himself that he proves the Queen to have consulted the Abbé de Vermond, and the Baron de Breteuil (which is true); and that they suffered the cardinal to fall more and more deeply into the snare, and continued him in his error, to ruin him entirely (which is false, as is proved by the Memoirs of Madame Campan). She left Versailles on the 1st of August; on the 3d, Bœhmer

* Compare this passage with the accounts contained in the 12th chapter of the Memoirs of Madame Campan.—*Note by the Editor.*

† In the Memoirs of Madame Campan, it is shown in how obscure, doubtful, and unintelligible a manner the jeweller Bœhmer explained himself the first time, on the subject of the necklace: and what was the surprise, the indignation, and the wrath of the Queen, when she was made to understand the odious nature of the intrigue, in which her name was introduced. *The secret disclosure was made,* it is said, *to a person who only revealed it on condition that his name should no way be brought in or compromised in the affair:* this disclosure, received by an anonymous person, can scarcely be sufficient to overthrow the regular and circumstantial details of Madame Campan. If the Queen only understands the former declarations of Bœhmer, from a tardy and unexpected communication; if her resentment bursts out immediately on her acquaintance with it: what becomes of the supposition made by the Abbé Georgel, of a plan, conducted with coolness and deliberation, and for a considerable period, to lead the cardinal deeper and deeper into the snare, to surprise him and to destroy him?—*Note by the Editor*

went to see her at her country house. It was not until the 6th or 7th, that the Queen was certainly informed of the matter, and on the 15th the cardinal was arrested. Are any of the perfidious delays imagined by the Abbé Georgel, to be formed in this rapid progress of things? This remark on our part is solely prompted by a love of truth, and not by any desire to save the Queen from the reproach of dissimulation, which, after all, does not attach to her, as Georgel only accuses the Abbé de Vermond and the Baron de Breteuil of these preconcerted delays. The denouement of this scandalous business was hastened by another circumstance.

"As it wanted not more than six or seven weeks to the 30th of July, the day fixed upon for the first payment of a hundred thousand crowns by the cardinal, whose presence was necessary for the payment, he was summoned in the course of the month of June. He came with the eagerness of a man who believes himself on the point of obtaining the end of his wishes. He was assured, in a little billet, that everything was arranged for the accomplishment of his desire, and that he would now see the effect of the Queen's promises; it was adroitly added, that measures were taking for making up the sum for the first payment; that some unforeseen events had thrown obstacles in the way of so doing, but that it was hoped, nevertheless, that no delay would occur.

"The ensuing assemblies at Cagliostro's, in the mean time, were delightful; all was a joyful anticipation of the happy day when the Queen was to crown the good fortune of the grand almoner. Madame de Lamotte alone was in possession of a secret of a contrary nature St. James, a proselyte of Cagliostro's, was admitted into those evening parties, by the advice of this woman, for which she had her own reasons. She one day said to the cardinal, 'I see the Queen is greatly perplexed about this hundred thousand crowns for the 30th of July. She does not write to you, for fear of making you uneasy concerning it, but I have thought of a way for you to pay your court to her by setting her at ease. Write to Saint James; a hundred thousand crowns will appear nothing to him, when he is given to understand that it is to render the Queen a service. Profit by the enthusiasm which the attention that you and Count Cagliostro lavish upon him, have inspired. The Queen will not discountenance it: speak in her name. The success of this new negotiation can only add to the interest she already takes in you.' The cardinal thanked Madame de Lamotte for her good advice. He then thought to secure the good-will of Saint James, by relating to him, with an air of confidence, all that had passed regarding the purchase of the necklace. He showed him the order, signed by *Marie Antoinette de France;* he likewise confided to him the Queen's embarrassment, and assured him, that an infallible way to merit her protection, would be to take upon himself the making the first payment to the jeweller. Saint James, like all upstarts, was more anxious for consequence than for money; he had wished to obtain the *cordon rouge* by some place or office, but he had not been able to succeed. The cardinal promised it him in the name of the Queen, as a recompense for the service she asked him. The financier replied, that he looked upon himself as extremely fortunate, in being able to give her majesty proofs of his unbounded devotion to her; and that, as soon as he should be honoured with her orders, she might make herself perfectly easy with respect to the hundred thousand crowns for the first payment.

The grand almoner informed Madame de Lamotte of the favourable answer of Saint James, and likewise gave an account of it in the first letter which he sent to the Queen, through her hands. The forger, who framed the answers, was absent. M. de Lamotte had returned from London, and had sent for him to Bar-sur-Aube, where these skilful sharpers concerted together the precautions that it was necessary to adopt, in order to establish their fortunes out of the spoil of the necklace. The delay of the anxiously expected answer from the Queen, tormented the cardinal. He communicated his uneasiness to Madame de Lamotte; he could not conceive the motive for maintaining this silence, as the time of payment approached. He feared, moreover, that Saint James might suspect him of a design to impose upon him: he added, with infinite chagrin, that what he still less comprehended, was, the unabating coldness of the Queen towards him outwardly, in spite of the warm and lively interest breathed for him in her letters. This last observation was a subject of daily complaint with the cardinal, after his return from Alsace. Till then, Madame de Lamotte had always been able to calm, by different stratagems, these suggestions of anxiety. The diabolical genius of this woman, fruitful in expedients, undertook to put an end at once to these doubts, so perpetually renewing. She bethought her of a new method of still further abusing the cardinal's credulity, by which she hoped to make him exert himself to the utmost, to complete the first payment for the necklace, either by himself, or through M. de Saint James. This fresh villany required preliminaries and preparations. Meanwhile, the forger, Villette, returned from Bar-sur-Aube, and the long-expected answer from Marie Antoinette was immediately put into the hands of the cardinal. The Queen, it was said in the letter, would not so long have delayed her reply, had she not hoped to have been able to dispense with the good offices of M. de Saint James; that she would accept them for the first payment only, with the promise of a speedy reimbursement to him, adding, that she should wish M. de Saint James to furnish her with an early opportunity of showing her sense of his services. Some days elapsed before the cardinal could communicate this answer to Saint James. In the interval, Madame de Lamotte, in concert with her husband and Villette, had arranged everything for the performance of a farce, the plan and execution of which displayed the most diabolical invention. She undertook to make the cardinal believe that the Queen, not being able to give him the public proofs of her esteem, which she could wish, would grant him an interview in the groves of Versailles, between eleven and twelve o'clock, and that she could then assure him of that restoration to her favour, which she was not at liberty to write. These happy tidings were effectually conveyed in a little gilt-edged note; it appointed the night, and hour for meeting; never was interview more eagerly anticipated.

"The Countess de Lamotte had remarked, in the promenades of the Palais Royal, at Paris, a girl of a very fine figure, whose profile was extremely like the Queen's, and her she fixed on as principal actress in the grove. Her name was D'Oliva, and she had been made to believe that the part she undertook to perform, was at the desire of the Queen, who had some plan of amusement in it. The reward offered on this occasion, was not refused by a creature who made a traffic of her charms, and she undertook to act the part assigned her.

"Mademoiselle d'Oliva accordingly proceeded to Versailles, con-

ducted by M. de Lamotte, in a hired carriage, the coachman belonging to which has been examined in evidence. She was led to inspect the scene of action, to which she was to be secretly conveyed, by M. de Lamotte: there she was made to rehearse the part she was expected to perform. She was given to understand, that she would be accosted by a tall man, in a blue riding coat, with a large flat hat, who would approach and kiss her hand with the utmost respect; and that she was to say to him, in a low tone of voice: "I have but a moment to spare; I am satisfied with your conduct, and I shall speedily raise you to the pinnacle of favour:" that she was then to present him with a small box, and a rose, and, immediately afterwards, at the noise of persons who should approach, to observe, still in a low voice: 'Madame, and Madame d'Artois are coming, we must separate.' The grove, and the place of entrance agreed on, had been also pointed out to the cardinal, with the assurance, that he might, in that place, pour out, without constraint, his sentiments of loyal devotion, and explain his feelings in what most concerned his interests; and that, as a pledge of her good intentions towards him, the Queen would present him with a case containing her portrait, and a rose. It was well known at Versailles, that the Queen was in the habit of walking in the evening with Madame and the Countess d'Artois, in the grove. The appointed night arrived: the cardinal, dressed as agreed on, repaired to the terrace of the chateau with the Baron de Planta; the Countess de Lamotte, in a black domino, was to come and let him know the precise time when the Queen was to enter the grove. The evening was sufficiently dark; the appointed hour glided away; Madame de Lamotte did not appear; the cardinal became anxious; when the lady in the black domino came to meet him, saying: 'I have just left the Queen,—everything is unfavourable—she will not be able to give you so long an interview as she desired. Madame, and the Countess d'Artois, have proposed to walk with her. Hasten to the grove; she will leave her party, and, in spite of the short interval she may obtain, will give you unequivocal proofs of her protection and good-will.' The cardinal hastened to the appointed scene, and Madame de Lamotte and the Baron de Planta retired to await his return. The scene was played as it had been arranged, by Madame de Lamotte; the pretended Queen, in an evening dishabille, bore a striking resemblance, in figure and dress, to the personage she was to represent. The cardinal, in approaching her, testified emotion and respect; the false Queen, in a low voice, pronounced the words that had been dictated to her, and presented the box; in the mean time, as had been agreed, the noise as of persons approaching was made, and it became necessary to part somewhat abruptly. The cardinal went to rejoin Madame de Lamotte and the Baron de Planta: he complained bitterly of the vexatious interruption which had shortened an interview so interesting and delightful for him. They then separated. The cardinal appeared fully persuaded that he had spoken with the Queen, and had received the box from her hands. Madame de Lamotte congratulated herself on the success of her scheme. Mademoiselle d'Oliva, interested in keeping the part she had played secret, was conveyed back to Paris and well rewarded for her address. M. de Lamotte, and M. Villette, who had counterfeited the voices and the approaching footsteps agreed on to abridge the interview, joined Madame de Lamotte, and every one rejoiced at the successful issue. The next day, a little billet, brought by the ordinary messenger, ex-

pressed great regret at the obstacles which had prevented a longer conversation.

"Whatever the illusion might be, that had so constantly blinded the cardinal, the unimpassioned reader will scarcely believe, that a prince, endowed with so much intelligence and good sense, never entertained, for more than a year that this system of intrigue lasted, the slightest suspicion of the snare that was laid for him: and if it did enter his mind, why did he not put every method in force, to throw a light on the behaviour and steps of his conductress? The Queen still evincing a perfect estrangement towards the cardinal, how could he possibly reconcile this mode of treatment, with the sentiments which were contained in the little billets he received, wherein the most unequivocal protection, and the greatest interest and kindness were expressed?

"This inconceivable contrast ought at least to have been the dawn of the day which should throw a light on the diabolical scheme, to which he was a victim. The cardinal acknowledges that, impelled by a boundless desire to be restored to the favour of the Queen, he always rushed with impetuosity towards the object that promised to effect his purpose, without considering the nature of the path he was made to tread. However that might be, the adventure of the grove, and the little billet the next morning, had given new energy to the zeal, which entirely engrossed him, for the interests and tranquillity of the Queen, whom he believed to be embarrassed respecting the first payment for the necklace. The return of the financier, Saint James, hastened, without the cardinal's expecting it, the *denouement* of the intrigue which was about to involve him in endless disgrace and vexation. The cardinal, having met with this financier at Cagliostro's, did not fail to communicate to him the new orders which he imagined he had received."

It would be needless to prolong this extract, already sufficiently extended. The latter scenes, and the catastrophe of this piece, are well known; but we had to fulfil our promise, in page 14, to make our readers acquainted with the principal actors in this drama, who were left unnoticed by Madame Campan. We ought, nevertheless, before we finish, to make mention of one individual, to whom the cardinal, always the dupe of error, at length owed the discovery of the means which had been put in practice to fascinate his eyes, as well as deceive his judgment.

"A certain Abbé de Juncker, a sensible and well informed man, came," says the Abbé Georgel, "to offer his services. I felt a confidence in him, because he seemed anxious for the honour and interest of the cardinal. He it was who gave me the first idea, through which the diabolical intrigue of Madame de Lamotte came to be unmasked. A monk, called Father Loth, had come to inform him that, urged by his conscience, and by gratitude to the grand almoner, for services he had rendered him, he was anxious to make the most important disclosures; that having lived on intimate terms with Madame de Lamotte, he could no longer be silent. This monk was proctor to the minims at *la Place Royale*, to which the house of Madame de Lamotte adjoined. This woman had found means to inspire him with pity, in her moments of want and distress. He often relieved her; and his kindness had at length induced her to communicate to him the particulars of her good fortune, which she attributed to the Queen and to the cardinal. Being soon on terms of great intimacy, Father Loth saw, at the house of Madame de Lamotte, many things that excited his suspicions.

"A few words, which her vanity and indiscretion had let fall; the boast of a considerable present from the court jewellers, on account of her expecting to procure them a purchaser for their valuable necklace; the display of some superb diamonds, which she pretended to have had from Marie Antoinette; the communication of billets, which she declared to be from the Queen to the cardinal, and from the cardinal to the Queen; the comparison which Father Loth had taken the trouble to make between the writing of these billets and other writings of one M. de Villette, the friend of Madame de Lamotte, who was often shut up, writing, with her and her husband; the compliments which he had heard Madame de Lamotte pay a tall, beautiful woman, of the name of D'Oliva, respecting the success of some part she had played in the garden of Versailles; the perplexities, which had spread confusion and alarm throughout the house of this intriguing woman, in the early part of August; the declaration made in his presence, that Bœhmer and Bassange would be the ruin of the cardinal; the precipitate flight of Villette, and of M. and Madame de Lamotte, at that period:—such were the details which Father Loth came to confide to me, one evening between eleven and twelve, after disguising himself at the house of the Abbé Juncker, in order that he might not be suspected, should his judicial deposition be found necessary. This monk, wishing to have the title of preacher to the King in his order, had requested to preach the sermon of Pentecost before his majesty. The grand almoner had spoken to me, to examine his discourse and his delivery. I was not satisfied with it, and I gave it as my opinion, that he should not preach; but I was not aware that Madame de Lamotte, who protected him, was desirous that this favour should be granted him, and that the cardinal, yielding to the entreaties of this patroness, had procured Father Loth a well written sermon, which he delivered with tolerable propriety.

"Amongst the particulars which I have just related, Father Loth, during the three hours' conversation I had with him, gave much important information respecting M. de Villette; and some fragments of the writings of this M. de Villette, which, he assured me, greatly resembled that of the pretended billets from the Queen. He assured me, also, that he had surprised Madame de Lamotte the evening before her departure, burning those that she had told him were from the Queen. The monk, in speaking to me of this Mademoiselle d'Oliva, recollected the time when she was taken by M. de Lamotte to Versailles, in a hired carriage; in short, he added, in such a manner as led me to suspect that he did not tell me all he knew, that he had strong reasons for believing, that the Countess de Lamotte had imposed on the credulity of the cardinal, to obtain very considerable sums from him, and even to appropriate the necklace to herself. This important communication did not yet amount to certainty; but it was like the first blush of morn, which, dissipating the thick clouds of night, announces the brightness of a fine day." (*Memoirs of the Abbé Georgel*, vol. ii.)

We shall now borrow, from another work, the details relative to the trial.

"The cardinal was closely guarded, in his apartments at Versailles. He was brought to his hotel, in Paris, in the afternoon, and remained there until the next day. The carriage was escorted by body guards.

and M. d'Agoult, aide-major-general, had orders not to lose sight of the prisoner, and to sleep in the same room with him.

"On the evening of this transaction, the Marquis de Launay, governor of the Bastille, came to lodge his eminence in the same prison, where several victims of ministerial despotism were groaning. The cardinal wished to go thither on foot, under cover of the night; the favour was readily granted. On the following day, August 17th, he was sent in a carriage to the cardinal's palace, to be present at the breaking of the seals, at which all the ministers assisted, except Marshal Segur. M. de Rohan, looking on M. de Breteuil as his personal enemy, had required this formality; and the Baron de Breteuil had complied the more willingly, as he had declared, that his own sense of delicacy would not permit him to acquit himself of his ministerial duty, in any other manner than publicly, and in the presence of respectable witnesses.

"Doubtless, no proofs appeared of the secret crimes ascribed to the cardinal, since nothing of that kind transpired, and no trace of it is to be found in the proceedings. The cardinal had permission to see his friends, in the hall of the Bastille. He was allowed to retain, out of all his numerous retinue, two valets de chambre, and a secretary; this last favour showed him, that he was to have the privilege of writing, at least for the purposes of his defence. He was treated, in every other respect, with much consideration, and his situation was rendered as tolerable as it could be in such a fortress.

"This lenient treatment contributed greatly to the courage and resignation, which the cardinal almost invariably displayed.

"The Abbé Georgel, grand vicar to the grand almoner, on whose papers seals were likewise put, testified as little uneasiness as the cardinal. 'Authority must be respected,' said he: 'but we may, nevertheless, enlighten it.'

"Madame de Lamotte, wishing to gratify at once her hatred and revenge, declared, on her first examination, that the Count de Cagliostro was the contriver of the fraud of the necklace; that he had persuaded the cardinal to purchase it. She insinuated that it was taken to pieces by this Italian or Sicilian count, and his wife; and that they alone reaped the profit of it. This declaration, supported by a thousand other falsehoods, which, unfortunately, however absurd, wore but too great an appearance of probability, caused the singular personage implicated in it to be sent to the Bastille, along with the woman who resided with him. The latter remained there nearly eight months, and the pretended count did not come out until after the suit was decided.

"It is certain, that Cardinal de Rohan was credulous enough to place the greatest confidence in this empirical alchymist, who had assured him, that it was possible to make gold, and to transmute small diamonds into large precious stones; but he only cheated the cardinal out of large sums, under pretence of developing to him the rarest secrets of the Rosicrucians, and other madmen, who have implicitly believed, or pretended to believe, the absurd folly of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, &c. Thus the cardinal saw part of his money evaporate in the smoke of crucibles, and part found its way into the pockets of the sharper, who passed himself off to him as a great alchymist.

"When this person was examined by the court, touching the affair of the necklace, he made his appearance before the magistrates dressed in green, embroidered with gold; his locks were curled from the top of his head, and fell in little tails down his shoulders, which gave him

a most singular appearance, and completed his resemblance to a mountebank. 'Who are you? Whence came you?' he was asked. 'I am a noble traveller,' was his reply. At these words, every countenance relaxed, and seeing this appearance of good humour, the accused entered boldly on his defence. He interlarded his jargon with Greek, Arabic, Latin, and Italian; his looks, his gestures, his vivacity, were as amusing as his speech. He withdrew, very well pleased with having made his judges laugh.

"The cardinal had sometimes permission to walk after dinner, upon the platform of the towers of the Bastille, accompanied by an officer. He wore a brown great coat, with a round hat. The court issued a decree, to detain the persons of the cardinal and the other parties. The fraud of the necklace was not the motive which determined this decree against the Cardinal de Rohan, but the forgery of the Queen's signature. It was concluded, that as soon as the true author of the forgery was discovered, all the rigour of the sentence would fall on him. On the 21st of December, this decree, more frightful in imagination than really formidable, was made known to the cardinal. He was so much affected by it, that he suffered an attack of nephretic colic, to which he was subject.

"The examinations were vigorously pursued. The commissioner, a counsellor of parliament,* repaired for this purpose to the fortress of the Bastille. On one occasion, he detained the cardinal from nine in the morning until one o'clock, and afterwards from four till midnight. It is necessary to state the etiquette observed by Prince Louis de Rohan, and that observed towards him on these days of sitting. On the appointed day, he put on his state dress, his red hood, red stockings, and all the insignia of his dignity. The governor of the Bastille came to lead him from his apartment: conducted him to the door of the council-chamber, left him with the magistrate and other official persons, and remained in attendance in the antechamber. When the judge wanted anything, he rang; the Marquis de Launay immediately presented himself, and if a glass of water, or anything else, was asked for, he carried it himself to the door, where the magistrate came to meet him. After the sitting, the governor took charge of his prisoner at the very door of the council-chamber, and conducted him back to his apartment.

"It has been pretended, that the all-powerful family of the cardinal had so suborned the judge and the notary, that they altered the sense of the depositions and examinations; and that when they were fearful of the cardinal's involving herself in his replies, and saying something that would make against his cause, they suddenly broke up the sitting, without even waiting for the conclusion of a sentence already begun.

"The following extract, from the voluminous memoirs of Madame de Lamotte, may be brought in support of the assertion. We quote her own words: 'One day, the cardinal and I being confronted upon a delicate point, which neither of us had any intention to throw light upon, I said something not exactly conformable to truth. 'Ah, madame,' cried the cardinal, 'how can you advance what you know to be false?' 'As every one else does, sir; you know very well, that neither you nor I have told a single word of truth to these gentlemen, since they have begun to interrogate us.' 'It was not, in fact, possible,'

* M. Depuis de Macé.

said this woman, whose testimony ought to be estimated at its proper value; 'our answers were prepared for us, as well as our questions, and we were obliged to say or reply this or that, or expect to be murdered in the Bastille.'

"The deposition of the Countess du Barry forms an interesting anecdote in this curious affair. She came into court in the evening of the 7th of December, where she was received with all the honours due to persons of the first quality. The notary went to hand her in, and one of the ushers carried the torch. She was conducted back again with the same respectful formalities. Her deposition turned on the following circumstances. Madame de Lamotte called one day, after the death of Louis XV., on the Countess du Barry, to offer her services as a companion.

"When she declared her name and birth, Madame du Barry regarded her as unfit for the situation she came to solicit, and thanking her, assured her that she did not wish for society, and that, moreover, she was not such a great lady herself, as to take a lady of Madame de Valois's elevated rank for her companion. The latter was not quite disheartened by this polite repulse. She went again some days after, but she limited herself to begging, that Madame du Barry would recommend her to some persons, who might lay one of her petitions before the King. In this petition, she entreated an augmentation of her pension. She had signed the words, *of France*, after her name. The Countess du Barry could not help showing her surprise, at the sight of the signature. Madame de Lamotte replied to her remark, that as she was known to belong to the house of Valois, she always signed herself *of France*. Madame du Barry smiled at her presumption, and promised to get the petition recommended.

"As long as the Countess de Lamotte saw none of her accomplices arrested, she flattered herself, that the cardinal and Cagliostro would be the victims of her fraud. But Mademoiselle d'Oliva, the principal actress in the park scene, being taken at Brussels, where she had sought refuge, began to draw aside the veil with which the countess had hitherto covered her intrigues.

"To crown her misfortunes, and insure her the punishment she deserved, Retaux de Villette suffered himself to be taken at Geneva. He was taken to the Bastille, and confronted with the perfidious Lamotte, who was struck, as by a thunderbolt, at the unexpected sight. She was now convinced that she was lost, notwithstanding her natural effrontery.

"The prisoners who were detained in the Bastile, on account of the necklace, were transferred to the Conciergerie, in the night of the 29th and 30th of August, 1786, by an officer of the court. The cardinal was confined under the guard of the King's lieutenant of the Bastille, in the cabinet of the chief notary. So true it is, that the justice of that day had the most profound respect for birth and titles.

"The examinations lasted from six in the morning, until half-past four in the afternoon.

"When Madame de Lamotte appeared before the grand council assembled, she was elegantly dressed, as she had been all the time she was in prison. This audacious woman, being sent for by the judges, often repeated *that she was going to confound a great rogue.* At the sight of the august assembly, her confidence somewhat abandoned her; above all, when the usher said to her, in a severe tone, pointing out

the stool for the accused, *madame, seat yourself there.* She started back in affright, but on the order being given a second time, she took the ill omened seat, and in less than two minutes she recovered herself so well, and her countenance was so composed, that she appeared as if reclining in her own room, upon the most elegant sofa.

"She replied with firmness to all the questions of the first president. Being interrogated afterwards by the Abbé Sabathier, one of the ecclesiastical counsellors, whom she knew to be unfavourable to her, 'That is a very insidious question,' said she; 'I expected you would put it to me, and I shall now reply to it.' After extricating herself with sufficient address from many other questions, she made a long speech, with so much presence of mind and energy, that she at least astonished her judges, if she could not succeed in interesting or convincing them. As soon as she had retired, the first president ordered the stool to be removed, and sent to inform the cardinal, *that the stool having been taken out of the chamber, he might present himself before the court.*

"The cardinal was habited in a long violet-coloured robe (which colour is mourning for cardinals); he wore his red hood and stockings, and was decorated with his orders. It should seem, that whether innocent or not, his courage forsook him in the trying moment of his standing forth accused. His emotion was evident; he was extremely pale, and his knees bent under him: five or six voices, probably proceeding from members gained over to his side, observed that the cardinal appeared to be ill, and that he ought to be allowed to sit, to which D'Aligre, the first president, replied, 'His eminence the cardinal is at liberty to sit down, if he wishes it.' The illustrious accused profited by this permission, and seated himself at the end of the bench, where the examiners sit, when they attend the grand chamber. Having soon recovered himself, he replied extremely well to the questions of the first president; afterwards, still remaining seated, he spoke with abundance of feeling, for about half an hour, with emphasis and dignity, and repeated his protestations respecting the whole proceedings against him. His speech being finished, he bowed to the bench and the other magistrates. Every one returned his salute, and those on the bench even got up, which was a peculiar mark of distinction.

"Mademoiselle d'Oliva was afterwards summoned; the usher of the court came to say, that as she was aware she should be obliged to be separated from her infant for some hours, she was that instant engaged in suckling it, and prayed the court to grant her a moment's delay. The voice of law was silent before that of nature, and it was agreed that she should be waited for.

"Only the cardinal and Cagliostro returned to the Bastille. M. de Rohan had in his coach the governor, and an officer of the ministerial prison. The Marquis de Launay gave the order to set off, and said, *à l'hotel*, instead of using the word *Bastille.*

"On the 31st, the day fixed for the final decision of this singular and famous trial, after more than a year of proceedings and delays, the judges met at a quarter before six in the morning. They were sixty-two in number, but were reduced to forty-nine, by the retiring of the ecclesiastical counsellors, on account of its being a question which involved corporal punishment.

"At two o'clock, the voting magistrates left off, to take their dinner at a table with forty covers, that the chief president had ordered to be

prepared in the hall of St. Louis: but the greater part dined without sitting down, and at half past three the court resumed its session.

"At length, a little after nine in the evening, the decision of the court was made known, as follows:—

"1st. The instrument, which is the foundation of the suit, with the approvals and annexed signatures, are declared forgeries, and falsely attributed to the Queen.

"2d. Lamotte, being in contumacy, is condemned to the galleys for life.

"3d. Madame de Lamotte to be whipped, branded on the two shoulders with the letter V., and shut up in *l'Hopital* for life.

"4th. Retaux de Villette banished the kingdom for life.

"5th. Mademoiselle d'Oliva discharged.

"6th. Cagliostro acquitted.

"7th. The cardinal acquitted of all suspicion. The injurious accusations against him, contained in the memorial of Madame de Lamotte, suppressed.

"8th. The cardinal is allowed to cause the judgment of the court to be printed.

"The next day the court received an order for delay of execution. The court of Versailles was much displeased with the sentence: it had hoped that the cardinal would have been declared guilty; and the sentence passed on the Countess de Lamotte appeared too severe; and it was likewise observed, that the court had proceeded with so much severity against this female, a descendant from the house of Valois, in order to mortify, to the utmost of their power, the reigning branch of the Bourbons. The King was desirous to inspect all the writings belonging to the suit, but they only sent him copies of them.

"The court, after a few days' delay, was allowed to execute its sentence, with respect to the Countess de Lamotte, then in prison. She was informed, one morning, that her presence was required at the palace. Surprised at this intelligence (for she had for some time been refused permission to speak to any one), she replied, that she had passed a restless night, and desired to be left quiet. The gaoler replied, that her counsel was waiting. 'I can see him, then, to-day?' she asked, and immediately rose, slipped on a loose robe, and followed. Being brought before her judge, the clerk pronounced her sentence; immediately astonishment, fear, rage and despair pervaded her whole soul, and threw her into agitations difficult to describe. She had not strength to hear the whole of the speech addressed to her; she threw herself on the ground, and uttered the most violent shrieks. It was with the greatest difficulty, that she could be removed into the palace-yard. It was scarcely six in the morning, and but few persons were present to witness the execution of her sentence.

"No sooner did the countess perceive the instruments of her punishment, than she seized one of the executioners by the collar, and bit his hands in such a manner, as to take a piece out; fell upon the ground, and suffered more violent convulsions than ever. It was necessary to tear off her clothes, to imprint the hot iron upon her shoulders as well as they could. Her cries and imprecations redoubled; at length they took her into a coach, and conveyed her to the Hospital.

"Madame de Lamotte found means to escape from the Hospital after ten months' confinement, which was effected either through her having gained over some sister of the house, or through the connivance of the

government. This last opinion may be correct, if it be true that her flight was permitted, on condition that M. de Lamotte should not publish in London his account of the trial, which, it is said, he threatened to do, unless his wife should be restored to him.

"However that may be, a pun was made, when Madame de Lamotte suddenly disappeared, which shows that no better conduct was expected of her, than her life had hitherto displayed. It is said, that the sister, who contrived her escape, said to her at parting: "Adieu, madame; take care you are not *re*-marked."—(*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. i.) We must add, the inventor of this story must have had a great rage for miserable puns, to make one on such a subject.

Note (B), *Page* 27.

"The clergy then assembled, embraced this opportunity to assert its rights. The Archbishop of Narbonne delivered a speech before the assembly, which contained the following passages:—

"'My lords and gentlemen, no one among us is unacquainted with the misfortune that the Cardinal de Rohan has had—to incur the displeasure of the King. Without doubt, we have reason to fear that his guilt has been great, since his majesty has thought proper to arrest him in a public manner, to secure his person and his papers. Of whatever nature his crime may be, we do not hesitate to say beforehand, that we regard it with abhorrence. But the Cardinal de Rohan is both a cardinal and a grand almoner, as well as bishop of the empire. This latter title, which is common to ourselves and to him, imposes on us the obligation to claim the observance of the law and regulations, which prescribe, that a bishop must be tried by those of his own rank. God forbid, that by so doing we should pretend to render our order exempt from punishment, and seduce it from the obedience due to the King!

"'We profess, and we teach, that the power of our Kings is independent. We firmly maintain that our consecration to the service of the altar, transfers to no other earthly potentate the allegiance imposed on us at our birth. It is far from our intention to claim privileges which may be incompatible with these fundamental truths; we confidently demand those, which the laws, our monarchs, and the nation, have transmitted to us. We shall find them in the same source from which those of the peers, the nobility, and the officers of court are derived.'

"According to the principles contained in this harangue, the clergy composed a memorial, and wrote an eloquent letter to the King, in which were the following passages:—

"'To a reverence for religion, we owe the privileges accorded to its ministers; that of personal immunity, granted to the bishops in cases of trial, has been found conformable to the principles of the French; they were desirous that every accused person should be judged by his peers. Are any alarming results expected from our exercise of this right? We are averse from establishing among the members of our body, either the idea of impunity or that of independence.'"

Note (C), *Page* 32.

"M. de Vergennes found himself surrounded and watched by two parties, in opposition to his principles and operations, who continually endeavoured to prevent his assuming the tone necessary for the depart-

ment of foreign affairs. Richelieu and D'Aiguillon's party, though humbled by the fall of the latter, and by the return of the parliament, was still powerful at court. This party disapproved of the *quietism* of M. de Vergennes, and pursued the minister with ridicule, sarcasm, and the most atrocious accusations. Whatever might be the conduct of the minister, he perpetually saw before him one, and frequently two parties, who disapproved his measures; sometimes he was attacked on all sides, whilst throughout Europe there was not one of his treaties, nor one of his negotiations or plans, that was not opposed by some powerful interest, as generally happens in the political operations of a state so powerful as that of France.

"In this situation, M. de Vergennes found himself obliged to treat with every system, and to manœuvre with every party, to avoid a continental war; and, above all, the precipice towards which almost every minister is hurried when he declares war, or suffers it to be declared, M. de Vergennes adhered tenaciously to his place. It was said, *he had made a vow to die minister*. It was the principal fault in his administration. Had he possessed more decision of character, M. de Vergennes would have imitated the policy of Richelieu, and declared war upon Austria on the first insult she might indulge in, as she had ventured to do in the affairs of Cologne, Bavaria, and the Scheldt. But the courage of M. de Vergennes was not equal to embarking on so stormy a sea."

Note (D), *Page* 34.

Ever since 1752, M. de Lomenie had resolved to distinguish himself, not, however, by science, or by that piety and reserve appropriate to his profession, but by the boldness and novelty of his opinions. Philosophy was yet in its dawn, when he rendered himself conspicuous by the celebrated dispute he maintained in the Sorbonne, less as a theologian than as a materialist. He rejected the innate idea, or knowledge of a Divinity; he ridiculed the doctrine of a Providence; he advanced opinions favourable to the Jesuits, and to the pope's bull *unigenitus*, and asserted that M. de Fenelon had triumphantly refuted the doctrine of Port Royal. In this manner M. de Lomenie, from his earliest youth, had indulged in a mixture of materialism and jesuitism, which at the same time procured him the support of two able and opposite parties; so that his ambition promised one time or other to be rewarded, whatever might be the success of the contests then prevalent in France, between the philosophers and the Jesuits, equally inimical to Jansenism. If the Jesuits were overcome by the philosophers, the Abbé de Lomenie would be found in the list of the latter; if the philosophers yielded to the Jesuits, the Abbé de Lomenie had already combated the opinions of the Jansenists, and would be found to merit the attention of their adversaries: he was neither deficient in foresight nor in address.—(*Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. vi.)

Note (E), *Page* 66.

"An extract from the strange proceeding of the Chatelet, was forwarded to England, under the idea that it would give rise to an apprehension in the mind of the Duke d'Orleans, of persecutions similar to what were formerly dreaded: but confident in his innocence, it proved the cause of his return. At last, to intimidate him, they suborned a nobleman of the royalist or ministerial party, at Dieppe, who had the audacity to say publicly, that the Duke d'Orleans ought to be hanged.

"The prince heard of it, but did not recede, as was expected.

"The day after his arrival at Paris, he presented himself before the National Assembly, where he was greeted with considerable applause; he there delivered an apology for his conduct, and was listened to with interest."

Not content with this frank and honourable proceeding, he published a paper, entitled, *An exposition of the conduct of the Duke d'Orleans in the French Revolution, drawn up by himself at London.* This memoir, replete with explanation and reason, sufficed to convince the most incredulous.—(*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*)

Note (F), *Page* 68.

"The King did not leave Versailles till one o'clock. The Queen, the dauphin, Madame Royale, Monsieur, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzel, were in his majesty's carriage. The hundred deputies, in their carriages, came next. A detachment of brigands, bearing the heads of the two body guards in triumph, formed the advanced guard, and set out two hours earlier. These cannibals stopped a moment at Sevres, and carried their cruelty to the length of forcing an unfortunate hairdresser to dress the gory heads; the bulk of the Parisian army followed them closely. The King's carriage was preceded by the poissardes, who had arrived the day before from Paris, and a whole rabble of prostitutes, the vile refuse of their sex, still drunk with fury and wine. Several of them rode astride upon cannons, boasting, in the most horrible songs, all the crimes they had committed themselves, or seen others commit. Those who were nearest the King's carriage sang ballads, the allusions of which, by means of their vulgar gestures, they applied to the Queen. Wagons, full of corn and flour, which had been brought into Versailles, formed a train escorted by grenadiers, and surrounded by women and bullies, some armed with pikes, and some carrying long branches of poplar. At some distance this part of the procession had a most singular effect: it looked like a moving forest, amidst which shone pike-heads and gun-barrels. In the paroxysms of their brutal joy, the women stopped passengers, and, pointing to the King's carriage, howled in their ears: "Cheer up, friends; we shall no longer be in want of bread: we bring you the baker, the baker's wife, and the little baker boy." Behind his majesty's carriage were several of his faithful guards, some on foot, and some on horseback, most of them uncovered, all unarmed, and worn out with hunger and fatigue; the dragoons, the Flanders regiment, the hundred Swiss, and the national guards, preceded, accompanied, or followed the file of carriages.

"I witnessed this heart-rending spectacle; I saw the ominous procession. In the midst of all the tumult, clamour, and singing, interrupted by frequent discharges of musketry, which the hand of a monster or a bungler might so easily render fatal, I saw the Queen preserving the most courageous tranquillity of soul, and an air of nobleness and inexpressible dignity, and my eyes were suffused with tears of admiration and grief."

(*Note* G), *Page* 78.

"The termination of this year of crime and misfortune (1790), offers but one remarkable event; that of the arrest and the commence-

ment of the trial of the unfortunate Marquis de Favras. This nobleman, whose youth had passed in storms, still preserved in his riper age the ardent imagination, the boldness and imprudence which had so often led him astray: and his loyalty, in taking place of all his other passions, had also assumed their character. The outrages of the 5th and 6th of October, inspired him with the most ardent desire to attempt everything to preserve the royal family from the dangers that threatened them. Consequently he was actuated more by zeal than prudence, in devising a plan for carrying off the King. His means of effecting it were to be an army of about thirty thousand royalists, the enrolment and arming of which body was to be so secretly managed, as not to be known till the moment of action. As an enterprise of this nature required considerable funds, in which point the Marquis de Favras was the most deficient, he tried all methods to raise it; he applied to several bankers, and communicated his plan to many of the royalist party, whom he thought most likely to afford the necessary assistance, but he found it more easy to obtain their praise than any effective co-operation.

"It happened about the same time, that Monsieur, the brother of the King, having been for several months deprived of his revenue through different operations of the Assembly, and having considerable payments to make in January, was trying to devise means to make good his engagements, without applying to the public treasury. To accomplish it by a less onerous mode than that of borrowing at so critical a period, the prince conceived the project of giving bills for the amount of the sum required. M. de Favras, who had formerly served in the Swiss guards of Monsieur, was pointed out to him by the Marquis de la Châtre, as very likely to effect the negotiation with the bankers Schaumel and Sartorius; his royal highness, therefore, signed an obligation for two millions, and desired his treasurer to provide for the payment.

"The indiscreet expressions of the numerous confidants of the plan of M. de Favras, and the imprudence that he himself fell into, to be concerned at one and the same time with the proceedings relative to it, and those which concerned the negotiation for the two millions for Monsieur, excited the attention and uneasiness of the committee of inquiry. M. and Madame de Favras were arrested on the 11th of December, in the night, and accused of "Conspiring against the order of things established by the will of the nation, and of the King; of having formed to this effect, a plan for introducing armed men into the capital during the night, to put to death the three principal leaders of the administration; to attack the King's guard, carry off the great seal, and to conduct their majesties towards Peronne; of endeavouring to corrupt several individuals of the national guard, in seducing them from their duty by deceitful promises; of having conferences with several bankers for the obtaining of considerable sums; and with other persons, for the diffusion of this plot throughout different provinces."

The day after the arrest of M. and Madame de Favras, the following bulletin was profusely circulated throughout the capital:—

"The Marquis de Favras, of *Place Royale*, was arrested, with his lady, in the night of the 24th, for having laid a plan to raise thirty thousand men; to assassinate M. de la Fayette and the mayor of the city, and then to cut off our supplies of provisions. Monsieur, the King's brother, was at the head of this conspiracy.

(Signed) BARRAUZ."

"This public denunciation, made against the King's brother, speedily aggravated, as it was, by the comments of the factious, and the exaggerations of calumny, excited the strongest ferment in the capital, not only against that prince, but also against the King himself, who was supposed to have an understanding with his brother. An early and violent explosion seemed inevitable; and undoubtedly such an event would have taken place, if Monsieur, who would not have been justified in despising those dangers, which threatened the royal family no less than himself, had not taken the only step by which the storm could be averted. That prince went, on the 26th of December, to the Assembly of the Representatives of the *commune*, and was received by them with all due respect and attention. 'Gentlemen,' said he to them, 'I am induced to come among you, by my desire to repel an atrocious piece of calumny. M. de Favras was apprehended yesterday by order of your committee of inquiry, and to-day a report is industriously spread, that there is a close intimacy between him and myself. I think it due to the King, to you, and to myself, to inform you of the only circumstances, under which I have any acquaintance with M. de Favras.'

"After detailing, with equal exactness and perspicuity, the facts attending the bond for two millions, as I have given them, Monsieur added: 'I have not seen M. de Favras, nor have I written to him; I have had no communication whatever with him; what else he has done is perfectly unknown to me. Yet I understood, that a note signed Barrauz, thus worded (see above), has been extensively circulated in the capital. Of course, you do not expect that I shall stoop to exculpate myself from the accusation of so base a crime,' &c. &c.

"This address was warmly and unanimously applauded by the Assembly and the galleries. The mayor, in his reply, expressed the feelings of respect and attachment entertained towards Monsieur by the Assembly, and the unbounded confidence with which his good qualities inspired them. M. de la Fayette rose after M. Bailly, and reported that he had directed the apprehension of the authors of the note, and that they were at that moment in prison. Monsieur requested they might be pardoned; but the Assembly resolved, that it was necessary they should be tried and punished. The prince likewise thought it right to inform the National Assembly of the motive which had induced him to take the step in question; he, therefore, sent the Assembly a copy of his speech at the Hotel-de-Ville, and subjoined a note, announcing that he would send them a statement of the debts he intended paying, with the two millions for which he had subscribed the bond." (*History of the French Revolution*, by Bertrand de Molleville; vol. ii.)

Note (H), *Page* 101.

"The certainty of the departure of Mesdames, the King's aunts, made a great noise in Paris: the King could not avoid informing the Assembly of the event, and he did it in a letter, of which the following is the substance:—

"'Gentlemen—Having learned that the National Assembly had referred a question arising upon a journey intended by my aunts, to the committee for matters concerning the constitution, I think it right to inform the Assembly, that I was this morning apprised of their departure at ten o'clock last night. As I am persuaded they could not be deprived of the liberty, which every one possesses, of going whei-

ever he chooses, I felt that I neither ought to, nor could, offer any obstacle to their setting off, although I witness their separation from me, with much regret.

(Signed) 'Louis.'

"Notwithstanding this letter, the two parties which divided the Assembly were in the highest state of fermentation, when intelligence was received that Mesdames had been stopped by the municipality of Moret. It was at the same time announced that they had been liberated by the chasseurs of Lorraine. The heat of the debates was increased by this occurrence: it was known that individuals had preceded Mesdames, spreading among the people the reports with which the newspapers were filled by the conspirators. They were lavish of money, and scattered it by handfuls among the most brutalized men, as most likely to plunge into the greatest excesses. Consequently the lives of Mesdames were threatened, and were in the most imminent danger. One scoundrel, who vomited forth insults of the grossest nature against the princesses, talked of lowering the fatal reflector, and tying them up to it.

"The money spread about by the persons unknown, was not furnished by the Duke d'Orleans; his finances were exhausted at that time; it was English money. The parliament granted the minister all the supplies he asked for, and dispensed with any account from him. The object and employment of these funds are, at this day, no longer problematical.

"The Assembly soon received the following proces verbal, from the municipality of Moret:—

"'On the 20th of February, 1791, certain carriages attended by a retinue, and escorted in a manner announcing rank, appeared at Moret. The municipal officers, who had heard of the departure of Mesdames, and of the uneasiness it had occasioned in Paris, stopped these carriages, and would not suffer them to pass, until they should have exhibited their passports. They produced two: one from the King, and countersigned Montmorin, to go to Rome; the other was not exactly a passport, but was a declaration from the municipality of Paris, acknowledging that it possessed no right to prevent *these citizens* (*citoyennes*) from travelling in such parts of the kingdom as they should think fit.

"'The municipal officers of Moret, on inspection of these two passports, between which they think they see some contradiction, are disposed to believe that, before they pay any attention to them, it is their duty to consult the National Assembly, and to await the answer of that body with Mesdames; but while they are hesitating as to the course they are to pursue, certain chasseurs of the regiment of Lorraine come up, with arms in their hands, and by force open the gates to Mesdames, who proceed on their way.'

"The reading of this proces verbal was hardly ended, when the ex-director, Rewbell, exhibited an extraordinary degree of surprise. How could it be imagined that the minister for foreign affairs could have signed a passport, when he was well aware that their departure had been the ground for a demand of a new decree, the plan of which the committee for affairs concerning the constitution was busied in drawing up? As everything was a *scandal* and a *reproach* in that impious age, the speaker said it was *scandulous*, that the chasseurs of Lorraine

should have so conducted themselves. '*If such acts of violence,*' said he, in conclusion, '*are permitted to remain unpunished, the belief that we have a constitution is a strange illusion: no, there are no laws, and we live under the dominion of the sword*'

"He moved, that the proces-verbal of the municipality of Moret, should be referred to the committee of affairs concerning the constitution and that of inquiry.

"Rewbell's motion was decreed.

"Being compelled to justify himself, the minister-at-war declared that he had given no orders to the chasseurs of Lorraine; and that, after all, they had done nothing in the affair. The decree passed upon Rewbell's motion, was supported by the Duke d'Aiguillon, and it was found, from M. de Segur's letter, *that they were chasseurs of Hagueneau, and not chasseurs of Lorraine, who had had the honour of forming the escort of Mesdames, at Fontainebleau and Moret.* This letter, which was signed by M. de Segur, was inserted in the journals, at his own request: that soldier prided himself upon having given the order, and been obeyed. M. de Segur, in his letter, which was read only at the sitting of the 2d of March, succeeded in convincing the Assembly of the affected ignorance of the military men who formed part of their body. '*The ancient ordinances are not abrogated,*' said the colonel of the chasseurs of Hagueneau, and not of Lorraine; '*the officer commanding did no more than conform to them, and if he did enter the town armed, it was but in observance of the custom among soldiers to pay that mark of respect to cities.*'

"Still M. de Montmorin could not avoid justifying himself: he did it triumphantly by the following letter.

"'M. le President, I have just learnt that, upon the reading of the *proces-verbal*, sent by the municipality of Moret, some members of the Assembly appeared astonished at my having countersigned the passport given to Mesdames by the King.

"'If this circumstance requires explanation, I entreat the Assembly to reflect, that the opinion of the King and his ministers, upon the point, is sufficiently well known. This passport would be a permission to quit the kingdom, if any law forbade the passing of its limits; but no such law ever existed. Down to the present moment, a passport is to be looked upon, as merely an attestation of the quality of the persons who bear it.

"'In this light, it was impossible to refuse one to Mesdames; either their journey was to be opposed, or the inconveniences of it, among which it was impossible not to reckon their arrestation by a municipality, to which they were unknown, were to be prevented.

"'There were ancient laws against emigration; they had fallen into disuse, and the principles of liberty, established by the decrees of the Assembly, had wholly abrogated them. To refuse a passport to Mesdames, if a document of that description had been considered a real permission, would have been, not only to outstrip, but actually to make law. To grant the passport when, without conferring any additional right, it might prevent disturbances, could be received as nothing more than an act of prudence.

"'These, sir, are the grounds upon which I countersigned the passports granted to Mesdames: I request you will have the kindness to communicate them to the Assembly. I shall always eagerly avail myself of all opportunities of explaining my conduct; and I shall

always rely, with the utmost confidence, upon the justice of the Assembly.'

"The fate of Mesdames depended on the resolution to which the National Assembly was about to come; the two parties were ready and well prepared. The Abbé Maury, who owes the reputation of being at the head of Catholicism to real merit, was eager for the honour of being the first to speak. He eulogized the principles of good order, without which no government can subsist, and consequently there can be neither peace nor prosperity for the people.

"Several orators spoke, and all of them acknowledged that there was no law which forbade the departure of Mesdames. The discussion was so managed, that the party of the faction looked upon the order of the day, on the disapprobation due to the commune of Arnay-le-Duc, as a triumph: but an obscure member, remarkable only for his gigantic form and his strength of voice, rose and roared out: 'You insist that no law exists, and I maintain that a law does exist—it is the safety of the people.'

"General Menou put an end to the debate, by one of those caustic observations, which seldom fail to take effect, when they are happily introduced, that is to say, when the multitude begin to be tired by the discussion. 'Europe,' said he, 'will be greatly astonished, no doubt, on hearing that the National Assembly spent four hours in deliberating upon the departure of two ladies, who preferred hearing mass at Rome, rather than at Paris.'

"The debate was thus terminated, and the decree was conformable to the opinion of Mirabeau, who had, moreover, the honour of carrying his form of it, which was as follows:—

"'The National Assembly, inasmuch as there exists no law of the realm to forbid the free journeying of Mesdames, the King's aunts, declares that there is no ground for questioning it, and refers the matter to the executive power.'" (Montigny's *Memoirs of Mesdames*, vol. i.)

All particulars relating to the abode of Mesdames, at Rome, Naples, and, lastly, in Poland, will be found in these Memoirs.

Note (J), *Page* 231.

"M. de Laporte, to whom I had some time previously communicated my opinion on the subject of the tribunes, or galleries, told me, that in the course of eight or nine months, the King had been induced to spend more than two millions five hundred thousand livres upon the tribunes alone; and that they had, all along, been for the Jacobins; that in truth the persons to whom the operation had been intrusted, and to whom the money was delivered, were violently suspected of having diverted a considerable part, and perhaps the whole of it, to their own purposes; but that this inconvenience was unavoidable in an expenditure of that sort, which, from the nature of it, was not susceptible of any control or check whatever; and that this consideration had determined the King to discontinue it.

"I will not insist, as a certain fact, that the two chief undertakers of this service (Messrs. T—— and S——) did really apply the fund committed to them to their own use, although it was a matter of public notoriety, that since their being intrusted with it, one of them made purchases to the extent of from twelve to fifteen hundred thousand livres, and the other to the extent of from seven to eight hundred thousand livres; but I have no hesitation in asserting

and believing, that they can only rebut the reproach of signal knavery, by proving that they managed the operation with a want of skill and a degree of negligence almost equally culpable; for nothing was more easy than to secure the tribunes by paying them. I had made the experiment once only during my administration, but then I was completely successful; it was on the day on which I was to make, in the Assembly, my full reply to the denunciations which had been made against me. I was informed two days beforehand by my spies, that the secret committee of the Jacobins had determined, on that day, to augment the number of their hirelings in the tribunes, to insure my being hooted; I immediately sent for one of the victors of the Bastille, to whom I had, before the revolution, rendered some important services, who was entirely devoted to me, and who was a man of great weight in the faubourg Saint-Antoine. Him I directed to select from among the working men of the faubourg, two hundred athletic men, on whom he could rely, and to take them the next day to the Assembly, at six o'clock in the morning, in order that they might be the first there before the opening of the chamber, and so fill the front places in the tribunes at the two ends of the chamber; and to give them no other order, than merely to applaud or hoot according to a signal which was agreed on.

"This manœuvre was as successful as I could wish; my speech was repeatedly interrupted by applause, which was doubled when I ceased speaking; the Jacobins were thunderstruck at this, and could not at all understand it. I was a quarter of an hour afterwards still in the Assembly, as well as all the ministers who had made it their duty to attend me on the emergency in question, when the Abbé Fauchet rose to notice a fact which he declared to be of great importance: 'I have this moment,' said he, 'received a letter, informing me that a considerable proportion of the citizens in the tribunes have been paid to applaud the minister of marine.'

"Although this was true enough, my unaltered countenance, and the reputation of the Abbé Fauchet, who was known to be an unblushing liar, turned his denunciation into ridicule; and it was considered the more misplaced, inasmuch as it was nothing unusual to hear my speeches applauded by the tribunes. True it is, that I had always taken care to introduce into them some of those phrases, or rather words, which the people never failed to applaud, mechanically, when they were uttered with a certain emphasis, without troubling themselves to examine the sense in which they were used.

"The Abbé Fauchet had scarcely finished making his denunciation, when it was stifled by the almost general murmur which proceeded from both sides of the chamber, and by the hootings of the tribunes pursuant to signal. This victory, gained in the tribunes over the Jacobins, cost me no more than two hundred and seventy livres in assignats, because a considerable number of my champions, out of regard for the leader, would receive nothing more from him than a glass of brandy.

"I gave the King all these particulars, in my reply to his majesty's latter notes, and I again entreated him to permit me to make a second experiment upon the tribunes for one single week only, upon a plan which I annexed to my letter, and the expense of which did not exceed eight hundred livres *per diem*.

"This plan consisted in filling the front rows of the two tribunes with two hundred and sixty-two trusty fellows, whose pay was fixed at the following rates:—

	Livres per diem.
"1st. To a leader, who alone was in the secret . .	50
"2dly. To a sub-leader, chosen by the former . .	25
"3dly. To ten assistants, selected by the leader and sub-leader, having no knowledge of each other, and each deputed to recruit twenty-five men, and take them daily to the Assembly, ten livres apiece; total . . .	100
"4thly. To two hundred and fifty men, each fifty sous a day; total	625
Total	800 livres.

"The leader and sub-leader were to be placed, one in the middle of the front tribune, and the other in the same situation in the other tribune; each of them was known only to the five assistants whom he had under his orders in the tribune in which he took his seat; the sub-leader received his directions by a signal concerted between themselves alone: they had a second signal for the purpose of passing the order to the assistants, each of whom again transmitted it to his twenty-five men by a third signal. All of them, with the exception of the leader and sub-leader, were to be engaged in the name of Petion, for the support of the constitution against the aristocrats and republicans. Each assistant was to pay his own recruits, and was to receive the funds from the leader or the sub-leader, in proportion to the number of men he brought with him.

"The leader was alone to correspond with a friend of a captain of the King's constitutional guard, named Piquet, a man of true courage and entirely devoted to his majesty's service. This captain was to receive from me, daily, the funds necessary for the expenditure of the day following, with directions for the conduct of the tribunes according to what had passed on the day preceding; he was to communicate the whole to his friend, who, in his turn, was to instruct the leader of the operation. By means of these various subdivisions, this manœuvre might get wind by treachery or otherwise, without any serious inconvenience resulting from it, because it cut off the possibility of all ultimate discovery, and prevented inquiries from being directed to me; nothing more was necessary than to remove any one of the persons intermediately employed. Besides, in order as far as possible to watch the fidelity of the agents of this enterprise, and in some measure to keep a check upon this expense, I had agreed with Buob, a justice of the peace, that he should daily send five of his runners, whose salary I was to pay him, into each of the tribunes to see what was going forward there, especially in the front rows; to calculate, as exactly as they could, the number of persons shouting or applauding, and give him an account accordingly. We had not neglected to apprise the assistants that this inspection was regularly made by agents of Petion.

"The King returned me this plan, after reflecting upon it for four-and-twenty hours, and authorized me to try it in the course of the following week; this was the result of it:—

"The first and second days, our people contented themselves with silencing the tribunes; that is to say, with silencing all marks of disapprobation and applause, under pretence of hearing better; and that, of itself, was one great point gained.

"On the third day, they began slightly to applaud constitutional

motions and opinions, and continued to prevent contrary motions and opinions from being heard.

"On the fourth day, the same line of conduct was continued; only the applauses were warmer, and longer persevered in. The Assembly could not make it out: several of the members looked towards the tribunes frequently, and with attention, and made themselves easy, on seeing them filled with individuals whose appearance and dress were as usual.

"On the fifth day, the marks of applause became stronger, and they began to murmur a little against anti-constitutional motions and remarks. At this the Assembly appeared somewhat disconcerted; but one of the adjutants, on being interrogated by a deputy, replying that he was for the constitution and for Petion, it was supposed that the disapprobation which had been heard, was the effect of some mistake.

"On the sixth day, the sounds of approbation and of the contrary feeling were still conducted in the same way, but with a degree of violence considerable enough to give offence to the Assembly; a motion was made against the tribunes, who repelled it by the most violent clamours, insults, and threats. Some of the men employed, carried their audacity so far as to raise their sticks, as if to strike the deputies who were near them; and repeated over and over again, that the Assembly consisted of a pack of beggars, who ought to be knocked on the head. The president being of opinion, no doubt, that it was not quite prudent to wait till the majority of those who filled the tribunes should declare themselves of that opinion, broke up the sitting.

"As the members of the Assembly quitted the hall, several of the deputies accosted a considerable number of individuals coming down from the tribunes, and, by dint of questions and cajolery, drew from them, that they were employed by Petion. They immediately went to complain to him on the subject, under a conviction that he had been deceived in the choice of his men; that he would not approve of their conduct, and would dismiss them.

"Petion, who as yet knew nothing of what had been going forward in the Assembly, swore, and certainly swore truly, that he had no hand in it; and that he had not sent anybody to the tribunes for a long time. He insisted that it was a manœuvre of his enemies, and promised to leave no stone unturned, to find out its authors. I was, in fact, informed that, in the evening, several of his emissaries had been all over the faubourgs, and had questioned a great many working men; but, fortunately, all these inquiries ended in nothing.

"The letter which I addressed to the King every morning, informed him of the orders I had issued for the next day, with regard to the management of the tribunes; and as he had always some confidential person at the Assembly, in order that he might be accurately informed of what was going forward there, he was enabled to judge how faithfully, and with what success, the directions I gave were executed; and, consequently, his majesty, in almost all his answers to the letters of that week, observed, 'The tribunes go on well—, still well—, better and better—, admirable—.' But the scene of violence of the Saturday, gave him some uneasiness.

"On the following day, when I made my appearance at the levee, their majesties and Madame Elizabeth eyed me in the most gracious and satisfied manner. After mass, the King, as he was re-entering the

room, passing close by me, said, without turning, and low enough to be heard by nobody but myself, 'Very well—only too rapidly—I will write to you.' In fact, in the letter which the King returned to me on the same day, with his answer, he observed: 'That the experiment had succeeded beyond his hopes, but that it would be dangerous to pursue it, especially to myself; that this resource ought to be reserved for a time of need, and that he would apprise me when that time arrived. (*Private Memoirs for the History*, &c., by Bertrand de Molleville, vol. ii.)

Note (K), *Page* 178.

Historical Narrative of the Transactions at the Chateau of the Tuileries, during the night of the 9th and 10th of August, 1792, and on the morning of the 10th.

"Before my return into the Chateau, I visited the hall of the department. I saw the attorney-general; the authorities of the department were to remain assembled the whole night; the attorney-general offered to pass it himself in the Chateau, if the King thought it necessary. The King manifested a wish that it should be so; I immediately informed M. Rœderer, and that magistrate instantly proceeded to the King: it was then near midnight.

"About one in the morning, the tocsin not having begun to sound until after the mayor had quitted the King, his Majesty desired me to inform M. Petion of it, and to communicate to him his wish, that the gates of the terrace, called Des Feuillans, should be closed. The terrace had been declared to form a part of the area of the National Assembly. That body alone could dispose of it. Therefore, in communicating the King's wish, I pressed M. Petion to demand what he required of the National Assembly. The mayor could do this with the more propriety, because the tocsin had sounded, and the generale been beaten; it was certain the meeting was assembling, and that the National Assembly had recalled the mayor to their bar full three quarters of a hour.

"M. Petion heard the King's observations. He felt the force of them. Even before he went to the National Assembly, he caused the gate, which commands the riding-house yard, to be shut; the Swiss received a verbal order for it in the presence of all the municipal officers, and of several grenadiers who were with the mayor. I owe this homage to truth. One grenadier suffered himself, at this moment, to pass the bounds of decorum. His warmth of feeling got the better of his obedience.

"'Mr. Mayor,' said he, 'we see with the liveliest satisfaction, with a respectful gratitude, that your zeal always gets the better of the malevolence of your enemies; that you are in all places where you can usefully serve the country: but that is not enough. Why do you suffer these partial assemblages in Paris, which will gradually bring on general ones? Why do you suffer yourself to be ruled by factious men, who will ruin us? Why, for instance, is the Sieur Santerre always with you; always out of the reach of the law? Why is he, at this moment, at the Hotel de Ville? Mr. Mayor, you are answerable for the public tranquillity, for the preservation of our property—you—'

"To these words, uttered with great volubility, and heard by the mayor, he answered vaguely,—'What does this mean, sir?—You lose sight of respect; you forget yourself. Come, let us understand each other.' Upon this, almost the whole of the national guards surrounded

the mayor, silenced the grenadier, and forced him to withdraw; and the mayor went to the National Assembly. He there gave the explanations required of him, but said nothing about the terrace of the Feuillans.

"The moment afterwards, M. Petion returned to the garden and proceeded to the terrace. I saw him walking there in the midst of the same group, accompanied by the same municipal officers, and by a still greater number of national guards.

"I am a witness, that the commandant de bataillon accosted the mayor opposite the principal gate of the castle, and said to him, 'That everything was quiet, and that there was nothing to fear; that the commissioners of the sections, who had met at the faubourg Saint Antoine, had separated and adjourned to Friday morning early, at the Hotel de Ville, with the intention of coming to a final resolution; but that until that time there was no ground for apprehension.

"This intelligence was too agreeable not to be seized with eagerness. The mayor approved of it, and announced that he should soon retire.

"However, several persons pointed out to him, that the account of the commandant de bataillon might be true, and still the danger might be very great.

"It has been observed, that the commandant came from the section of the Croix-Rouge; that the commissioners spoken of, had separated at eleven o'clock; that since, and notwithstanding their pretended resolution, the tocsin had been sounded, the alarm gun had been fired, that the assemblage had taken place, and that everything seemed to announce that the people would put themselves in march about five o'clock in the morning.

"The Queen renewed her observations; the King remained mute. Nobody spoke. It was reserved to me to give the last piece of advice. I had the firmness to say, 'Let us go, and not deliberate; honour commands it: the good of the state requires it. Let us go to the National Assembly; this step ought to have been taken long ago.'

"'Come,' said the King, raising his right hand; 'let us go; let us give this last mark of self-devotion, since it is necessary.'

"The Queen was persuaded; her first anxiety was for the King, the second for her son. The King had none.

"'M. Rœderer,—gentlemen,' said the Queen, 'you answer for the person of the King; you answer for that of my son.'

"'Madame,' replied M. Rœderer, 'we pledge ourselves to die at your side; that is all we can engage for.'"—(*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie.)

Note (M), *Page* 201.

Louis XVI. was much pleased with his first conversation with Count Maurepas, who endeavoured to interest him, by relating to him sentimental anecdotes respecting the dauphin, his father, for whom Louis XVI. entertained the most profound veneration. Maurepas confirmed the King in the belief, that the Duke de Choiseul had hastened the death of the late dauphin, and always supported him in the resolution of perpetually banishing the duke from court, and particularly from the administration. He represented the Duke de Choiseul, both in manuscript memoirs and in his private conversations, as prodigal of the

public money, and as having, for the sake of establishing for himself in France a party too powerful to be attacked, granted a multitude of unmerited pensions to the amount of twelve millions and upwards, on persons who had no other claims than the protection of the house of Choiseul.

"Maurepas once had a statement drawn up, of the favours granted to all the houses which bore the name of Choiseul, and demonstrated, that no family in France cost one-fourth of what was absorbed by the family of this minister. Thus, as fast as the Queen pressed Louis XVI. to recall Choiseul to court, M. de Maurepas was labouring, on the contrary, to make him an object of detestation to the prince. His hatred of M. de Choiseul had raised him to office; and the same sentiments preserved him his place. Hence arose the first displeasure of Marie Antoinette against M. de Maurepas. She had determined to leave no means untried, for recalling to France the friend of her family, and the contriver of her marriage.

"The other ministers pursuing the same object as Maurepas, the latter dexerously employed the Abbé Terray to blacken the character of the Duke de Choiseul, previously to his driving him from the administration of the finances. After Abbé Terray, Turgot, who entertained the same opinion of the duke, continued to calumniate him in his private conversations and official intercourse with the King. The Chancellor Maupeou, who had wronged the duke in part of his machinations against him, joined this party. They went as far as to assert, that Marie Antoinette was daughter to the Duke de Choiseul, and to calculate the days and months of Marie Theresa's pregnancy. The period of the Duke de Choiseul's embassy to Vienna was alluded to, in order to give some appearance of probability to this report, which dates alone were sufficient to refute. Vergennes found himself in hostility to the Austrian diplomacy. La Vrilliere, who had executed the King's orders in exiling him to Chanteloup, after having intrigued with D'Aiguillon and Madame du Barry, did all that a man who had lost his credit and consideration could do, to injure the Duke de Choiseul. In the royal family, this was also a leading object with the King's three aunts. Thus, on whatever side Louis XVI. looked, he saw only implacable enemies to the Duke de Choiseul, with the exception of the Queen, who was enraged to find such general opposition to her early inclinations. (*Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by Soulavie, vol. ii.)

Note (N), *in addition to note at page* 202.

"M. de Vergennes, president of the council of finance, a place rather lucrative and honourable, than important in the ministry, no sooner heard of the existence of a secret deficit, which M. de Calonne raised to the amount of one hundred millions, than he foresaw the protestations, violent discussions, and resentment, which would take place throughout France, when the fatal moment of manifesting this state wound, in order to cure it, should arrive. He foresaw, long beforehand, the advantage which England would take of our situation. France having surprised England, in the cruel embarrassment of her colonial insurrections, had made a sovereign people of a body of rebels. What might not England do in the interior of France, when every order of the state should rise in insurrection against a deficit of one hundred millions, occasioned by an extravagant court, which the proceedings about

the necklace had vilified and debased! M. Necker, in an official account, had assured the public, five years before, that the receipt exceeded the expenditure by several millions; and now M. de Calonne found a deficit of one hundred millions. To what was this deficit to be attributed? To the last five years? The court could not be thus accused, without disgracing it. To the preceding period? The great reputation of M. Necker could not be thus attacked. What great advantages England might take of this dilemma!

"Such were the circumstances under which it was recollected, that France and England had, towards the end of 1783, engaged to negotiate a treaty. M. de Calonne, and M. de Vergennes, combined to render it favourable to the British nation, and our manufactures were sacrificed by their calculation. In the course of the twelve years fixed as the duration of this treaty, England was to enjoy immense advantages, and repair her own finances. This treaty, which excited universal alarm, was signed on the 20th of September, 1786, under the administration of Mr. Pitt, who had defeated Mr. Fox, then recently retired from the ministry; and the resolution to convoke the Notables, was entered into in council, at Versailles, on the 29th of December following.

"I shall not enter into the particulars of the censure which the nation passed on this treaty; it no longer exists. I shall only observe, that the English merchants, to introduce a taste for their goods, their pottery-wares, for instance, carried their speculations to such a height, as to furnish them at less than their value, at long credits. We have seen the English pottery become, in the course of a month, quite the fashion, at the most distinguished tables; we have all witnessed the bankruptcy of several interesting French manufactures."—(*Historical Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by Soulavie, vol. vi.)

Note (O), *Page* 216.

The King, having purchased the chateau of Rambouillet from the Duke de Penthievre, amused himself with embellishing this mansion. I have seen a register, entirely in his own handwriting, which proves that he possessed a great variety of information on the minutiæ of various branches of knowledge. In his accounts, he would not omit an article of twelve-pence. The figures and letters of his handwriting, when he wished to write legibly, are small and very neat: the letters are well formed; but, in general, he wrote very ill. He was so sparing of paper, that he divided a sheet into eight, six, or four pieces, according to the length of what he had to write. Whilst he was writing, he seemed to regret the loss of paper; towards the close of the page, he compressed the letters, and avoided interlineations. The last words were close to the bottom, and to the edge of the paper; he seemed to regret being obliged to begin another page. His genius was methodical and analytical; he divided what he wrote into chapters and sections. He had extracted from the works of Nicole and Fenelon, his favourite authors, three or four hundred concise and sententious phrases: these he had classed according to the order of the subjects, and formed a second work of them, in the taste and manner of Montesquiou. To this treatise, he had given the following general title: *Of moderate monarchy*,* with chapters, entitled, *Of the person of the prince; Of the*

* De la Monarchie temperée.

authority of bodies in the state; Of the character of the executive functions of the monarchy. Had he been able to carry into effect all the beautiful and grand things he had observed in Fenelon, Louis XVI. would have been an accomplished monarch, and France a powerful kingdom.

The King used to accept from his ministers, the speeches which they presented to him, to deliver on important occasions; but he corrected and modified them; struck out some parts, and added others; and sometimes consulted his consort on the subject.

In these endeavours, it is easy to see that he sought appropriate expressions, and with success. The phrase of the minister, erased by the King, was frequently unsuitable, and dictated by the minister's private feelings; but the King's was always the natural expression. One might have said, none but a King could have hit on these expressions, they were so peculiarly apposite. He himself composed, three times or oftener, his famous answers to the parliament, which he banished. But in his familiar letters, he was negligent, and always incorrect.

Simplicity of expression was the characteristic of the King's style; the figurative style of M. Necker did not please him; the sarcasms of Maurepas were disagreeable to him. In that multitude of speculations, which fill a paper of projects, the following remarks appear in his handwriting. "*That is good for nothing;*" in others, he foresaw the future. Unfortunate prince! he would predict, in his observations, that if such a calamity should happen, the monarchy would be ruined; and the next day he would consent, in council, to the very operation which he had condemned the day before, and which brought him nearer the brink of the precipice.—(*Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by Soulavie, vol ii.)

THE END.

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